

METHODIST REVIEW

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ART. I.—THE METHODIST SYSTEM AND SOCIAL COÖPERATION

MOST present-day social theorizing depends for its final validity upon the simple question as to whether the various social theories will work or not. The most speculative theorists are beginning to see that this practical question is of the utmost importance. The logic of the books is one thing and the logic of the facts may be quite another, if the facts can be said to have any logic. A system may be formulated with the utmost care as to what the logic of the system itself calls for, and yet may fall to pieces as soon as attempt is made to work the system in the world of things and men in the midst of which we live. We do not to-day hear as much debate as formerly about the logical demand for socialism, or collectivism, or fraternalism, or any other scheme of change in the distribution of wealth. The most urgent problem to-day is as to whether a system will prove practically successful, or more successful than the systems now in operation. At a time when pragmatism is the popular word in philosophy, there is more insistence than ever before on the consideration of social theories in their practical aspects. We are not convinced that a scheme ought to be adopted when we are told that it is rational, any more than we are turned away from it when we are told that it is irrational. A man does not have to be an irrationalist to hold that rational principles, academically formulated, are not necessarily the final factors in deciding whether social theories are good or not. The question is as to whether the theories are worth while or not; and

this question can be decided only by trying the theories out in actual practice. And even if we cannot try out a theory as a whole, we may get some light by looking at the working of any factors of the system which we may have a chance to observe.

Social students to-day are looking for light on the practical working of social coöperation on a large scale, for such coöperation is an essential element, perhaps the essential element, in all current theories of social betterment. A system of practical coöperation in a work which has important material as well as moral and spiritual aspects has been in operation for more than a hundred years. We refer to the Methodist Episcopal system of ministry through preachers. It is rather astonishing that some features of this system have escaped the observation, to say nothing of the examination, of social students. Here is a system which is practically world-wide, having to do with the material welfare of over sixteen thousand men who are dependent upon their preaching for their livelihood. The system is formed on the principle that there is to be a post for every man and a man for every post. The system has been largely successful in living up to this principle. The men do not always like the posts to which they are sent, and the posts do not always like the men; but in the main and on the whole the system has for much over a hundred years worked successfully enough to be worthy of consideration by those who claim that the ideal for all society should be a man for every post and a post for every man. The system is worth as much as an illustration as any other social experiment of large-scale coöperation with which we happen to be familiar. The various attempts to carry out Utopias into practical efficiency have ordinarily not lasted long enough to furnish any very valuable hints except those which have come from the very shortness of the life of the experiments themselves. Moreover, many of these experiments have been on so restricted a scale as to yield little in the way of suggestion for large endeavors.

Objection to such suggestions as we are about to offer comes in advance from various quarters. At the outset we are told that a system aggregating only sixteen thousand workers cannot throw any light on the practical working of a coöperative scheme on a

large social scale. The Methodist preachers are maintained in large part by real producers outside of the ministerial system. The preachers are not producers in the ordinary sense. They stand, or sit, apart from the ordinary walks of life and draw their support from the real workers who trudge along under the real burdens. The leader who a few years ago spoke of teachers and preachers as producers was laughed to scorn by some social theorists. Moreover, the preachers, as has been said, are too few to illustrate anything in the large.

We protest against the notion that the Methodist ministry is not among the productive forces of the country. Anything would seem to be a producing force which unlocks inner resources. We all ought to be by this time familiar with the truth that not much can be made of outer resources until their riches fall into the hands of men whose inner resources are at least measurably developed. The critic of preachers who claims that preachers are not producers is in danger of falling into self-contradiction at this point. In the same breath that he proclaims against the preachers he is apt to cry out for the moralization of modern industry. Such moralization he calls for on the ground that moralization will in the end lead to larger productiveness. Each of two great leaders in two great parties of our nation has been called a preacher, and the value of each to the nation has been found in the improvement of industrial and social conditions through the dissemination of lofty social ideals. But apart from this, the intelligent pleaders for improved society have a place for the men who stand for certain things as good in themselves. They insist that in the redeemed society there will be larger recognition of the singer and the painter and the sculptor and the poet. Has not the preacher who preaches the worth of certain religious conceptions on their own account a right to claim a place among those who labor not merely to increase the effectiveness of the instruments of production, but to show also that the aim of production is to provide time and opportunity to look at the things worth while in themselves? If the idea of God is not worth looking at on its own account, we would hardly know where to find an idea worth while.

As for the smallness of a body of sixteen thousand as a social

mass, we insist that we are not trying to throw all the light conceivable upon a difficult social problem, but to throw all the light we can. We think we can throw some light, even though it be feeble, from the study of an organization which brings considerable bread and butter and some cake to sixteen thousand tables. It is not possible to point to any scheme for the improvement of society which at the beginning was able to work upon the whole of society. Take the progress toward democracy, in which we all rejoice. Democracy has not even yet come to the place where the word inevitably suggests any one form of political or industrial organization. There are differences between democracies, and some of the differences have to do with matters more fundamental than we often think. Democracy means one thing in Wisconsin and another in Massachusetts, and still something else in Alabama. It means one thing in America and another in England; and wherever there has been any progress toward democracy, the progress has been by single steps taken by not very large bodies. If the Methodist ministers were all living together in one town, there would be no doubt that the study of the practical working of their system would be socially worth while. And it seems to us worth while even though the ministers are scattered around the world, though of course the problem is different than if they were living together.

Another student protests that nothing of large social or industrial value can be learned from an organization whose aim is professedly religious and not economic. The Methodist system is a machine for the accomplishment of religious ends. Men are not supposed to join a Methodist Conference for economic purposes. The appeal of the official of the church to those about to enter the ministry is to cast aside the economic motives which actuate men who go into industrial or commercial, or even professional, pursuits. All that the Methodist preacher is promised is a living. His main work is not to be the pursuit of a livelihood, but the unselfish service of his fellow men. This we cheerfully admit and rejoice in, but we are not willing to admit that social and economic lessons cannot be learned from the study of this ecclesiastical organism. The sixteen thousand preachers and their

families have to be fed and clothed and housed. As a matter of fact, they are so fed and clothed and housed. More than that, almost every preacher gets enough money ahead to give his children something of a start toward education. To be sure this is often, if not usually, done on salaries so meager as to make the education of the children a financial miracle, but the miracle is wrought, nevertheless. And as to the motive, how often do we hear the reformers themselves declaim that their various systems are not ends in themselves, but a means toward making real human existence possible! The Methodist preachers are real human beings so far as we happen to know them. They seem to be reasonably happy and to be making the most of the life which now is.

But we accept the statement that the strength of the Methodist system is in the self-sacrificing spirit of its ministry, and we urge that no social system is apt to succeed on an economic basis which looks upon the main object of human endeavor as the gaining of a material livelihood. No reorganization of human society is likely to be successful which does not make large room for the doctrine that men are to serve their fellows by their daily work. The strength of Socialism, for example, is not in the economic, but in the moral appeal. The economic statement is apt to be unsatisfactory, but the moral appeal is apt to be impressive and weighty. The writer once heard a Socialist speaker on the streets of New York city recounting the duties laid upon men in some lines of industry. At the conclusion of each step of his recital he would ask, "Ought a man to be asked to do such things?" Then he told what women are expected to do in some industries, and concluded, "Ought a woman to be asked to do such things?" Then he told of the child-labor situation in some States, and asked, "Ought a child to be compelled to do such things?" Of course the address was for the most part invective, but the human appeal was powerful. It is the claim of those who would reorganize society that they seek an opportunity for human beings to lead a really human existence. The only hope for such reorganization is in the spirit of self-sacrifice which must animate all members of the community.

The strength which holds sixteen thousand families together

in the Methodist system is that of unselfish devotion to a common cause, and that cause is avowedly the bringing in the kingdom of God on earth. We do not say that all Methodist preachers are saints, but in eighteen years of experience we have known very few who could really be called bad. In sixteen thousand lives some lapses are to be expected, but the lapses are numerically inconsiderable. Quite likely in the personal character of very few of the entire sixteen thousand has that which is perfect yet come. There are no doubt enmities and jealousies and even rancors, but in the main the sixteen thousand are sincerely devoted to the bringing in of the kingdom of God, and therein lies their strength. No social adjustment can hope to succeed which does not put this devotion to a common task in the first place. And there is no reason why a social group which puts such passionate righteousness in the first place should necessarily fail in large coöperation. Good as we think the rank and file of the Methodist ministry to be, we do not think of them as so much better than their fellows that their success in living under a coöperative scheme cannot be taken as a guide and prophecy of what men in the so-called secular walks of life may attain unto. Are we not everlastingly preaching the abolition of the line of division between the secular and the sacred? We do not mean that the way toward social reorganization is for all men to become Methodist preachers, but we do mean that the success of the Methodist system, imperfect though it may be, is an indication of what sixteen thousand men of ordinary intelligence may do in other realms of activity, or of what sixteen times sixteen thousand men may do in the way of getting along together if they come to view their work in an essentially religious spirit. The outsiders have much to say about the Methodist Conferences as hotbeds of politics. If there were as much selfish scheming as some critics claim, the system would have fallen to pieces long ago. An indication of the strength of the system is that it is able to stand as much self-seeking as there is. For even a little self-seeking in an organization of the kind is deadly in its power to disrupt and disorganize.

A further objection is based on the ground that any episcopal system is really autocratic and, in the last analysis, military.

The most that can be said for such a system is that it is a benevolent despotism. He who urges this objection would not any more think of studying an episcopal system for light on social problems than he would think of studying the organization of the Panama Canal force under Colonel Goethals for such light. The benevolent despotism at Panama has done a great work for civilization, but it has done this through methods which are not likely ever to be attempted in any reorganization of any civilized state. So with Methodism. It fairly makes the blood of a certain objector boil to hear it suggested that the organization of a Methodist Conference can be taken as an ideal for the organization of any large social groups. Joining a Methodist Conference means to some a surrender of liberty, the life thereafter to be disposed of by bishops and district superintendents. The Methodist system is just the kind of thing that reorganizations of society are undertaken to escape. We hasten to calm such an objector with the assurance that we are not finding in the Methodist system a pattern for the reorganization of the world. We are asking only for an opportunity to present a few considerations which we wish with the utmost respect to submit to those who are trying to reorganize the world. As to military autocracy and all the rest, what is a bishop? A Methodist preacher. Who made him bishop? Largely Methodist preachers. Who can unmake him? Methodist preachers. Moreover, we point out some differences between an autocracy and the Methodist system as it actually works. In a military organization the soldiers are paid from a central fund. The post to which the soldier is sent does not under ordinary circumstances pay for his support. Methodist appointment is, outside of mission fields, nothing of this sort. The support of the minister is undertaken by the people to whom the minister is sent. The success of the minister is sometimes, though of course not always, to be judged by the degree of response the people make financially to the efforts of the preacher. We are not thinking now of salary alone, but of the general enterprises of the church which demand money for their successful prosecution. An appointment at the hands of a bishop is little more than an opportunity to work in a particular field.

There can be no doubt that the power in the hands of a bishop is very terrifying when looked at in the abstract. But the differences between episcopal authority and military authority are very real. In a word, a bishop cannot very often send a man to this or that post without consulting the post. Methodist preachers are not pawns which can be moved about whether or no. The square into which the pawn is to be moved has to be consulted, even if the bishop so far forgets brotherly considerations as to say nothing to the minister himself when about to send him to an unexpected task. If the bishop does not consult the church to which a man is to be sent, he may have the pleasure of reconsidering his decision before the next Saturday night. We pass General Conference resolutions condemning those negotiations between ministers and churches which ignore district superintendents and bishops, but such resolutions are a protest against appointments made without consulting all the factors that ought to be consulted. The superintendent ought to be heard, and so ought the bishop, but in any case the church committee is heard. In spite of references to the good old times, the committees have always been heard when they chose to speak, and it is right that they should be heard. No better way of ascertaining the sentiment of a church can be devised than the consultations with a committee whom all know to be the committee on pulpit supply. And as for the preachers, how many of them in these days are sent to new fields without being consulted? We, of course, except those who leave their cases unreservedly in the hands of the authorities. A Methodist appointment is the resultant of many forces—the wish of the preacher, that of the church, that of the district superintendent, that of the bishop working together toward an outcome which may be practically wise even when not fully satisfactory to any one party.

A recent critic of episcopal form of church procedure has declared that back of every episcopal system there grows up a financial episcopacy. The bishop comes to know the rich men best. He is entertained in their houses. They contribute to the enterprises dear to the bishop's heart. The rich man does not have to ask openly for the appointment of this or that preacher to this or that pulpit. If his wish is in any way known, the wish

is gratified. And the peril here is real, though somewhat exaggerated. The rich man desires this or that particular preacher ordinarily for the reason that the preacher can preach. The rich man does not enjoy being bored any more than does the poor man. Very often a rich man's discernment of the superior ability of some country minister whom he hears on his vacation leads to the placing of the country minister in a field where he has a larger hearing. The reason for the objection is, however, probably to be found in the thought that bishops and other preachers may come to look upon general church problems through the eyes of the rich and may conceive it to be their duty to make life as pleasant as possible for the rich man in the church, and thus may be tempted to alleviate somewhat the harshness of the gospel. This leads to pulpit evasions and silences and emphasis on the "pure gospel," in blindness to the fact that some of the purest elements in the gospel are the references to the dangers of wealth. But this peril appears in any centralized system. We are in danger of digressing. What we wish to say is, that, granting the perils in centralized administration, sixteen thousand preachers have managed to get along with it for many years, and their present-day demand is that the central officials shall get much farther into the problems of the churches than they have ever yet done. The recent action of the General Conference really puts more responsibilities on the bishops. The objection to bishops has often been not that they do too much, but that they do not do enough. Methodist ministers are amazingly lenient toward bishops if they but feel that the bishops are really doing their utmost.

Now all this is a good deal of a hint for social students. There is quite likely to be through the years to come much more of centralization of power than there has been in the past. If society is to become more coöperative, there must be more centralization. And the teaching of the illustration which we are trying to adduce is that men are not afraid of centralization provided they can have something to say in the choice of the officials, and provided the officials work. The objection even to kings and nobles and their ilk has never been so loud when the kings and nobles have been trying to do something, even though that something has been

of doubtful wisdom, as when they have done nothing but draw their revenues. People will take almost anything from rulers whom they feel to be working unselfishly. As for the incidental disadvantages of centralized authority, we shall have those under any system. We may abolish millionaires, but we are not likely to abolish the men who have more money than their fellows. Even if we could abolish these, we could not abolish the men who have more power than their fellows, and these are always a source of danger as well as of blessing.

Still further, the Methodist system may be worth the study of social students because it shows an organism of sixteen thousand men getting along reasonably well in spite of inequalities between man and man. We say between man and man because that is the way the men seem to feel about it. They for the most part recognize that some men are abler than other men. If you were to ask a Methodist preacher if the able men always get into the best pulpits, he will tell you that they do not. Anyone familiar with the system knows that some men, through "pulls" of one sort or another, get—though they usually do not long keep—pulpits better than they deserve. And on the other hand, a physical infirmity or peculiarity, or a mannerism which sensible people ought to overlook, or a thoughtfulness which is really above the average, may prevent a worthy man from finding favor in the eyes of church committees or district superintendents or bishops. And yet while almost every Conference has some such men, the main mass of Methodist ministers are proud of the church because it does give so good an opportunity for a man of ability to reach a commanding post. A pretty sure test of the feeling of the members of an Annual Conference is to be found in the votes for delegates to the General Conference. While these votes do not always succeed in electing the strongest men in the Conference, they usually succeed in getting men who have some outstanding ability. And in a Conference which has, let us say, one church paying a salary of four thousand dollars a year and two hundred and fifty churches paying salaries under two thousand dollars, many of them under one thousand, the man receiving the salary of four thousand dollars is very apt to be elected by his brethren to the General Con-

ference if he has been among them long enough for them to feel that they know him and believe in him and his work. The secret is to be found in the fact that the aim of the system is to reduce the artificial inequalities to a minimum. The inequalities between ministers are of the sort which are very apt to be personal and ineradicable. If now some central power were handing out livings with no thought of anything except doing well by favorites, or if wealth or family connection helped men to pulpits, of course the situation would be different. The point we wish to make is that in a system of sixteen thousand men which aims to eliminate artificial inequalities, inequalities in abilities in a field where such inequalities—especially of native endowment—are very marked are accepted with wonderfully little resentment.

If a man is an outstanding preacher he would sooner preach to preachers than to anyone else. Apart from the jealousy of this or that particular man, the main mass of the preachers gladly pay tribute to an ability which they themselves covet eagerly, but which they know they may never possess. The social students are coming to see that some inequalities are eradicable and others ineradicable. It is of interest to note that in a system as large as the Methodist body the members of the system adjust themselves quite cheerfully to the inevitable differences if there is genuine attempt to eliminate the artificial differences. Occasionally some man arises who insists that all the salaries ought to be pooled and all the men sent to their work without regard to differences in the place or size of churches. The man in the four-thousand-dollar pulpit ought to take his turn in riding the hard circuit. But the realization of the necessary differentiation of modern church activities soon corrects any thought of such leveling process. The differentiation is apt to increase rather than to diminish, because the path of efficiency lies in the direction of differentiation. So far as ministerial salaries are concerned, they are in the most favored churches only about what will enable the minister to live in somewhat the same circumstances as the moderately well-to-do laymen in that particular church community.

We would not have this article taken too seriously—in fact, we are quite sure that it will not be. We are not arguing in favor

of remodeling the world on the pattern of a Methodist Annual Conference, but all the modern theories of social reform are laying stress on coöperation in one form or another as the goal of social endeavor. The writer of this paper is not a social revolutionist, but he does welcome any force which really works toward bringing men into closer industrial and political and social and religious coöperation. And one reason why he believes that such coöperation is increasingly possible is to be found in the practical success of the Methodist system as a working scheme through over one hundred years of history. Much criticism is passed upon Methodism from intellectual and æsthetic standpoints, but not so much from the practical standpoint. Perhaps we have received more praise than we have deserved on the practical side and less on the other sides. The system is not perfect, and changes will be made in one direction and another, but the spectacle of sixteen thousand men getting along together as well as they do and coming so close to realization of the ideal of a place for every man and a man for every place is worthy at least of notice. If sixteen thousand Methodist preachers can do this, why may not many times sixteen thousand of other folk? The old objections all swarm in from certain types of mind. How can any really large social group find a place for every man? How absurd to compare a really important social group with a system which picks its members from the great world round about! The criticism has its force, of course, but not as much force as if there were in social groups as much willingness to help the man find the place as there is in the Methodist system. The problem in all social groups is to find places for the men who are not especially sought for. If such a problem is solved in large social groups, it will be solved partly through the approach of the groups to the spirit of mutual helpfulness which characterizes the Methodist system. But why not? We surely do not think so highly of ourselves and so meanly of others as to feel that such a spirit cannot become the common property of large masses of mankind. The brotherhood of the Methodist ministry is a precious fact to Methodist ministers themselves, but the Methodists would be false to the gospel which they preach if they did not believe that what is possible in their organization is possible on a larger scale

in major social groups—not to-day, indeed, or even to-morrow, but on the day when the spirit of human brotherhood shall begin to be taken with real seriousness by the members of the social groups themselves. Let him who would smile at this suggestion remember that the doctrine of a man for every place and a place for every man has worked with considerable success for over a hundred years. Nobody has starved to death under the system. The members have lived, and many of them have educated their children. They have given of their own at times too scanty substance for what are practically sick-relief and old-age pension funds, and they have paid their part to large benevolent enterprises both at home and abroad. The only element of special privilege in the system is the generous pension paid retired bishops; a pension which makes possible the retirement of bishops without raising the financial question; and the power of retiring bishops is held fast by the General Conference as a necessity for keeping the system efficient. If an unselfish zeal animates the members of a system, if the officials at the center of the system really work under a sense of responsibility, if there is constant effort to cut away artificial inequalities and eliminate "pulls," if there is considerable mutual forbearance and some good sense, there is no reason why a coöperative movement with a place for every man and a man for every place should not succeed in a social group composed of many times sixteen thousand men.

Francis J. M. Connell

ART. II.—THE MODERN MESSAGE OF DANTE

JOHN RUSKIN has said, "The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something and tell what it sees in a plain way." Place this with the verdict of Lowell, that we "read 'Paradise Lost' as a poem and the 'Commedia' as a record of facts"—or with the words of Macaulay, "Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. . . . He is the very man . . . who has read the dusky characters on the portal within which there is no hope. . . . His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer"—and we are prepared to give our poet the high place suggested by the literary artist's words with which this paper opens. He indeed sees something which does not exist, and he so tells what he sees, that we see it for ourselves. But Dante has not always been appreciated. It is only in recent years that he has come to his kingdom. Macaulay writes of the young men and women of his day that "they would as soon read a Babylonian brick as a Canto of Dante." Voltaire, in the Dictionary of Philosophy, thus delivers himself: "Few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which is perhaps another reason why he is not understood. His reputation will probably go on increasing, because scarcely anybody reads him," while Goethe brusquely dismisses the whole matter in a sentence: "The Inferno is abominable, the Purgatorio doubtful, the Paradiso tiresome." An explanation of this attitude of the eighteenth century toward Dante may perhaps be found in the critical spirit of that century, its materialism, and the complacent persuasion that everything old was wrong, everything new was right. To this century Dante was a titanic monstrosity, his poem a grotesque medley where a few beautiful conceptions were buried under whole continents of scholastic quibbling and metaphysical paradoxes. But a marvelous change has taken place. The Italian genius has arrived. His name stands against the world. His cult is the latest caprice of my lady, and his uncanny dreams are the property of the moving-picture show. The beginnings of this recrudescence have been

traced with more or less definiteness to Vittorio Alfieri, the founder of Italian tragedy. He came, according to one authority, like the Prince to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The portals were rusted, the furniture antique, but the living charms remained in the bloom of eternal youth. In every line of the great poems of Alfieri, "Philip" and "Saul," the influence of Dante is clearly manifest. The strain of appreciation and tribute has swelled to a great chorus which it were needless to interpret or to echo. Says Lowell: "In all literary history there is no figure like Dante. His readers turn students; his students, zealots; and what was taste becomes a religion." "Nothing in all poetry," he continues, "approaches the imaginative grandeur of the Vision of God at the conclusion of the Paradise." Shelley writes the poem "a perpetual hymn of everlasting love." There is large justification for laying a paper on this subject before the ministerial clientèle of the *METHODIST REVIEW*. Dr. Charles Eliot Norton, linking the three names Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante, decides that Dante is "the chief poet of man as a moral being." Macaulay contends that, next to Demosthenes, Dante is the writer who should be most attentively studied by those who desire oratorical eminence, "since no writer has ever been able to present so many strong pictures in so few words; none able to say so much in a single sentence."

Born in 1265—the constructive, the philosophical thirteenth century—according to Frederic Harrison he lived at the culmination of the Middle Ages. Through all the years Italy had nursed the traditions of intellectual vigor and military supremacy. Rome still held the center of the stage, and out of Rome came the hand that was to shape the modern world. When, in the eleventh century, Gregory VII claimed supreme authority for the church, it was but the shadow cast by the old empire. Rome the Eternal, the city of Julius Cæsar and Octavius and Trajan, was to be the Rome of Leo IX and Hildebrand and Innocent III. In the midst of this turmoil of religious and political elements, this reshaping of policies, this transfer of emphasis from crown to miter, Dante was born. Thomas Aquinas, the Doctor Angelicus, was teaching philosophy in Pisa and Rome. Albertus Magnus, the

Doctor Universalis from the convent in Cologne, was sending forth his studies in Aristotle which were to saturate the world-thinking for half a dozen centuries. Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, is born, and the world of Art is to be reborn and is to shake off its Byzantine conventions and get back to nature. The Knights Templars were in the flower of their existence, their Oriental rites and gorgeous pageantry appealing to the curiosity and the credulity of the people. The Third Estate was definitely established. The Burghers had begun to combine, and Republicanism, crude but sturdy, appeared amid the debris of crumbling and degenerate Feudalism. The revival of the study of Roman law aided in this social reorganization, and the Hanseatic League, in which eighty-five cities were joined on the Baltic and the Rhine, was a symptom of this new political program. The Crusades had come and gone, and in the revival of intellectual activity which followed in their wake the Universities of Paris and Oxford and Bologna were founded and became centers of power and progress. In Germany the Minnesingers were extolling love and chivalry. Spain was celebrating her conquest of the Moors in the spirited lines of El Cid. Italy and France were listening to the Troubadours rehearsing from door to door and from court to court the witcheries of the tender passion. It was an age of religious enthusiasm, of chivalrous honor, and of democratic liberty—the three most powerful principles, according to the great British essayist, that ever influenced the race. Add to all this the life tragedy of the poet: unhappily married after the romantic superearthly passion for Beatrice; chosen chief magistrate of his native city; two years later condemned to exile and under sentence of death if he returned; a wanderer for nineteen years, “a bark without a sail or rudder, borne to alien ports”—here are the ingredients; and out of this ferment and horror, this Walpurgis Night’s Dream, this nightmare and hurly-burly within and without—out of this was born the Vision. According to the *Inferno*, the tears and blood of human sin and misery flow into hell and feed the four great rivers of ancient fame in which sin is punished: the blood-red boiling Phlegethon, the gray and dreary Styx, the black and muddy Acheron, and, drinking from them all, the wintry Cocytus

in which Lucifer is ice-bound. So the blood and tears of this stricken life flow in a divine stream down the centuries and by its waters is the world being fertilized.

Not only is the work of Dante unapproachable intrinsically, but in his work the Italian language was crystallized, and the forms he molded stand to-day. Latin was the language of the courts of law and of polite society. The Italian was barren and inept. Dante began his poem in Latin, but after several cantos he desisted and, with the prevision of genius, he adopted the rudimentary Italian. He introduced new words; he changed the meaning of words already naturalized; he invented new phrases and invested narrow and provincial idioms with broader significance. He reformed the language on the Cyclopean anvil of his vast imagination, and the Italian he left is the Italian of D'Annunzio and Manzoni and Cavour. Compare the English of six hundred years ago with the English of to-day. Take a page of the *Canterbury Tales* by Chaucer, the "first finder of our fair language," or an alliterative line or two of *Piers Plowman*, and you need a glossary and dictionary of archaeology, but the musical rippling cadences of Dante's *Terza rima*, with its warm glow in the sunshine of love, breaking into snapping staccato when evil is to be disciplined or halting breathless in the face of some grizzly horror, this your Italian fruit-seller on the corner may read, and read with unction and enjoyment. Before his *magnus opus* Dante had written the story of his love for Beatrice in *The New Life*. This passion is so ethereal, so divested of all earthly taint, that many have regarded its object as a mere personification of ideal womanhood. He also wrote *The Banquet* and a book on *Eloquence*. These were but preliminary. He wrote himself into the *Divine Comedy*. "It is the autobiography of a soul." It is a *Pilgrim's Progress* in which the hero passes first from end to end of the City of Destruction, where evil is rampant and dusky crime treads the slimy streets; thence past the Hill Difficulty and Valley of Humiliation of purgatorial discipline; then, finally, hand in hand with Beatrice, he moves toward the Supreme Light, in which are bound all the scattered leaves of the Universe and so blinding that the eyes would shrivel in their sockets if they were turned but for one

moment away. The children would say, as his stooping figure passed, "There is the man who has been in hell!" In hell, yes; and in the sun, and in the seven stars, and under the Tree of Knowledge, and in the glow of the white rose whose petals are the redeemed hosts, and down whose flaming ranks the angels move with wings of gold and garments so white that the Alpine snow would be abashed.

In a letter to the vicar general of the Roman empire in Verona, Dante declares that there are four ways of understanding his works: "the Literal, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Mystical." So, says he, "the subject of the work is a consideration of souls after death. But if considered allegorically, the subject is man: liable to reward and punishment as, through the freedom of the will, he is deserving or undeserving." The great poem is not a panorama of the future, but a picture of the present. Its field is not eternity and its contingencies, but time and its conflicts. Not yet dead, as we understand the term, are some of those he meets in the *Inferno*. Friar Alberigo is discovered in the ice of the last circle, and the poet inquires, "And art thou dead?" and Alberigo replies:

How my body stands in the world above I have no knowledge—
Ofttimes the soul falls down hither ere Atropos impel.

A Genoese he finds in *Cocytus*—yet he remembers that this man is still on the earth. Let us say, then, that the *Inferno* represents the realization of sin, the *Purgatorio* represents separation from sin, and *Paradiso* means union with God; or, in other words, the Will corrupted, the Will in conflict, and the Will surrendered. For Dante is, above all things, the champion of the Will, and so the poet of the conscience. His thesis, to which he returns with ever-increasing conviction and fervor, is that man is master of his fate. Herein he takes direct issue with many of the great teachers of the race. Sophocles has no place for the human will in his *Cedipus Tyrannus*—the "bright consummate flower of Greek tragedy." The son is born to slay his father and to take his mother for wife. So declared the oracle, and so through the mighty drama is *Cedipus* swept to his doom. Helpless, blinded, hounded

by the chorus of Theban elders, who can scarce find words of pity so great is their horror, he cries out:

O thou thick cloud of darkness
That on my life has settled;
Abominable, unutterable,
Indomitable.

The fatalism of the astronomer-poet of Khorassan, Omar the Tent-maker, is characteristic and familiar:

'Twas writ at first whatever was to be,
By pen unheeding bliss or misery;
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all;
To murmur or resist is vanity.

The unfortunate King Edward in Henry VI seems to have reached the same *impasse*. Led away by the servants of Warwick, he exclaims,

What fates impose that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

This seems to be the spirit of Shakespeare, at any rate in what may be called his great autobiographical tragedies. There is a resistless force operating somewhere, and the will is helpless in its grip. Macbeth and Hamlet are puppets moved by strings—a divinity shaping the ends all unrelated to the hewing of our hands. King Lear is blind from the beginning—"a fool by heavenly compulsion," according to the quaint, but canny, philosophy of Edmunds. Othello was "led by the nose," as Iago said might be expected from his free and open nature, and, looking upon the dead Desdemona, cries out in despair, "Who can control his fate?" This is the spirit of much of modern literature. Zola preaches the gospel of fatalism. Ibsen knows but one impulse in the souls of his men and women, the impulse of heredity. All the life is in the blood. But Dante never falters. Man is king and Pope in his own right. So says Virgil:

Free, upright, and whole is thy will, and it were a fault not to act
according to its promptings;
Wherefore I do crown and miter thee over thyself.

Beatrice announces the same high thesis:

The greatest gift God of his largess made at creation,
And the most conformed to his own excellence and which he most prizeth
Was the will's liberty, wherewith creatures intelligent, both all and only,
are endowed.

This is one of the texts of this mighty sermon. It is writ in letters of lurid fire against the background of human misery in the pit. It mingles with the summons of the angel of the stair, the angel who concealed himself with his own light. It is part of the chant of Beatrice as they pass, like an arrow that smiteth the target ere the cord be still, from the moon-cloud, "polished like a diamond smitten by the sun," to Mercury, the realm of the honor-seekers. There is no power of evil or of good can shake the citadel of the soul. On the shoulders of this Atlas sits the world. In spite of the rabid opposition of his political enemies, the howling of the fickle mob, the weary, lonely exile, doomed to death should he dare return to his home city—in spite of it all he is ready to say, "The free will, which, if it endure the strain in its first battlings, at length wins the whole victory." Mighty poet, mighty, unconquerable soul that, having looked into the face of God, sees the light of an eternal dawn upon the mountain peaks of the world's darkest problems!

Another startling find is that Dante seems to anticipate our modern laws of Social Service. Dr. Charles Reynolds, after noting the revivals under Jonathan Edwards, and Wesley, and Finney, and Moody, and giving the characteristic of each, writes: "In the next great revival which will quicken the country into new religious life the dominant note will be social responsibility." In 1841, Lamennais claimed that Christianity was a religion of brotherhood. His theories were condemned by Gregory XVI. Victor Huber in the middle of the last century attempted to organize "associations for Christian order and liberty." These associations had for their object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. But the world was not ready. Thwarted and disappointed and misunderstood, he buried himself in the fastnesses of the Hartz Mountains, where he died of a broken heart. In 1849 young England was stirred by the appearance of Alton

Locke, the story of a young London tailor whose miseries were ascribed to the brutal indifference of the rich to the needs of the poor. Charles Kingsley had caught the spirit of John Frederick Maurice and claimed that he lived to teach to others what he had thus received, and in his books, *Alton Locke*, and *Yeast*, and the *Saint's Tragedy*, in spite of his conventional moralizing and pulpit tones, he is helping to inaugurate a reform that finds its climax in this age, when men seem first to have discovered their fellow men. And yet how slowly this enthusiasm for humanity has grown may be realized when we remember that as late as 1860 Ruskin's papers *Unto this Last* were refused by Thackeray, editor of the *Cornhill*; and his *Munera Pulveris* was declined by Froude, editor of *Frazer's Magazine*. These essays were called, indeed, by leading authorities "hopeless rubbish"; and that when Ruskin was the most brilliant literary figure in England, was soon to be called to the Slade Professorship at Oxford, and was unable to reach his lecture room at his first appearance because vestibule and passages and street were blocked with a pushing, hustling crowd eager to find entrance. The world was not yet ready to be told that "the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast if he could see the suffering caused in the world by his luxury," and that "wages of labor should be a fixed thing, and not varying according to competition"—the "minimum wage" in embryo. Dante is a modernist in this finding. Though saturated with mysticism, though he seems to teach that the favor of God is the result of contemplation, though blessedness seems so often "to be achieved by working at duty rather than at goodness," still there are lines that place our poet abreast of the newest, broadest law of service ever drawn from the teachings of Christ. For example, Provenza Salvini, who sought the destruction of Florence, is released from lower Purgatory because when at his highest earthly eminence he assumed the garb of a beggar to procure money wherewith to ransom a friend. His deed of kindness had been as holy prayers in lifting his helpless soul. A still more startling example is given in *Paradise*, IX. A splendid spirit approaches and "signifies its will to pleasure me by brightening outwardly." This spirit is Cunnizza, and Cunnizza was a no-

torious profligate of the "depraved Italian land." Now she moved amid the circling of the light divine that had "its first beginning in the exalted Seraphim," and the only reason assignable for this curious juxtaposition is that she freed her slaves before she departed this life. Again, he tells us that the spirits, high and low, Moses, Saul, John, and Mary herself, all dwell in the Empyrean, rank upon rank, but that they come down to their several stars to exercise their special gifts in behalf of those who need; that these stars are nothing other than the working places of the souls: social service even in heaven, and social standing in heaven, decided by the social service rendered on the earth—and that at a time when men were but the lawful prey of their fellow men—long centuries before the dawn of the day of brotherhood had begun to whiten the eastern sky.

Dante is modern in his view of Punishment. Sinners are punished by their sins, not for them. It need scarcely be shown how infinitely he was in advance of his age, or of any other age. In the fourteenth century revenge was the dominant motive in punishment, and in England two hundred offenses were punishable by death. In the sixteenth century prisoners not yet convicted, brought from their foul and fetid cells in Oxford, bred a pestilence in the courts which killed the three judges and most of the jurymen; and we are inclined to waste but little sympathy upon these victims. Fielding wrote *Amelia* to throw light upon prison life. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and Dickens's *Little Dorrit* give glimpses of a place of shadows and despair. Not until Lombroso, in Italy, and John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, in England, was there any intelligent inquiry into the cause of crime or effort to reform the criminal. But Dante shows us punishment as the consequence of sin, and not as imposed by a higher authority, and a consequence as inevitable and as inexorable as natural law. From it there is no escape; from it there is no desire to escape. The doorway of the city Dis is guarded only against those who might unsanctioned enter. No hellish Furies girt with greenest hydras deny return, for no soul attempts return. Homer places Cerberus at the gates of Hades, where Ulysses finds him when, under the direction of Circe, he comes to ask counsel of Tiresias.

Here Hercules looked for him in the performance of his twelfth labor. The ancient theologies needed a guardian at the gates. The soul that sinned would, if possible, escape the consequences of that sin. Even Milton knew no higher law. When Satan, "with thoughts inflamed of highest design," reaches the confines of hell, his passageway out is challenged. And so the gate-keeper:

The key of this infernal pit by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King
I keep: by Him forbidden to unlock
These adamantyne gates.

Three gates of brass, three of iron, and three of granite rock, "impaled with circling fire" that not all the Stygian powers can move, and that on their hinges grate harsh thunder—all this is Milton's precaution against the escape of the sinner from the consequences of his sin. But Dante knows better. There is no return for those who pass the portals of the doleful city. Cerberus has elsewhere his place and otherwise his mission than as gate-keeper of the soul. In Purgatorio the desire for punishment is equal to the old desire for sin. It is only when the present desire for punishment unites with the will to be free that the gates open upward with earthquake and shout. In the Inferno sinners are held in bondage by their sins. Hypocrites still wear a cloak, but now a cloak of lead. Dionysius and Attila and Sextus and Guy de Montfort, tyrants and slayers, are plunged to their eyebrows in boiling blood. The Archbishop of Pisa starves Ugolino and his four sons in prison, and in unforgettable lines we hear the boys offer their flesh to the famished father. Now the Archbishop and his victim lie frozen in eternal ice, and Ugolino gnaws forever upon the skull of his heartless foe. Permanence of character before the science of psychology was born. Permanence of character centuries before your philosopher Ulrici taught that in time we build the bodies we shall inhabit in eternity. Centuries before your logician Whately showed that the arguments proving that sin does not go on forever prove just as surely that sin could never begin. Centuries before Lady Macbeth despaired with all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten the blood smell on her dainty hands.

Dante is modern in his criminology. Only of late years have we had such a science. Until recently society has been more intent upon punishing the criminal than interested in studying him. To be sure, as early as Aristotle there were observed certain correspondences between the character and the facial expression. In the middle of the last century English and Continental writers, notably Camper and Maudsley and Mayhew, were studying the cerebral conformation of the convict. Yet not until Lombroso's *The Criminal*, in 1876, were these scattered and desultory observations gathered into a system and the science of criminology born. The effect of the old system is summed up by an expert, Professor Ferri. He says: "Penal justice at the present moment is a vast machine, devouring and casting up again enormous numbers of individuals who lose among its wheels their honor, their moral sense, and their health; bearing ineffaceable scars, and falling into the ever-growing ranks of professional crime and recidivism, too often without hope of recovery." The growing tendency of to-day is to fit the punishment to the criminal and not to the crime. The criminal has been discovered to be a moral, sometimes a physical, patient, and to him must be applied the arts of medicine. Our modern medical science deals with the patient rather than with the disease. So we have the "indeterminate sentence," as it is called, which is growing in favor, and the "parole system," and "absolute elimination." Dante shuts up in the *Inferno* those to whom the last treatment is applicable. They are hopeless, and society must rid itself of them. The process by which he reforms the other classes is striking. In *Purgatorio* there are three circles, and the keyword is Love. In the first circle are those who sinned by perverted love; that is, delight in things which ought to grieve—envy, pride, etc. In the second circle are those who sinned by defective love; that is, those who are slow to awaken to the goodness of God. In the third circle are those who erred through excessive love, or desire without limitation or law. At the entrance are three steps, one of white marble "so polished smooth that it mirrored me herein as I appear"—this is realization of Sin, the soul face to face with itself; the self-realization and self-discovery that must precede all spiritual reform. The second step is dark and rug-

ged and "cracked in its length and breadth." This is the sorrow and heartbreak that follow self-discovery. The third step, "massy above, of porphyry so flaming red as blood that spurts from a vein." This is the atonement in sacrifice and life-surrender by which the steepes are to be climbed. The criminal is taught to realize himself. This self-discovery is to awaken sorrow for the deed done, and the punishment is the blood atonement without which is no remission of sin, no reformation of life. Girolamo's system of criminology is modern, but not more modern than Dante.

There is in all this the reverence for personality which Henry Churchill King calls "the fundamental essential in human progress." The criminal is more than a number in a striped suit; he is a man. There is more than a desire on the part of society to be rid of him; there is a purpose to enable him to rise to the level of his richest capacity. Not simply for him a past of error, but a future of compensation. And the methods by which Dante does this are curious and striking and psychological. In the *Inferno* the gates open to the sound of wails and groans. In *Purgatorio* they open upward with glad songs of the eager people; yea, the very mountain shakes as did the isle of Delos before it was anchored to the eternal rocks.

The swing and verve of the poem change as we pass the shaggy sides of Lucifer and come out under the stars. In the *Inferno* the air was starless and murky. Shadows and rain and heavy hail and black mud and ice—these are the framework of the picture across which move the pale-faced tattered specters in a wild irrational frenzy, or else they sit bowed down for an eternity in hopeless stupor. These are the "eliminated"—according to modern criminology. In *Purgatorio* the punishment is a means to an end. This end is reached by the impact by Ideas. It is the philosophy of contrast. It is the parabolic method reduced to the concrete. The criminal is brought face to face with the antithesis of his crime. The satyr is *vis-a-vis* with Hyperion. For example, in Canto X, where the proud are being disciplined, there are introduced object lessons of humility. Figures, carved in pure white marble that would put Polycletes to shame, of the Annunciation by the Angel to the Virgin, and the attitude of utter self-abase-

ment on the part of the gentle woman. David is shown dancing in self-unconsciousness before the ark. The envious, in Canto XIII, hear a voice which says, "I am Orestes," and are reminded of this son of Agamemnon condemned to death, and of his friend, Pylades, who, instead of envying the high birth of Orestes, wishes to die in his stead and calls out to the executioners, "I am Orestes." The avaricious see Fabricius, the Roman consul who spurned luxury, and Saint Nicholas, who secretly supplied gold to a fellow townsman. This is notable. The Spartans taught their boys the virtues by an exhibition of the corresponding vices, but Dante's reformable criminals were inspired to high ideals by examples of the highest good. They were cured of their love of darkness by far-away glimpses of the day, thus antedating by centuries the modern system that declares against the contact of the first offender with the veteran crook, that beautifies the surroundings of the imprisoned, that sends the convict to the farm; there the open fields and the silvery streams will whisper of better things.

There is in all this no moral laxity, no discounting the turpitude of sin. On the contrary, no writer has ever painted evil with so heavy a brush. A comparison between his Lucifer and the Satan of Milton will show the intensity of the Italian's conception. We recognize Milton's Satan as the hero of *Paradise Lost*. When he appears, it is as if the star has taken the stage. There has been an air of expectancy until he stands behind the footlights. He is a god; his form has not yet lost all its original brightness. He is proudly, yet courteously, defiant. He plans to retrieve his fortunes. He claims that

Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

He appears

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind.

He is a fallen archangel; fallen, but still an archangel. We feel as if we must applaud when the fallen hosts recover from their nine days' stupor in the burning lake and realize that their chief is not in despair, but ready to say to Beelzebub:

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield.

He plans a conference of the powers to determine

What reinforcement we can gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

And the decision "War, then, War, open or understood," is a challenge to our innate hero worship. We are almost ready to take his part—the Teutonic instinct for fair play—when he must contend against linked thunder bolts and flaming swords that "by decree are irresistible."

Mrs. Browning, in her *Drama of Exile*, knows another Lucifer. He wears a sneer when he meets Gabriel and greets him with a gibe.

Here is a brave earth to sin and suffer in,
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green
Or greener, certes, than its Knowledge Tree.

On the edge of the sword glare he meets Adam and Eve. Eve recognizes him with a shudder:

Adam, hold
My right hand strongly. It is Lucifer,
And we have love to lose.

He taunts them:

Beautiful Eve, the times have somewhat changed
Since thou and I had talk beneath the tree,
Albeit, ye are not gods—as yet.

Adam gives his measure when he declares:

Now I know thou art fallen below hope,
A spirit who expected to see God,
Though at the last point of a million tears,
Could dare no mockery of a ruined man.

Well done, Adam. There is nothing in Milton like that. The world moves. The flash of your indictment savors of the explosive challenge and anathema of Faust: "Hence, and begone, thou son of filth and flame!" But Dante's Lucifer is the climax of horror.

He stands in the bottom of hell firm fixed in the ice. His batlike wings are broader than sea sails, with the flapping of which all Cocytus is frozen. In his three mouths he champs three traitors, tearing with his claws their skin in ribbons. Six eyes are there, from which adown three chins trickles bloody foam. It is a horrible conception. It is a nightmare picture of moral death. It is sin and the supreme sinner throttled by Omnipotence. In the Dantean scheme he is the author of sin, and now he stands at the depths of the deepest hell fixed eternally in the icy waters into which are precipitated all the rivers of Inferno. These rivers, as has been said, have their source in the tears of humanity. Hence with relentless sequence these tears, caused by human sin flowing downward into the deep places, engulf the father of sin and the author of human tears in a black Tartarean frozen flood from which there is no escape.

This great poem meets the demand of the age with the loftiest idealism, the most transcendent supersensuousness. This may seem paradoxical when we follow him through Inferno and note his passion for the tangible. The spotted leopard and the shewolf that disputed his passage through the dark wood; the pronged drag-hooks with which the demons plunge the senator of Lucca into the boiling pitch as cooks thrust the flesh down into the boiler; the suicides that take root and grow into gnarled and grotesque trees where the filthy and unseemly Harpies make their nest—all this is of the earth, earthy. But he has not reached his level yet. He is still breaking the shell; still struggling toward consciousness. It is only when we pass into the Paradise that we read Dante's soul. And there is nothing this age needs more than an emphasis of soul. "We are faced by a pitiful materialism that exalts the stuff, glorifies the ponderable, and tends to strangle the noblest instinct of our being. We measure an evolution as a people, our enlargement as individuals, in terms of the invoice book and the market place." Even our schools have been caught in the same swirl of matter. Once they dealt in ideas, now they concern themselves principally with gases and minerals. Once the children learned to parse sonorous sentences from Milton, or to paraphrase the stately periods of Addison, or to translate the deathless songs

of Homer. Now much of this is elective—that is, secondary—while the time is given to the fermenting process in baking a loaf of bread, or the amount of energy in a pound of anthracite coal. We are beginning to settle the profoundest questions of ethics with physical counters. Judas Iscariot, we are told, was perhaps imperfectly nourished when he was a child. Nero had, perchance, a clot of blood pressing upon his brain. Philip II was but obeying the impulses of some savage ancestry. Heredity and environment—upon these are we laying the sins of this generation: “morality is the harmonious adjustment of the brain molecules. Religion is an instinct begotten of the ghost stories told about the forest fires by our wandering semisimian forebears.” Mr. Percy MacKaye puts it all in the mouth of Michael in *Mater*, one of his latest plays: “Something doing. It’s the quack showman’s motto of the age. Under that banner we harvest a million acres of wheat to fill one hundred millions of mouths, and we rear up mouths to be filled with the wheat. Under that banner we move a continent of freight cars to consume steel rails, and we disembowel the continent for steel to move the cars. He is a glorious Titan—your God! His brow is of gold and his bowels of brass; his biceps of iron and his thighs of silver; his beard is black smoke; his heart is pure steel. Within his head he has a billion wheels. ‘Behold me,’ he cries to the heavens. ‘To this stature have I grown. Am I not busy? Am I not big? I am the Lord of hosts—I am Prosperity.’” Bronson Howard writes that there is always one topic that is supreme among playwrights and playgoers: “In France it is marital infelicity; in England, caste; in the United States, business.” We need to call a halt in this materializing process. We need to listen to every voice that brings to us a spiritual message. Among the recent exponents of a fuller life is Professor Eucken, of Jena. His trumpet gives no uncertain sound. He writes in the introduction to his *Life of the Spirit*:

The greatness of our age lies in work, in the subjection of the world of objects. This work has gained more and more brilliant triumphs. But these triumphs have not been accompanied by a corresponding growth of the soul. Hence all technical achievements do not preserve us from inner emptiness. Life must be raised to an essentially higher level.

And yet other voices are being heard in protest. Bergson, the great Frenchman, with his emphasis upon intuition; John Masefield, the new poet, and his *Everlasting Mercy*, in which he makes Saul Kane, the vagrant, say, after the deep peace has burnt into his soul:

The station brook to my new eyes
Was bubbling out of Paradise.
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing, Christ is risen again.

Kennedy's "Servant in the House"; "The Return of Peter Grimm," by Belasco; Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"; and even the quixotic Chesterton, who loves nothing so well as to break a lance with some settled and axiomatic article of intellectual faith, and who jeers in his latest book, *A Miscellany of Men*, at the absurdity of attributing progress to materialistic need or endeavor—all these, named at random, and outside the conventional agencies of the church, show the emphatic protest of the moment against the current apotheosis of matter. To all this we may add the *Paradiso* of Dante. He has here shaken off all the fetters of sense. On the last pages of the *Purgatorio* he paints for us an exquisite heaven. He enters the glorified Garden of Eden. Beginning his journey in the dismal forest of sin and doubt, he reaches at last those musical groves of ecstasy through which flow the two rivers—*Lethe*, which washes away all memory of sin; and *Eunöe*, which restores the memory of all good. This heaven is a transcendent earth. Many of us would be content to stop here. But Dante's soul is winged for loftier flights. He is here but getting ready to mount the stars. His heaven must be something other than an exalted earth experience; something in which there is no trace of matter, no mixture of dust, no suggestion nor suspicion of decay. Hence the *Paradiso*. It is a stupendous conception. I know of nothing like it in literature. It begins outside of human experience and reaches beyond ordinary human imagination. Its foundation is laid above the mountaintops and it is built upward. Dante realizes his incapacity to portray as we realize our incapacity to interpret. He invokes *Apollo* for inspiration to "make manifest the shadow of the blessed realm imprinted on my brain."

His symbols are purely ethereal; more sublimated even than the gates of pearl and foundations of jasper and sapphire of the Patmos vision. These symbols are motion and music and light. His redeemed saints whirl in an ecstatic cosmic dance. He himself rises superior to gravitation, drawn by a voice from out the heart of a flashing light which turns him as the needle to a star. This motion is in itself music, giving a chiming sound in harmony and sweetness. Light is there as if God had "adorned heaven with a second sun." The souls themselves are light, so radiant that they stand out in light against the background of the sun. They increase in dazzling light as proof of their good will. They read each other's thoughts as color is seen through plates of glass. Whenever they wish to learn the purpose of God, they wheel in dazzling circles in divine communion and so look deep into the being of God. The white rose appears, formed by rank upon rank of the redeemed, but he can see it only after a blinding flash which not destroys, but gives power to his vision. Shadow is substance and substance is shadow. He takes for reflections in a mirror the forms he sees, and is told that this is the first reality he has ever seen. And as a result of all this—this circling fire, this convent of white stoles, this tawny river whence sparks drop into the blossoms like rubies set in gold, this divine love breaking itself upon a thousand mirrors, but ever remaining one—as a result of all this he gathers himself together at last and writes, "But already my desire and will were rolled—even as a wheel that moveth equally—by the Love that moves the sun and other stars." All hail! thou brother protestant against the gospel of clay! Thine is the breath from the four winds in the valley of dry bones. There is nothing of the material in Paradise; and this poor earth, choked with matter and stricken with figures on a dial and balances in a book, may look out through the ironbarred bank vaults and across the cemeteries toward this dazzling realm, and so make ready to mount to the stars.

It is scarcely necessary to show that his view of the relation between church and state is a modern one. I need only mention that he finds Pope Celestine V in the Inferno; that Gregory the Great sees the error of his judgment when he reaches heaven and

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smiles—perhaps at the gullibility of men and women who believe him infallible; and Peter blazes out against him “who usurps upon earth my place, my place, my place, which in the presence of the Son of God is vacant.”

In all this does Dante prove that he has a message for our modern days. As a prophet he stood high enough to see over the earth's curvature of six hundred years. Amid the phantasms and Brocken specters of the twelfth century he discerns the Zeitgeist of the twentieth century. The poet who comes to his kingdom after six centuries of world growth proves the possession of kingly qualities. So must he be the poet born in a golden clime of whom Tennyson writes:

He saw through life and death;
Through good and ill;
He saw through his own soul
The marvel of an everlasting will
An open scroll.

John A. Miley

ART. III—LUTHER AND THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST¹

THE last time I had the honor to address the faculty and students on similar occasion was on Thursday afternoon, September 22, 1904, when I chose for my subject "Luther and His Latest Critic," an address which was published in *The American Journal of Theology* for April, 1905. Since that time I have made various studies in Luther, some of which I have given to my classes and others I have published in *theological Reviews*. This summer I made a special investigation of his doctrine of the divinity of Christ, drawn to it partly by my interest in Luther, partly by my interest in the *History of Doctrine*, but chiefly, perhaps, by the critical situation in which we stand to-day in regard to that doctrine. You are aware that the scene has been changed since the time, say, that I left the theological seminary for the pastorate. At that time, and for some time after, no one in evangelical churches thought of denying the divinity of Jesus. That was left for the Unitarians. But for the last twenty years or so, and especially in the last ten years, a tremendous change has taken place in so-called orthodox churches. Many of our ministers are no longer Trinitarians. They refuse to call themselves Unitarians for the reason given by an able and scholarly young minister who was being examined by a Congregational council for ordination, and who, after making several liberal answers, was asked whether he was not a Unitarian; he replied, "No, because I do not profess to know the nature of God." These men would say that Christ revealed God in a unique way, that God was in Christ in a unique way, that through Christ we know God as we would not know him otherwise, that Christ's value for religious knowledge of God is therefore inestimable—all of which assertions are commonplace with Unitarians—but they would not say that Christ was preëxistent nor that he was the Eternal Son of God the Father, and thus with the Father and the Spirit to be worshiped and adored. They would not deny the doctrine of the

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Trinity, but they would say that it makes no appeal to them; they neither know nor care anything about it. Now the newness of the situation is this: that whereas twenty years ago such men as those were not in our churches, now they are, and in large numbers. That is a fact both appealing and appalling to a student of church history. What are the causes of it? Ah, that is a hard question. Perhaps such as these: (1) the general lowering of interest in strictly theological studies on account of the invasion of natural science and of other pragmatic sciences. This is seen even in our theological schools, where many students seem much more interested to know the views of Giddings on marriage than to know the views of Wesley on Christ. (2) The growth of materialism, due to the vast increase of wealth within the last twenty years. This has let loose a subtle spirit of worldliness which affects college studies and the whole outlook of the modern man. (3) A theory of knowledge due to a certain philosophy. (4) The progress of Biblical criticism, which has profoundly touched the attitude of many toward the New Testament documents. (5) The conception of the reign of law, excluding an overruling providence and the supernatural. Connected with this is the belief in evolution, and the widening out of that belief to cover not only the physical sciences, but all departments of knowledge; a belief which has conquered the world since 1859, the date of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. All college professors are now evolutionists, many of them materialistic evolutionists, and the most of those who are theistic evolutionists are yet sufficiently liberal in their religious views. The church is handicapped, therefore, as she approaches young men for her ministry who are thus from the very start predisposed to a world-view contrary to that which she has received. (6) The Ritschlian theology and other influences from Germany. These are some of the causes of the new situation we find ourselves in in regard to the divinity of Christ and the doctrines that stand or fall with it in our evangelical faith. For this reason it becomes every teacher in this school, whatever may be his department, to see to it that his work makes for faith; that all the time, directly or indirectly, he is building up the Kingdom; especially that he is building up the truth as it

is in Christ on which the Kingdom stands. Consequently I offer my humble quota on this occasion in a brief consideration of Luther's significance in this matter of Christ's Person, in which if the church is defeated she has received her Waterloo. And I do well here to speak of Luther. Between the death of Saint John and the conversion of Wesley he is by far the most important man in the field. His work overtops in spiritual significance, in richness of results for Christian life and theology, that of all others. Every year he is being more thoroughly studied, every year better understood, and every year the fructifying influence of his teaching, like a seed which never seems to lose its power, springs up in new and unexpected phases of spiritual beauty and strength.

You know very well, of course, that the Reformation did not arise primarily as a theological movement, but as a movement in the religious life, but there is no movement in religion that does not have theological roots and bearings, and the deeper and more permanent the movement the deeper does it cut into the theological realm. This was preëminently true of the Reformation. As to its spring and full meaning I give two quotations, which accurately express it. The first is from Baumgarten-Crosius:

It was neither the vulgar jealousy of the monastic orders against each other, nor yet any mere theoretical interest, however noble this may have been, which led Luther in the path of reform. Luther became a reformer because he had learned at the confessional the spiritual wants of the people. . . . It was from heartfelt sympathy with the simple, honest souls whom he saw abandoned to the arbitrary will of the priesthood and deceived in respect to the highest good of life.

The second is from Hagenbach:

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was neither a mere scientific correction of doctrine nor a revolution which affected only the external relations of life (church constitution and worship) without touching doctrinal questions. It was rather a comprehensive reformation of the church on the basis of the newly awakened evangelical faith as it manifested itself in its practical and moral aspects. As primitive Christianity did not present a complete scheme of systematic theology to its adherents, so those who restored a pure and scriptural religion did not make it their first object to establish a perfect system of doctrines. The heart and the action of the heart preceded, and then gradually scientific forms of statement followed. Thus the publishing of the ninety-five theses

[October 31, 1517] in which Luther came out against Tetzel on high moral grounds, and the zeal which Zwingli displayed about the same time in combating the prevailing abuses of the church and the corruptions of the age, became the signal for further contests. The attack upon the theory of indulgences shook the scholastic doctrinal system to its very foundations; starting from this, the opposition to all that was unscriptural in the constitution of the church, as well as in its doctrines, soon spread farther, though its success was not everywhere the same.

In the Indulgence controversey itself was involved the question, How can a man obtain peace with God? and that soon became an absorbing question to Luther. That question was solved by reviewing Christ's (Matt. 11, 28; John 3. 16) and Paul's (Rom. 3. 28; 5. 1) doctrine of justification by faith in Christ alone. But that doctrine depends upon that of atonement, and that in its turn depends on that of Christ's divinity; for faith in a Christ who was not Reconciler and Redeemer would be futile, and faith in a Christ who was essentially less than God would be both futile and blasphemous. We come, therefore, to Luther's doctrine of Christ, and we do this all the more readily because so many of his followers have abandoned his views in this particular and have swung back into an actual or virtual Unitarianism, in which they have been followed, as I have said, by many in churches spiritually akin to Luther. Luther scholars have called attention to certain interesting points of view in which Luther considered the doctrine of the divinity of Christ which give a freshness and power to his message not possessed by the mediæval theologians with whom he in substance agreed. (1) He started from the historical Christ as we have him in the Gospels, and not from speculations concerning the Trinity. This does not mean that he looked upon Christ first as a mere man and was later convinced from the Gospels that he was more, but it means that the New Testament word which sets before us the Saviour shows us, not only as an historical witness, but also as something brought home to the heart with power by the Spirit, that the Christ of whom it speaks has the divine and human bound up with him from the first. The faith in Christ's divinity springs not from logical reasonings, but it is the effect in the heart of the revelation in the Gospels of the Son of God who has become man. From the

heart this faith proceeds, on the heart it stamps itself and becomes a firm faith. The Son of God as we know him in the Word only, he who suffered and died for us, he who rises again in us—that is the only Son of God he wishes to believe in. “I will know of no Son of God,” he says, “except him who was born of the Virgin Mary; who suffered; this Son who has intertwined himself in humanity and is a Person.”¹ Only as we come to know him as he became a man, as he worked and suffered, we find out his nature as God, which is love, and then the Deity as Son and Spirit. It was for this reason that Luther found fault with the mediæval theologians for always flying away to the divinity of Christ and for mistaking, misunderstanding or ignoring his humanity, whereas it is exactly through and in and by his humanity that we know him as divine.

Don't try to seek out my divine majesty. Human reason and wisdom cannot understand me; I am too high and great. I shall make myself small enough that you can understand and grasp me. I shall give to you my only begotten Son. That means to make small and conceivable the divine majesty, so that no one can or should complain that when he has to do with God he does not know how to conduct himself [Erl. Aug. 57, 163f.]. The Lord Christ gives the apostle Philip a slap. The latter cherished strange thoughts concerning God; where God the heavenly Father was, what he makes, whether he lets loose swallows in heaven, and he asked Christ: Show us the Father and it suffices us. Then answered the Lord Christ and said: Right here is the Father. And pointing to himself, he said: Who sees me, he also sees the Father. Will you creep up another way to heaven? He says: Here, brother, the Father is in me and I in the Father. Hold your eyes fast on me; through my humanity you come to the Father; the Father incloses himself in my humanity; through my humanity the Father has laid himself open to the whole world. So he (Christ) fastens him (Philip) on his humanity, tears him away from his erroneous thought [Weim. Aug. 16, 145; cf. 9, 449]. You might well creep and gape high after majesty, but you will run lustily on your head and throw yourself. For the devil also has pleasure in such fine high thoughts, can very well put on a mask as though he was God and clothe himself in idle glory and majesty, as he did to Christ himself. In fact, he can fare so high that he cannot get any higher, as he wills to become equal to God and sit in his seat. But God has gotten even with him in that he (God) has humiliated himself in the deepest way and hid himself in the smallest form, as in the lap of the Virgin, and will not

¹ Erl. Aug. 11, 130.

any to find him in any other way. The devil cannot come down there, because he is a courtly proud spirit [Erl. Aug. 50, 213] That Christ is God—that he has for himself; it does not help me, and on that account he is not my Christ; but because he is also truly man—that is what goes for me [Weim. Aug. 16, 85f.]. For what is the good, if you confess that he is God, if you don't also believe that he is man? For in that you have not the true, right Christ, but a ghost of the devil [Erl. Aug. 23, 261]. The ladder does not stand in heaven, but on earth—that is, Christ has in himself the most humble bearing and nature. When you scholastics bare your head through heaven and look around there, you will find no one, for Christ lies in the crib and in a woman's lap. You will fall down again and break your neck. Therefore, Thomas and Phillip, begin below, and not above [Weim. Aug. 9, 406].

In thus breaking in on his Christology from the road of the Gospels, and not from that of creed or speculation, Luther revolutionized this doctrine, I mean as compared with the mediæval view, and made it once more a warm vital current. This will appear further in my second point.

(2) Luther has no patience with scholastic tendencies to separate the two natures in Christ, or to make him a kind of portent, half God and half man. He thought of Christ as one person in the simplest way, but a person formed by the innermost union of the Eternal Son with our whole nature. There was no part of our nature that Christ did not have, and there was nothing of God that he did not have. The genuineness of Christ's human nature was fundamental with Luther. Christ grew like every other child and advanced in wisdom and knowledge. He had a truly human soul. "We ought to let Christ be a natural man," Luther says, "precisely as we are, and not make a difference between his nature and ours save in the matter of sin and grace." "We cannot draw Christ too deeply into nature and flesh—How could God show greater goodness to us than in entering thus deeply into flesh and blood?" A part of Luther's emphasis here was to throw overboard the Roman Catholic placing of Mary in lieu of Christ; a placing that was helped along by the practical overlooking of Christ's human nature by his divine. The mediæval church was practically Eutychian or Apollinarian. That is, it emphasized the divinity of Christ, not too much, but onesidedly, at the expense of his humanity, so that Christ came to be clothed

with the attributes of the righteous and vengeful God and Mary with the attributes of the human Christ. In worship and affection, therefore, Mary practically took the place in the Roman Catholic Church which Christ had in the early church. She was the kind mediatrix to whom the sinner could go and be sure of succor. Luther thrust this miserable idolatry aside in restoring the human Christ to men. What is commonplace to us came as almost a fresh message to the men of his time. Christ as deity had receded behind the terrors of Sinai; Luther brought him out as the gentle Man of Galilee who spoke the Beatitudes. Everything was as natural to Christ, says Luther, as to other men, except only sin. All our natural imperfections he bore just as we do. Therefore in his present state, in full humanity and full divinity in glory, Christ is to Luther the "heart and sun of the world, the eye full of soul, which stand in a vital connection of love and power with all points of the periphery. To the Church he is the faithful and loving bridegroom, the Head, who is as it were the 'sensorium commune' for everything which concerns his people, and whilst standing at their right hand with his almighty power is conscious of and feels their sufferings as though they were his own. At such joyous festivals as Christmas he did not ask, What is still lacking to the perfection of the child Jesus? but saw in the seed the full ripe fruit, and felt that victory and perfection were already germinantly there after a divine fashion, although they needed to be first historically realized." The Spirit of God indeed dwelt in him, but it responded to his growing consciousness. In later life Jesus sometimes spoke according to his human nature, in other times according to his divine. It is in his manhood that he is now become exalted above all things, because in his deity he did not have to become thus exalted. "Christ created all things as God, and though as man he created nothing yet all things are subject to him"—subject to him as man. I might add here that the exigency of the Lord's Supper controversies led Luther to emphasize the present glory of Christ's humanity, which has now received all the attributes of the divine, so that Christ's body can now be present everywhere. This union was also so intimate that it could be said in a true sense that God suffered on the cross.

In fact, in Luther's later life he was inclined to emphasize more and more the all-engrossing divinity of Christ's humanity, so that the real humanness of the latter was in danger of coming off short.

(3) This emphasis on the historical Christ made him the sole principle of the knowledge of God and of salvation, and this, Harnack says, was the great reform which Luther effected both for faith and theology. Only by Luther, says Harnack, were Matt. 11. 27 and 8 Cor. 1. 21-25, 2. 4-16, restored to a commanding position; though I by no means agree with Harnack when he says that the effect of this was to sever the roots of the dogmatic Christianity unless he means that the effect was to sever the roots of certain barren Christological speculations. God's grace, Luther taught, is manifest only in the historical work of the historical Christ. "Confessing the deity of Christ," says Harnack finely, "could never become *doubtful* for him who knew—in the sense of believing in—no God at all save Christ." Says Luther:

We must neither worship nor seek after any God save the God who is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; in this true God Christ is also included. . . . Anything that one imagines of God apart from Christ is only useless thinking and vain idolatry. . . . When one loses Christ all faiths (of the Pope, the Jews, the Turks, the common rabble) become one faith. . . . Begin by applying thy skill and study to Christ, there also let them continue fixed, and if thine own thoughts or reason or someone else guide or direct thee otherwise only close thine eyes and say: I must and will know no other God save in my Lord Christ. . . . See open there to me my Father's heart, will, and work, and I know him, and this no one will ever see or come upon in any other way, however high he soars, speculating with his own clever and subtle thoughts. For, as I have already said, that is the only way of transacting with God that one make no self-prompted approach; and the true stair or bridge by which one may pass to heaven, that we remain below here and keep close to this flesh and blood, aye, to the words and letters that proceed from his mouth, in which by the tenderest way he leads us up to the Father, so that we find and feel no wrath or dreadful form, but pure comfort and joy and peace [On John 17. 3]. See how Christ in this saying interblends and unites knowledge of himself and knowledge of the Father so that it is only in and through Christ that we know the Father. For I have often said that, and will still go on saying it, so that even when I am dead people may think it over and guard against all teachers whom the devil rules and guides, who begin at the highest point to teach and preach about God, taking no notice whatever of Christ, just as up to this time there has

been in the great schools a speculating and playing with his works above in heaven, with a view of knowing what he is and thinks and does by himself.

(4) From all this it follows that Luther looked upon man as capable of God, capacious of God, so that there was nothing in man that offered any resistance to the most perfect union of God with man. The Kenosis, the self-emptying, referred not to Christ's laying aside the attributes of the Godhead before he became man, a Kenosis on the divine side, but it referred to the fact that as man Christ laid aside the exercise of his full divinity, a Kenosis on the human side. His manhood offered him every opportunity to reveal his divinity. It was patient of full deity, but he chose to empty himself even as a man and to appear as a servant. For this reason Luther could call Mary, with some of the ancient creeds, mother of God, not because she brought forth God, but because the human child Jesus whom she did bring forth was not only capable of full deity, but had full deity and was in essence full deity; that is, that in the child Jesus that "union had taken place which constituted Jesus the child of noblest descent, the divine human child."

(5) This union meant a deification for us. The incarnation showed that we are also capable of the divine, capable of receiving God, though of course not of becoming God in a strict sense. One of his earliest expressions might also have been his latest: *Nostra assumsit est conferrat nobis sua*; and, *Tu assumisti meum et dedisti mihi tuum, assumisti quod non eras et dedisti mihi quod non eram*. He has assumed our nature that he may confer his upon us; and, Thou hast assumed mine, and thou hast given thine to me, thou hast assumed what thou wast not and thou hast given me what I was not.

(6) Luther thus looked upon the Divinity of Christ as a doctrine of salvation and for salvation. It was not simply a speculative truth but a truth of religious experience. Because he is the Son of God he saves us, and can save us, and only because of that. As such he is the object of our faith. If he had only the purity and goodness of a man it would not have been sufficient to make him our Redeemer. Only because he was God could he

work out our salvation. Thus we can through faith in him overcome sin, death, and hell, receive the divine righteousness, the revelation of life, and the new creation—all this as the work of the one divine power; he who is *naturaliter et substantialiter Deus*. We know he is thus divine, because he keeps Christendom against all the power of the devil, and because of the infinite divine potency with which he freely gives us grace, forgiveness, peace, life, and victory. The promise of giving what we ask (John 14, 14) belongs only to God. The human heart dare build on nothing except God. The divinity of Christ lies in fact in the first word of the creed: I believe. The one in whom I say I believe and set my trust—that one must be God. For this reason Luther did not, as I have already hinted, care much for speculative discussions of Christ's person. He reproves the sophists (scholastic theologians) for wonderfully mixing the Two Natures, which he calls only a sophistic knowledge of the Lord Christ. "For Christ is not called Christ," he says, "because he has Two Natures. But he carries this glorious and comforting name on account of his work and office. That gives him the name. That he is by nature God and man is, of course, true; but that his office means that, that he has poured out his love and become my Saviour and Redeemer—that is my consolation; in that I am interested; namely, that he wills to make free his people from their sins." It will be seen thus that, although Luther brought the doctrine of Christ's divinity into practical relation with salvation, he taught that doctrine in the strongest way. He says: "Christ stands at the center, Christ, who is God's grace, mercy, righteousness, truth, wisdom, and all who believe in him become partakers of his righteousness without any merit of their own. Christ is our only hope and help. He is the only true God, having whom we have no room for any strange god. God has laid down everything he was in Christ in order that it might become ours. The eternal God dwells bodily and fully in Christ." At the Leipzig Disputation he defended the saying of Hus that "two natures, divinity and humanity, are one Christ." Luther did not go into this question farther, but emphasized the saving significance of Christ's person, he who has in fullness the life and virtues of God and mediates

them to us. In Christ God is not only present as he is in all other creatures, but he lives even bodily in him, so that he is one Person, God and man. Of Christ, faith says not only that God is in him, but also that Christ is God himself. Deity dwells in him altogether and even bodily, as Saint Paul says in Col. 2. 9, so that outside of Christ there is simply no God nor deity. We must not say that Jesus Christ as a man suffered for us, but that God and man, as God's Son, truly suffered for us. The question has been agitated, What was Luther's attitude to the ecumenical creeds and the Christological decisions of the councils as set forth in those creeds? If you have followed my discussion you would say: Luther's interest in the creeds is a religious one; not their so-called metaphysical content, as religious truth, as truth for salvation; that it is which gives them their value. So we actually find one of the ablest Church History scholars of Germany, Kattenbusch of Giessen, made this question the subject of a brilliant monograph—an address before his University at the Luther celebration in 1883. Let me give you the concluding words of his pamphlet:

It must be my last task to point out how Luther's judgment concerning the ecumenical symbols is to be distinguished *in specie* from the claims of theology which allow its general task to be indicated by him. Luther's judgment over these symbols is purely a religious one. With him the symbols come under a point of view where they appear no longer as a copy, but as the original picture of Christ. [That is, they are looked upon as setting forth Christ himself, and only thus are they valid.] This happens again under reflections which make the symbols to appear as the immediate organs of God and of Christ which are not touched by human willfulness and cleverness. That they contain articles of faith Luther establishes by a comparison with Scripture, a comparison which says to him only how one must understand them *when they are supposed to be articles of faith*. That they allow themselves so to be understood—that is the sufficient guarantee that they have been in God's hands an organ which brings before our spirits a real picture of Christ. "When a child hears that, he thinks that Christ has overcome the devil: that is a right Christian thought." The symbols of the churches are nothing else than an assertion of the Apostolic Symbol. With him they are practically the same thing. The Apostolic Symbol, however, is very old. Any other thought than that at least the "best pupils of the apostles" gave it out Luther never had. Therewith the single sentences of that creed, which sentences at the bottom run together always into the one thought of Christ as the "Lord" (which signifies the evangelical understanding of God),

come to stand under that consideration which Luther turns upon everything which God always maintains (*erhalten*). God maintains only faith or the Word. What always maintains itself (endures) must be maintained by God, is therefore *faith* or *Word*. This argument Luther set out many times (see especially his *Von den Conciliis und Kirchen*). But this absolutely religious consideration of the symbols, that is, the only consideration true of them if they belong to God, is again to be distinguished from the relative empiric one, particularly if they have historically arisen and belong to man. If Luther had been asked about this aspect of the matter, if one had showed him that even the Apostles' Creed had arisen under other circumstances than those of which he was aware, and historically was meant to serve as an organ of another conception of faith than that which he thought, he would have answered as he did when he was asked whether he rightly understood what they desired to do in Chalcedon: "Whether I understand this council aright or not, I have the Scripture, and I understand that aright; and according to that Scripture the council itself must hold, and which is more certain to me than the council" (*Von den Conciliis*, etc., 329, 316). Therefore we evangelical theologians in Luther's spirit are justified to free ourselves from that "historical" sense of the ecumenical symbols which science has to establish, if that sense is not absolutely an expression of the authentic picture of the real Christ. In other words, it means that Luther, by his acknowledgment of the ecumenical symbols, simply refers us to the revelation of God in the historical Christ himself, when we would follow systematic theology.

I don't think anyone need object to that. If Luther had taken over the ecumenical creeds as a man might take over his wife's luggage on a journey or his last year's overcoat, it would not have much theological significance. But if he took them over because they expressed the truth concerning Christ, which he believed and must believe as a religious man, as a teacher seeking a basis for salvation of sinners, then it has very great theological significance. It is certainly only the religious content and truth of the creeds which concerns us, or which binds us, only as they set forth Christ and the things for which he stands. As a matter of fact Luther's attitude was twofold toward the ecumenical creeds: (1) He held them, (2) but he held them under Christ. That means that he held them because he considered that they set forth the truth about Christ, and it was the truth always in its practical relation to salvation with which he was concerned. Luther's expositions of the Apostles' Creed were determined by the practical bearings of his doctrine of justification by faith, and

when he emphasized the decisions of the Council concerning the Trinity his interest was not in the mystery, but in the practical sweep of the facts of the redeeming revelation of God. We must also remember, as already said, that Luther was chiefly concerned in the historical Jesus as he in whom God must be seen and known in his saving love and power; and that therefore Luther looked upon the Three Creeds (Apostles', Nicene [Niceno-Constantinopolitan] and the so-called Athanasian) not as giving certain statements about Christ, but as giving those statements in their religious and saving significance and relations: only thus are they articles of faith. That Christ is God and the second person of the Trinity is for us sinners in itself alone no valuable part of the confession of faith, but it has its value only in this, that it is God in Christ who has taken humanity to himself for salvation and eternal life, and thus it is an article of faith. This Kattenbusch shows. But we must remember also, as Möller (late professor at Kiel) says, that the other side of this is also true; that Christ's work would be in its turn no subject for faith if he were not God and God-man, and that for this Luther took the symbolical expressions of the ancient Church as correct and corresponding to the Scriptures. Luther had no idea of a progressive development of doctrine, and the decisions of Councils appeared to him as the immediate result of the assertion of Scripture truth against all possible heretical attack. When he drew up the Schmalkald Articles in 1537 he started with those articles on which there was no dispute.

I. That Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three distinct persons in one divine essence and nature, are one God, who has created heaven and earth.

II. That the Father is begotten of no one; the Son, of the Father; the Holy Spirit proceeds from Father and Son.

III. That not the Father, not the Holy Spirit, but the Son, became man.

IV. That the Son became man thus: that he was conceived, without the coöperation of man, by the Holy Spirit, and was born of the pure, holy (and always) Virgin Mary. Afterward he suffered, died, was buried, descended to hell, rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, sits at the right hand of God, will come to judge the quick and the dead, etc., as the creed of the apostles, as well as that of Saint Athanasius and the catechism in common use for children, teach.

Concerning these articles there is no contention or dispute, since we on both sides confess them. Wherefore it is not necessary to treat further of them.

The doctrine of the Church concerning Christ stood fast with Luther. But, so much being said, he did not care specially for terms or definitions, in this respect reminding us of Wesley. "If my soul loathes the word *homousion*," Luther says, "and I am unwilling to use it, I am not a heretic. For who will compel me to use it, provided I hold the thing which is defined from the Scripture by the Council?" He objected to the word Trinity, because it "sounds cold" and was "discovered and invented by men," though the word itself is not important, as the expression "original sin" may express a fact though it too is not found in Scripture. He denied all binding authority to Councils; we are free from all Councils. Even some of the decrees of the Apostolic Council no one observes. Decrees of Councils are true only because they give forth old truth, and the old truth is known to be truth by us because it is attested by Scripture and the heart's witness through the Spirit. Luther has a strong grip on the doctrine of the unity of God, and that was one reason why he did not like the word Trinity. Also *Dreiheit* (threeness) "sounds entirely too ironical." "There is indeed in the Godhead something threefold (*ein Gedrittes*), but this same *Gedrittes* consists of persons of the one only Godhead." Just as Luther emphasized on one side the humanity of Christ, and his humanity as revealing his divinity, so on the other he emphasizes his divinity. Father and Son are "one nature, one will," "one heart and will," for where one part is "there is certainly the entire Godhead." But remember this: Luther learned the divinity of Christ from the saving love of God there revealed, a love which saved *him*. Because he found here the power and love of God to lift his feet out of the miry clay through the Holy Spirit, and because he found this revealed also in Scriptures—therefore he believed in the Trinity. Can you and I find better reason for holding to the same truth? His followers in Germany have long since—many of them—left his views concerning Christ. So far they have emasculated his gospel. For epoch-making men in the Christian Church who touch

the spring of a new life for sinful men, and make the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, have held with him that the fullness of the Eternal God appeared in Jesus Christ, and that of that "fullness have all we received and grace for grace." For, says Kostlin, "he learned to know God in the Christ who became Man, took hold in faith of the grace and love here revealed and offered to him, perceived in the anxieties and terrors of his own conscience a foreign work of God (*alienum opus Dei*), by means of which God desired to reach out to him his proper work (*opus proprium*) of pitying love, and on account of the present Christ and his salvation turned away his gaze from the eternal counsel concerning the salvation or condemnation of individual souls which is dark to us, and purposely by God concealed."

Finally a word on von Kügelgen's efforts to Ritschlianize Luther on this subject. I have read carefully his book, and have to thank him for valuable citations. I think he gives on the whole a true statement of Luther's views, but the inferences which he sometimes draws from those views are not correct. For instance, Lobstein calls attention to the fact that the passages from Luther concerning Christ's humanity do not at all show that Luther had any purely historical or human interest in Christ in the modern sense (such interest as is the motive of the modern lives of Christ), but only that in *this same human Christ we find God and have God*. Luther's only interest is one of salvation. For that we must have and do have in Jesus the full presence and power of God; that is God himself. So also von Kügelgen's remarks on the Miraculous Conception are misleading. Of course Luther's interest was in the saving power of the Christ who thus came, not in the method itself of the coming, nor that he thought that method of no importance, if his attention had been called to it on its larger relations. I do not see that von Kügelgen has made the footing of the semi-Unitarians in Germany any easier by his exposition of Luther's views. The Church has never had any deep interest in the purely metaphysical questions of Christ's person. It was not that interest, but a religious or soteriological one which was back of Athanasius, and which caused the Ancient Church to preserve the primitive testimony. It is so to-day. Throw meta-

physics to the dogs, the missionary passion of the Church, the needs of sinful men and the experience of Christian people would still demand and preserve the Divinity of Christ. Luther's reasoning therefore is still valid. Von K gelgen's inclination to make Luther a Ritschlian, or at least his interpretation by Ritschlian presuppositions, fails. Luther was not "modern" in his conception of Christ, but medi val, ancient, primitive. What was new in him was not this, but was, as W. K hler well says, the doing away with the mechanical process of salvation by connecting the latter with faith, and—I might add—faith as a living apprehension of Christ as one's own Saviour and not as a belief in doctrines, and then the emphasis on the "Christ for us." And this is the eternal rock of the Divinity of Christ.

John Alfred Sauer

ART. IV.—RELIGION AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

THERE is one cardinal rule in art, and the word includes all written documents worthy of the name of literature, that the self-seeking be eliminated. So long as under the printed lines hovers the spirit of material acquisitiveness—the desire to get something—the page is disfigured for literary ends and purposes; it loses its literary quality. Literature must keep aloof from mere self-seeking if it desires to live and fructify the mind and the soul. Literature needs grace to keep it sweet. Grace is a word common to religion and art. Grace is the lure of art; grace is the sanction or gift of religion. What is grace? After listening to a sermon lately that touched upon the subject, I was set to thinking upon a definition. The words of Tennyson recurred to me, from his “Locksley Hall”:

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Grace is the music that life gives forth when the chord of self ceases its discordant quaver; it is the richness of living when the soul finds something outside of itself to adore and admire.

Now, if religion has the last word to say on Love and Life, as we believe it has, then must its relation to literature be of the most intimate kind. We speak that we do know, we testify that we have seen. Without this personal seeing and knowing there is no literature; and the personality of a man is to be interpreted by what he loves. He cannot keep away from things and issues in an impartial way; he must like and dislike. To be wholly aloof and impartial, as some one has finely said, is left to God and the angels.

Of late there has been an ominous tendency to sever moral belief and high art, as if a man could lay aside his creed when he entered the domain of what are termed the fine arts. There are teachers to be found to-day, even in institutions professedly religious, who regard art as simply sensuous; who would divorce

religion from literary æsthetics; who pride themselves upon their moral impartiality when they come to questions of literary taste and interpretation. But a man cannot be loyal to Christ and hold so flabby a rule of life. The spirit of whole-souled love will allow of no such treason.

There is another aspect of literature that brings it close to religion. The object of all art and all literature is the enhancement of life. What is life? Life in essence may be termed the unifying principle within us which finds its delight in rising superior to all limitations of physical surroundings. When the different powers which give life manifestation and expression act vigorously, when they triumphantly overcome all obstacles, then are we happy. We long for an enhancement of this power, and it comes in a subtle and mysterious way: through exquisite music, through a beautiful landscape, through the contemplation of a noble act, through the inspiring words of a gifted speaker. "Our deepest moral emotions," says a noted writer and teacher, "such emotions as justice, veneration, and religious aspiration, bear witness to our unconquerable feeling of a life, superior to physical relations, that imposes law upon all actions, but will not itself be limited or confined." It is this enhancement of the spiritual life which lies at the base of the evangelical appeal; the renewal of life that comes from a sharing of the divine life through submission of our petty wills to God's will in the name and by the merits of our Lord and Saviour. "This is life eternal, to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Now the highest in poetry hungers after this mystic life as its ideal nourishment. This eternal life will not allow the heart to grow old, although the body grows feeble and the physical strength decays:

Beauty may fade, and strength decay,
Raven locks may turn to gray;
The eye grow dim, the step grow slow,
And the years creep on in their sluggish flow;

But the heart can never grow old;
The heart can never grow old;
As the deathless years of God unfold,
The heart can never grow old.

It is this primal clinging to a heavenly home, whence we came and whither we hope to go, that gives to the poet Wordsworth's noblest lyric all its passionate intensity: "The eager questionings of a Creature moving about in worlds not realized." In Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," according to the foremost critic of the day, we touch high water of English literature since the days of Milton. Are these master products of our language to be slighted as illusion and poetic vapoing, or are they to be treated as aids to faith and the proper nourishment of Christian readers? Surely the latter. There should be no divorce between the highest in literature and the most real in religious life.

We have been listening for long to the insistent cry, "Keep the Bible and religion out of the public schools," and have consented to the demand more or less willingly. Our reliance has been placed upon the Christian character and bearing of our good public teachers, mostly women. It is very true that a majority of them have received a sound religious training in Christian households and carry about with them the Christian atmosphere and outlook. The highest praise is due these worthy spirits. But we cannot count upon the supply lasting indefinitely, with the ominous breaking up of our home life and the increase in numbers of the emancipated woman, tired of the old creeds and the old rules and regulations in thought and conduct. Moreover, the State institutions, where many of them must go to get their diplomas, are cold and negative in their ethical and religious influence. The complaint is general that many bright minds return from the discipline out of touch with warm Christian activity. And now even at professedly Christian colleges is heard the slogan, "Keep religion out of art and letters" as an alien and embarrassing element, unfriendly to culture and sensuous idealism. A superior smile—the Gallioli-like Unitarian sniff—is present if any insistence is made upon the old fundamentals of Christian truth: a God who has revealed himself to man; a devil who has to be resisted daily and hourly; the mystic life of the Saviour in a renewed heart; the constant need of prayer. A lady with whom I was talking the other day on the interpretation of life—an accomplished authoress interested in social problems—was

astonished that I, a literary man, had not thrown away the outworn theology of the past, with its heaven and hell, its doctrine of sin and atonement, its redemption offered to the sinner, its divine adoption and sanctification. To her theology meant only a distorted mind and mental habits of cold cruelty. What had artistic culture and literary finesse to do with such a Puritanical survival? I soon set her right on the matter in regard to myself. Did she for a moment suppose that I would hold the position I did, in a college founded and nourished by Methodists, and not believe and teach good Christian doctrine? Nay, verily, I was no such emancipated man. I was still a bond-slave, as Paul was—the bond-slave of Christ. One of the advantages that I esteem most highly as professor in the University of Southern California is that I am held down to no embarrassing neutrality in matters of religious faith, but am expected to speak out on occasion and not remain always a dumb dog. A long residence in the Far East—for thirteen years I was professor in the Imperial University of Japan—convinced me by hard experience that the bondsman of Christ has the clue to the interpretation of civilization. It is customary among the emancipated to talk in a superior, patronizing way of missionaries and missionary labor as something antiquated and futile. And yet those who know the situation best are aware that, as in the case of Japan, the missionaries and those like-minded come much nearer to the heart of the people than those who profess a more up-to-date culture. The man who does not understand the mind of Christ—however humbly—and try to regulate his conduct by it has not the secret of our civilization, nor can he well interpret another civilization. This remark was made to me the other evening at a quiet banquet by a well-known literary man, not a Methodist, but a Catholic; and we were talking, not of religion, but of literary acumen and values. Our religion is Christian at its core, or it will die. "I need not tell you," says John Henry Newman, in one of his most impassioned passages, "how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island of Britain and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when

all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ, like a vision of glory, came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the country where the gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth. It was poured over the whole land till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. . . . The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was bright; it was beautiful and pleasant; it was soothing to the griefs; it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own."

With the translation of the Gospels in these far-off centuries begins our literature as well as our civilization. The noble King-Alfred-like life that came with Christian doctrine imparted to the earliest translations a sweetness and a charm that we are apt to ascribe entirely to the Authorized Version of 1611. In teaching the West-Saxon Gospels to my classes I have been surprised and pleased to find sympathetic students delight to catch the soft modulations of the oldest English rendering of Sacred Writ—it was a new experience to them. The cadences seemed to voice the religious aspirations of these early ancestors of ours. This is a side of these records that is well worth the careful attention of teachers—a side that is neglected. This very religious enthusiasm with which our literature began has been molding it ever after. Our greatest romantic poem, the browsing pasture of poets who wish to be well nourished since for their work (I refer to Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*"), is Christian, not pagan, in its teaching and flavor. The greatest of English epics, "*Paradise Lost*," has for its clearly defined aim and end "to justify the ways of God to man." In the third book we find a fervent expression of the author's own faith:

O unexampled love!

Love nowhere to be found less than divine!

Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name

Shall be the copious matter of my song

Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise

Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Milton's contemporary, John Bunyan, the last and greatest of the allegorists, is inherently and essentially a devout Christian, and his noble book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, should be handled sympathetically to be handled efficiently. As a piece of literature necessary to the serious student of the century and still warm to the human heart to-day, William Law's "Serious Call" demands the closest and keenest attention; and the teacher ought to be no superficial fledgling, but a reverent mind. So with William Cowper, the poet of Olney; to treat him as a fanatic marred by a religious "bee in his bonnet" is to misinterpret. All that religion did for him in sweetening his life and turning genius and literary faculties that might have been lost to the world to the creation of hymns that are a heritage for the race should be explained carefully, sympathetically, and judiciously; not with the cold sneer of the worldling. Again, with Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" has been a comfort to the doubting and distressed in mind for two generations, a never-failing source of help and spiritual encouragement. To the neo-pagan it is somewhat of a puzzle, and he fails to grasp its motive and secret. Like other great spirits, Tennyson came through a spiritual conflict and emerged from it a believing Christian—a twice-born man. It is a bootless task for a critic ill-instructed in Christian faith and priding himself on his indifference to write a commentary on "In Memoriam." Its solution as a soul problem lies in the domain of theology. We need a vivifying of theology to-day—a new vocabulary explaining all the old fundamental issues to our generation in a language that they will understand. It must be freed from antiquated and unworkable mechanism belonging to a past age. Holy Writ and Christian life welcome the breath and wholesome influence of sound progressive thought. Tennyson was one of the first to demand their assimilation.

A literature is in its essence the expression of a civilization, registering the thoughts and aspirations of the best minds of the race. Our own civilization is a Christian civilization, influenced in a wonderful way at long intervals by dominating spirits like Paul, Augustine, Francis d'Assisi, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Chalmers. Their influence on life and conduct has been incalculable,

and has found later expression in art and letters. The universities in their inception owed everything to the inspiring mind of Saint Francis d'Assisi. Modern Germany at its best is the Germany of Martin Luther; modern Switzerland, Holland, and other Protestant countries are children of Calvin; the mind of Wesley has laid its impress in an astonishing way on our modern America; what is best in my own little native land to-day may be referred in great part to the spirit of Thomas Chalmers. And all of us are under the mighty impress of Saul of Tarsus. Now a careful study of the biographies of one and all of these men will show that they were without exception twice-born men, illumined at a critical period of their lives by light from on high and suddenly changed from ordinary into extraordinary characters mighty for good. Paul before the walls of Damascus; Saint Augustine at Milan under the spell of Ambrose; Saint Francis wounded at Perugia; Luther on the penance stairs at Rome; Calvin, the brilliant young literary man at Paris, who turned from *belles lettres* to save Protestantism in Western Europe; Wesley on the way to Oxford with Peter Boehler; Thomas Chalmers, the able young mathematician and economist who left a cold morality to be a leader of men—none of these men can be understood or appreciated without particular attention being paid to the soul change that came over them. And the art and literature which grew up later in the centers where their minds had dominated have been so impregnated with their spirit as to require an explanation based upon their ideals. They have set the clock of the centuries. Unfortunately, to-day, in our public schools, the religious neutrality on which statesmen pride themselves tends to become religious ignorance and indifference; nay, even veiled hostility. He that is not for us is against us. Our educated young people are growing up with no religious vocabulary whatever, no capacity of discussing religious subjects in adequate terms and in the proper spirit, no power of discriminating the false from the true in books that deal with ethical subjects. The influence that comes from Germanized schools is steadily neopagan and skeptical, reducing everything to the evolutionary and the godless. This is neither the properly religious nor the properly literary attitude. He who would coldly

deal with the life and mind of Saint Paul in terms of evolution, neglecting the power from on high which transformed the man from a Pharisee into a saint, is on the wrong track. Here we touch the deathless years of God, not the æons of time. Evolution has no meaning when we come to these statements in the creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the communion of saints, the life everlasting"; so in literature we are proud of being the heirs of Homer, of Sophocles, of Dante; they are literary stars outside the rim of evolution.

So closely connected, in fact, are religion and literature that the church may well demand that the teaching of literature in her higher institutions be more or less under her care and supervision. And this supervision should not be dull or formal, but active and intelligent. It should extend to the textbooks and the libraries, which are subtle influences for moral degradation. Let us have a whole-hearted, whole-souled education, tolerant and magnanimous in spirit, but yet devoutly Christian from first to last. So negative is the tendency in state institutions that there is a call for emphasis in our own institutions to redress the balance. We cannot afford to swim with the current. The liberty that is given us to sound a clear call for God and the Master ought not to be left unused. If we teachers in religious foundations do not emphasize the fundamentals, who will?

James Main Dixon

ART. V.—THE HUGUENOTS

SARTO, Pius the Tenth, paces the lonely walks of the Vatican and sighs, it is said, for his Venice and its sea. The gilded dome of Saint Peter's glittering in the warm sunlight of Italy is near to him and is one of the sights first seen by the visitor in Rome. It took the talents of the gifted Raphael, Angelo, and Bernini, and sixty millions of dollars and one hundred and seventy-six years, to build this greatest church in the world.

Up to the time of the Renaissance, that period of history which closed the Middle Ages and opened the modern era and was at its height in the sixteenth century, the Latin church had Christianized, civilized, and united all Europe into a family of nations under the spiritual government of popes and secular government of emperors, with one creed, one ritual, and one sacred language. During the period of the Renaissance in religion, literature, and art the spirit of progression expanded until peoples bound by common tendencies, a common culture and common efforts came into a federated existence. This expansion led to the awakening between nations of the riches and strength of their various realms, and soon there was a shuffle for kingdoms, from the heather-bound hills of Scotland to the balmy shores of Sicilian Palermo. Every move on the diplomatic chessboard augmented the interests of some dynasty and severed the interests of others. Popes wanted money for the erection of Saint Peter's and the building of the gilded dome, kings wanted kingdoms other than their own, and license for sin and crime of any nature—murder, licentiousness, and rapine—which served to bring crowns within reach, was sold to sovereigns, by pope, cardinal, and priest, as an "indulgence," and what sovereigns bought the people wanted, until "swaps" became a royal game with sacerdotal features. Principles of morality and righteousness became metamorphic to meet the case of church or throne. James V, of Scotland, provided for his illegitimate children by having the Pope make them abbots of Holyrood House and Melrose Abbey. For a price the kings of France and England took and put aside as many wives as they

chose. The corruption of the Papacy caused similar conditions among church and people. Catholic writers admit the evils of those times, and Pope Adrian VI made an extraordinary confession of Papal and clerical corruption to the diet of Nuremberg in 1522. While Italy had its Adrian, Germany had Luther, and other countries had a few monks of the spiritual caliber of these, who were men of thought and action, and whose vigor gave impulse to theology, philosophy, science, and literature. These had followers who, like their leaders, broke violently away from Papal decrees and protested against aught but righteousness in government, morality in church, and purity in the home, receiving thereby the name of Protestants.

In the fourteenth, tenth, and eighth centuries the church had been in similar conditions, but had yielded to reform under Pope Hildebrand and his successors. In the sixteenth century it resisted reform. In 1517 Martin Luther commenced his struggle against Rome; in 1520 the rupture was complete. Hence during the Renaissance came the Reformation. It began simultaneously in Germany and Switzerland and swept rapidly into France, Holland, Scandinavia, Bohemia, Hungary, England, and Scotland. Starting from religious motives, it gave directly or indirectly a mighty impulse to every forward movement and made Protestantism the chief propelling force in the history of modern civilization. The Roman Church would not reform itself, and the age of the Reformation, likened to that of the first century, deprived it of half of Europe. A number of monks in the central part of France, having heard of Luther, left their monasteries and crossed the frontier into Germany to hear for themselves the dauntless reformer. Very soon the Reformation obtained entrance into France. Men high in state and court, scholars, jurists, courtiers, nobles, welcomed the adoption of its principles and adhered to them. Especially did the strength of the movement get strong hold among the noblesse. In the Sorbonne, France's proud institution of learning, instructors accepted it and left positions of high degree to spread its tenets. John Calvin, of the picturesque province of Picardy, who had prepared for the priesthood, flung thoughts of clerical infallibility and kindred teachings to

the four winds, and with full knowledge of the condition of the times projected the "forward movement" with mighty zest. With such strenuous supporters it spread in France and adjacent kingdoms, attracting adherents in every country of Europe, starting John Knox, who also had intended taking orders, on his violent declaration in its favor before Mary, Queen of Scots, establishing in Great Britain an "English" Reformation, and because of its advancement being the cause of the Inquisition in the colonies of Spain in the Western hemisphere.

There were monarchs of note on thrones in those days. Charles V was king of Spain and emperor of Germany. Henry VIII was ruler of England, and Francis I was on the throne of France. Over by the Pyrenees, where the soft winds of southern France meet on mountaintops the breezes from the land of the mandolin and castanet, was a province called Navarre, ruled by Margaret of Valois, a sister of Francis I, said to be one of the beautiful women of her times and who held an eminent place in the history of the literature and of the reformation of her native land. Margaret of Valois advanced art and sciences, helped to establish schools and colleges, until learned men of many lands gathered about her as the patron of learning, and distinguished men and women of Europe paid her court homage. The brother on the throne of France and the sister, Queen of Navarre, bore great love for each other, but between them was a difference: she was the protectress of Calvin and his teachings and he was indifferent to the prevalent spirit of reform. In the span of thirty years one third of the population of France had become Protestant—and they were the choicest of the nation, to whom had been given, by way of opprobrium, the name of Huguenots—the history of whose rise and progress forms one of the chief chapters in the annals of France. Noting the triumphant march of the Reformation, Romanism at this period made vigorous efforts to reconquer lost territory. Its resource was in cruelty past imagination in its endeavor to get back into the Church of Rome the multitudes who had abandoned it. The indifference of Francis I gave way to a severer attitude toward the Huguenots. Sometimes his sister's influence arrested his severities. But for this untiring watch-

fulness and influence of Margaret of Valois the reform movement in France would have been overcome in its infancy. Toward the end of his reign the ambition of Francis I was to extend his power into Italy. Such ambition he reached by the marriage of his oldest son, Henry II, and Catharine de Medici, niece of the then reigning Pope, Clement Seventh. This act was final in showing his position, and his last years were stained by the massacre of all Protestant inhabitants in twenty-two towns and villages. Deeds that he sanctioned were such as these: the heating of pincers to reddish hue for the burning off of hands, the nose, arms, and breasts of those active in reform and then the final setting afire of their bodies. Thousands of the best citizens of France fled and found protection with the beautiful Queen of Navarre, until her kingdom became a powerful headquarters of Protestantism. Margaret went among the people and sat in their homes listening to their accounts of oppression, giving sympathy and help, transporting men strong in the new faith to succor them, until soon all Navarre was won. Her husband, a member of the Bourbon family, illustrious for two centuries as a great dynastic power in Europe, gave her only vacillating support. A daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, passed to the head of the kingdom as one of the house of Bourbon. In beauty, charm, and fortitude the young queen matched her mother, and in mental gifts and the dictates of their consciences the two were alike. While she ruled Navarre France had no sovereign. Francis I, her uncle, had died, likewise his son, Henry II. The wife of Henry II, Catherine de' Medici, the "sceptered sorceress" of Italy, was acting regent for their boy, Charles IX.

At this time, besides the Bourbon family, there existed the family of Guize, which was ambitious for regal favor and prominence, and it showed itself in bitter warfare upon the Huguenots, whose cause was supported by the mighty Bourbons. The Guize family was much in evidence at this period. Jeanne's kingdom was wanted by several rulers. She had to resort to war, and she and Catherine de' Medici summoned forces in battle array. The onslaughts made on the little province excited sympathy abroad. Queen Elizabeth of England sent a fleet and money to aid it. Jeanne had two statesmen renowned in valor, Condé and Coligny,

into whose hands she intrusted affairs of state, and while the name of their queen comes down in history as one of the strongest and most brilliant of characters, they rank among the world's great warriors. When Catherine's men saw the strength of the mustered force of Navarre, they weakened and lost. Though Jeanne d'Albret's army won, it was with the loss of Condé, who was cruelly murdered by a member of the house of Guize. Then, while the lilies of Bourbon were hid away among the black drapery of flags, the queen was called to rally her men, and, riding between the lines, with the little son of Condé on one side and her own young son, to be known as Henry of Navarre, on the other, she said to the militia halted before her: "Because Condé is dead, is all lost? Nay! Soldiers, I offer to you everything in my power to bestow: my dominions, my treasures, my life, and that which is dearer to me than all—my children! I make here solemn oath before you all—and you know me too well to doubt my word—I swear to defend to my last sigh the holy cause which now unites us, which is that of honor and of truth." Catherine de' Medici was compelled to make humiliating concessions to the Queen of Navarre, and she granted to the Huguenots the free exercise of their religion in all France except Paris, placing in their power as a guarantee four cities, one of which was La Rochelle. Her son, Charles IX, by this time had taken the reins of government, but the mother, of unmatched craftiness, ruled the son. Having failed to overthrow the Protestant cause in open field, she turned to treachery, feigned friendship for the Huguenots, for Jeanne d'Albret, and received at court the commander, Admiral Coligny. The Protestant party mistrusted her overtures, and Jeanne turned coldly from propositions she made. The queen mother's culminating semblance of good will was in an artfully contrived proposal that there should be a marriage between her daughter, Marguerite, and Jeanne's son, Henry. Slow to concur in this, but being overcome by others who were less suspicious of stratagem, the Queen of Navarre reluctantly yielded, not hopeful, like her people, that the marriage would end the strife.

The wedding was celebrated with great splendor in Paris at Notre Dame Cathedral on August 18, 1572, and was followed by a

succession of feasts and gayeties. Paris was filled with the military that had come from Navarre as honor guard to King Henry. The city was in a gala mood. Catherine de' Medici had succeeded well so far in projects known only to her, to the Duke of Anjou of the house of Guize, and to the young King Charles IX, from whom she had wrung a consent for the assassination of Coligny and principal members of the Protestant faction. A crime that must forever blot the name of France with infamy was the result of the marriage plot. A secret council had determined that after wedding bells had ceased to ring all Huguenots then gathered in the city for the marriage celebrations and those throughout the provinces should be killed. The ringing of the bells of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois to early prayer on Saint Bartholomew's day, August 24, 1572, was the arranged signal for the slaughter to begin. From an open balcony of the Louvre the royal family waited in breathless silence for the first pistol shots. A servant cut off Coligny's head and took it to the queen mother. And this was the man to whom had been paid this tribute: "A believer whose humble piety probed its own failings to the quick, but flung the mantle of its charity over the errors of others—that is Gaspard de Coligny, admiral of France, the military hero of the Reformation whose only faults seem to have been excessive virtues—Gaspard de Coligny who lived a saint—Gaspard de Coligny who died a martyr—France has no more stainless name!"

Guards marched the retinue of the King of Navarre, then a guest in the Louvre, into the quadrangle of the palace and hewed them down before their royal host. "Kill every Huguenot; it is the king's command," shouted court leaders as they galloped through the streets. The Louvre flowed and the streets of Paris ran with blood. Bodies lay in lanes and passageways, and the Seine swelled with them. The horrors perpetrated in Paris were followed by similar ones all over France. Where fashionable Paris, London, and New York now go to see the races, at Auteuil and Saint Cloud, grave diggers buried the bodies of Huguenot men, women, and children found stranded on the roadside. Gay Trouville, from whence come many fashionable modes, had ill-fated Huguenots by hundreds strewn along its banks by the sea. Fif-

teen hundred were killed at Lyons, four thousand at Toulouse, six hundred at Rouen, and many more at Dieppe and Havre. In La Rochelle, known for its harbor full of little boats gay with their colored sails, and a favorite spot with artists, were slain many of the noblest sons of France. The third day the king's trumpet brought the perfidious carnage to a stop. On the fourth day a dead silence fell upon the streets of Paris. Fifteen thousand had been killed in the city. Those who had been slain throughout France brought the number up to one hundred thousand. "Let us pass quickly over Saint Bartholomew's Day," say historians and writers, loath to fill pages with accounts of the bloody scenes for which France paid dearly in the horrors of the French Revolution, which came in later years. Thousands of Huguenots sought refuge in Great Britain and Holland, and hundreds looked to Germany and Switzerland and elsewhere for help. In Canterbury Cathedral the tourist of to-day is pointed to a portion of the crypt, walled off, which was given as a place of worship to the few refugees reaching Canterbury after the massacre, and once a year now their descendants celebrate in that old place the advent of the Huguenots.

Henry of Navarre demanded concessions from the throne which, when granted, aroused the Catholic element to form a Holy League whose object should be to annihilate the Huguenot constituency and overthrow the government. In the course of events Catherine de' Medici's sons died, and by the wheel of fortune a Bourbon was heralded King of France in no other person than that of Henry of Navarre. One of the first events in his new career was a famous combat with the Holy League, the battle of Ivry. From that has come down, in novel, history, and poem, his famous admonition to his men: "If you lose your ensigns, cornets, or guides, the white plume that you see in my helmet will lead you always on the road to honor and glory." His policy, and the grace and good nature which he is recorded to have possessed, won all hearts. His platform was that the state should rise above religious partisanship and compel all to respect public peace. He found commerce interrupted, agriculture desolated, industry inactive. He proceeded to resuscitate France and

constructed roads and canals, built up manufactures and mining, and promoted discovery and trade. The first agricultural colony in the new world he planted, and it was done upon principles of religious equality and freedom. His solicitude for the prosperity and tranquillity of his kingdom acquired him great popularity. Though a man of brilliant courage, he was baffled in three years' time by the course his political counselors advanced. Yielding for conciliatory reasons to their importuning, he embraced Catholicism. Having made concessions to one element, which he did with no zest, the king evened up this action by making a proclamation which should put the Huguenot party on an equal basis with the rest of his subjects. Then followed the famous treaty bearing the name of the "Edict of Nantes," issued by him in 1598. This granted to the Huguenots liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, the holding of public offices, and the privileges of schools; by it he reconciled Catholics and Protestants and established peace throughout France.

As a monarch, Henry IV, the title by which he was known after having been placed at the head of the government, received great praise. In private life in the latter part of his career his vices would have broken the heart of Jeanne d'Albret had she lived to know of them. He obtained through the Pope a divorce from the wife he married amid splendor in Notre Dame, in order to marry the Pope's niece, Mary de' Medici. His people, because they saw in him only the king who promised the disabled soldier an asylum and the peasant a chicken in the pot every Sunday, forgave him his mistresses and his bastards, for that sort of thing had been seen in about every reign, and when he fell at the hands of an assassin, their grief was great, for their king was their idol. Next to rule was his son, with the title of Louis XIII, whose prime minister, Cardinal Richelieu, managed affairs of state with brilliant success and took Nova Scotia and other territory on the American continent in the name of France, but he was no champion of the Huguenots, who soon felt his restrictive authority as he took position and place from them. In direct line the next to succeed to the throne was one whose reign has been depicted far too gloriously, Louis XIV, Jeanne de'Albret's great-grandson, and

the grandson of the deviser of the great edict which in thirty-five years had given such impetus to commerce that France had come into the front ranks of the mercantile interests of the world. Trade had increased; so had the number of the Huguenots, until at this time one third of the business of the country was in their hands. And always in their ranks had been scholars, inventors, and scientists. Their word had become so good that "to be honest as a Huguenot" passed into a proverb, and because of this nearly all the foreign trade was controlled by them. The government of Louis XIV developed into complete despotism. His dazzling ceremonies, vast military enterprises, and extravagance were without limitations. When penance had to be done for his flagrant conduct, his intolerant spirit pressed hard upon his Huguenot subjects, from whom he took their privileges and occupations. They were excluded from schools and colleges. Their women were not allowed to be milliners, laundresses or midwives. Industrious and thrifty Huguenots began going by thousands into the Protestant countries of northern Europe, Great Britain, and America. The flight of the French Protestants exercised a highly important influence upon European politics, and their treatment in their homeland excited the general commiseration of Europe until nations vied with each other in extending sympathy and help. England was foremost in hospitality, and proclaimed that it would shelter the newcomers, give them passports, extend them the privileges of schools, colleges, and citizenship. Denmark and Germany gave them prompt protection. The cantons of Switzerland invited them. Those who went to Holland were freed from taxes for three years.

The profligacy of the king grew apace. He forsook his queen, Maria Theresa, for Madame de la Vallière, and Madame de la Vallière for Madame de Montespan. He left Madame de Montespan for Madame de Maintenon, ever and anon taking counsel with his confessor, Père Lachaise. His marriage with Madame de Maintenon was the result of a compact made with her by the priests, who would grant their union if she would use her influence to recall the Edict of Nantes. The conjurer-wife was successful in doing this, and Louis XIV annulled the edict, which

was fatal to Protestantism in France and fatal to his country, for never since the revocation has France risen to an equal place in power and influence with other countries of Europe. All Protestant worship was abolished; churches were torn down, some of them being beautiful edifices seating fourteen hundred people. Men who refused allegiance to the Catholic Church were thrown into dungeons and the women were put into prisons. Into mountain fastnesses and wildernesses the pursued Huguenots made their escape, the Psalms being their Marseillaise to which they marched. When their sacred edifices were destroyed they continued services in caverns by the sea, where their singing and psalm-reading would be lost in the sound of winds and waves. Their business, schools, churches, and colleges being taken from them, the time came when there was no alternative but to flee the homeland, and they began going, going by thousands into the countries that bade them welcome. From Normandy went one hundred and eighty thousand. Ten thousand would leave cities at a time, some cities being left desolate. It was computed that one hundred thousand manufacturers and workmen departed into England. Towns noted for the making of fine linen were extinguished. The lace-workers of Valenciennes departed. Places famous for their hat trade closed up. Amiens, renowned for its cloth, stopped its leading business. Lyons and Tours, which had achieved wealth by their manufacture of silks, satins, brocades, and velvets, purchased throughout the world, were abandoned cities. After the revocation the whole of the silk industry was carried into England. The towns in other countries receiving the Huguenots became prosperous centers for arts and manufactures. There was scarcely a branch of trade in Great Britain but profited by these new industries, and England was repaid tenfold, in her commerce, by the skill and intelligence of the people she befriended. Having held social positions of rank, it was not surprising that the newcomers in England entered its cultured circles and formed marriages among the élite. Many of the ships that visited the fishing banks or cruised along the shores of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence in the interests of merchandise were owned by Huguenot merchants and manned by Huguenot sailors.

France lost one hundred thousand inhabitants, sixty millions of money, nine thousand sailors, and twelve thousand and six hundred soldiers. Drained of its finest blood, and its flourishing industries ruined, Louis XIV called a halt upon the exodus. Frontiers were strongly guarded by troops, shores were closely watched by coast guards, and ships of war cruised at sea to search outward-bound vessels. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, and the penalty of death or the galleys for life for those caught escaping, emigration could not be stopped, and the Huguenots, assuming all sorts of disguises, went in all directions seaward with the hope of sailing away to more compassionate shores. Their stories of escape were thrilling tales of adventure. The men went as valets, beggars, and farmers; the women as tillers of the soil and as peasants. They concealed themselves in barns and farmyards by day and traveled by night, muffling the wheels of their wagons. Parents packed children into the paniers of donkeys and covered them with fresh vegetables, and so went from market to market. Occasionally humanity transcended royal decrees and Romanists cautiously helped on the fugitives. Women of gentle birth, sixty and seventy years of age, traveled leagues on foot hoping for protection somewhere. Girls of fifteen drew wheelbarrows across provinces with salable trinkets. Those who were caught escaping suffered tortures and slavery worse than death. Soldiers went from village to village perpetrating deeds that drove women insane. Every torture which could be committed without killing outright was inflicted. For colossal brutality and iniquity the quartering of the dragoons in the homes of those who had been overtaken in pursuit surpassed all that had gone before. Orders had been given that the dragoons in squads should make their homes with them; be supported by the heads of families and have every license with their women and children. With drawn swords a dissolute soldiery compelled submission, and any repulsion meant the piercing of tongue with hot irons or the sewing of the eyes, and the scenes of outrage which occurred during the dragonades have scarcely their parallel in civil or ecclesiastical history. "They of themselves are enough," says one author, "to ever attach to the name of Louis XIV the

name of Louis the Infamous, who in history has mistakenly been called Great." Many men of the Huguenots were heroes of colossal type, and many women among them were heroines and princesses who were saints without idolatrous homage. There were writers and historians who took time amid all the changes to write books. Paré, the father of modern surgery; Papius, the herald of the steam engine; Palissy, the potter; Marot, the poet; Cuvier, the scientist; Guizot, the historian, whose mother educated him while they lived on the banks of Lake Geneva, and who was a living type of the Huguenots, all belonged to the Huguenot families that survived perils and persecutions.

In American history there is no chapter more fascinating than the Huguenots' flight to our shores. Many came from Acadia, the land of Evangeline, whose own family was of the company of French settlers sent away to Nova Scotia by Cardinal Richelieu. A tale of achievement that has been given place in the records of Huguenot endurance, and is yet recounted to summer tourists in Nova Scotia, is that of Madame de la Tour, wife of the Huguenot lieutenant-general of Nova Scotia under Louis XIII. In the absence of her husband, who had been called to the court of France, she was left in charge of the fort. When a rival for her husband's position, who had misrepresented him to the king of France, entered the harbor with his vessel and laid siege, Madame de la Tour inspired her few soldiers to action against him and was completely victorious, shattering his ship and killing his men. When edicts became as pronounced in French colonies as at home, Huguenot settlers began coming from Canada across into Maine and New York; from Martinique into Florida, South Carolina, and Massachusetts. Unhappily, those reaching Florida fell into the hands of Spaniards, who inflicted upon them the tortures of the Inquisition at the command of Philip III of Spain.

After the revocation one hundred and fifty families of the Huguenots went to Massachusetts. Have their names been perpetuated? Faneuil Hall in Boston was the gift in 1740 of a Huguenot and bears his name. Paul Revere was the son of a Huguenot refugee. Priscilla Molines of the Mayflower, who

turned the head of Miles Standish and won the heart of John Alden, was a Huguenot. It was the son of a Huguenot who drew up the surrender Cornwallis should make to Washington at Yorktown, and a Huguenot, John Jay, was the president of the first Continental Congress. Fourteen years after Hendrick Hudson discovered the Hudson River Huguenots began settling along its west shore, founding Kingston and other towns in the beautiful Walkill Valley, bounded by spurs of the Catskills. Peter Stuyvesant, who ruled old New York, married the daughter of a Huguenot minister. The Bartholdi statue, the gift from the French to the American republic, stands on Bedloe's Island, once owned by a Huguenot and still bearing his name. In old Trinity Church yard, New York, are names of many prominent Huguenots. Desbrosses and Cortlandt Street ferries are crossed without giving them a thought, but the Desbrosses family married Huguenot women and their sons were vestrymen in Trinity, and the De Laney family, who sold their jewels in France to seek religious tolerance somewhere, married into the Van Cortlandt family. Among those who assembled on the ruins of their churches for worship and sold their property and came to America were the families of Duponts and Durands. Evidences of their prosperity are seen in the great Dupont powder mills in Wilmington and in the establishment of Wellesley College by the Durands. Vassar College bears the name of Huguenots who gave the money for it, and Bowdoin College was founded in 1794 by the Bowdoin family which came from La Rochelle.

In many American homes the traditions of Huguenot ancestry are precious. There is in New York the "Huguenot Society of America." Similar societies are in Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, New Jersey, and England. The Society's badge, bearing the device of Marguerite de Valois, a marigold turning toward the sun, has a ribbon with the motto, "*Non Inferiora Secutus.*"

Silly Ryder Grassy

ART. VI.—ITALIAN NATIONALISM

MARCH 23, 1849, the Austrians routed the Piedmontese at Novara and that night Charles Albert abdicated in favor of his eldest son. The new king, Victor Emanuel II, was urged strongly to throw over the young constitution of Piedmont and cut loose from all liberal counsels and measures. Why not? Liberalism had had its fling and had failed. In all directions, excepting possibly France and England, the reactionaries were returning to power. Even France sent an army to crush Mazzini's little Roman republic and bring back Pius IX from Gaeta. The night of Novara the young king said to Vermicati, "I shall preserve intact the institutions my father has given." March 29 he entered the Senate Chamber, Turin, and took oath to maintain the constitution. This was the real beginning of Italy. There had been yearnings, speeches that voiced the hope, isolated struggles, but here was an actual start. For the scattered tribes of Italy a rallying point and a leader were in sight. Cavour formed a new party to carry out his policy of the Golden Mean. Austria issued a decree that the real and personal property of political exiles from Lombardy-Venetia was sequestered. For the injustice of this act Cavour succeeded in turning the sentiment of Europe against the author of it, thereby making more conspicuous the leadership of Piedmont in the cause of Italian freedom. Cavour's policy and diplomacy prevailed. Austria was outgeneraled. After the Crimea, the Congress of Paris, Magenta, Solferino, Garibaldi's victorious Thousand in Sicily, and the French collapse at Sedan, the troops of Victor Emanuel took Rome, September 20, 1870, and the order was executed of the Sub-Alpine Parliament, voted nine years before, that "Victor Emanuel II is king of United Italy and Rome shall be the capital." It was a wonderful moment. Piedmontese and Sicilians, Lombards and Tuscans, Modenese and Romans wept and laughed together. Victor Emanuel said to Parliament: "With Rome the capital of Italy I have fulfilled my promise and crowned the undertaking which twenty-three years ago was initiated by my great father. As a king and as a son, I feel in my heart a solemn joy in saluting here assembled

the representatives of our beloved country and in pronouncing these words: 'Italy is free and one.'” Of course, Piedmont and Victor Emanuel and Cavour were not the sole agencies that brought about the union. Mazzini and his program of education and revolution must not be overlooked. Every scaffold that carried into eternity a soul of his Young Italy lifted up before the world the cause of Italian freedom. Gioberti wrote his *Primacy of the Italians*, Balbo published *The Hopes of Italy*, Massimo d’Azeglio issued a pamphlet on *The Happenings in the Romagna*.

We pass over almost thirty years and come to the month of May, 1898. W. J. Stillman is closing his book, *The Union of Italy*, with these words: “If the virtues of the past survive their former possessors, the end may yet be well; but there rings in my ears the ominous judgment, pronounced by more than one of those who had a part in the making of Italy—too quickly and too easily was Italy made.” Between 1870 and 1898 what had happened?

At the beginning of its career the government of the new Italy faced three serious problems: namely, the relation of the king and the Pope, the fusing of the diverse peoples that constituted the new nation, and the interference of France in Italy through the Vatican. The last problem was rubbed off the slate as late as 1906, when the partnership of church and state in France was dissolved. The relation of church and state in Italy still awaits satisfactory adjustment. If Cavour had lived his genius might have produced a solution. But possibly the most difficult of all was the task of fusing the people of the Peninsula, so long divided politically, so dissimilar in habits and occupations, and of such varied racial origin. Failure to achieve this task resulted in the Italy of whose future Stillman wrote so despondently in 1898. Bound together by a common hatred of Austria and her allies, and by a common passion for freedom, Italians won their independence and union. But in their attempt to preserve their liberties and administer their blood-bought possessions through a central government and a general administrative system, they permitted their divergencies to destroy their harmony and all but wreck their enterprise.

Cavour died June 6, 1861. Fortunate indeed for United Italy that this calamity did not befall her two or three years earlier. Cavour, however, lived long enough to lead his hosts successfully through the war with Austria, utilize the heroic Garibaldi for the conquest of Sicily and the overthrow of the atrocious Bourbon government. Moreover, he had given the movement such solidity and momentum that, even without him, not once did it deviate from its course and not appreciably did it slacken its pace until Rome had been captured and had become in fact the capital of the new nation. Here the goal of the *Resorgimento* was reached, the goal that for well-nigh a century had absorbed the strength and the aspirations of the majority of the people of the Peninsula. The morning following September 20, 1870, this vast multitude awoke with a bewildering consciousness that they had nothing to do. For years they had thought, dreamed, sacrificed, fought for a free and united Italy, and now they had it. To adapt themselves to a peace basis and a constructive program of social and industrial life was not easy. Cavour was gone. The *Resorgimento* had produced soldiers without number, but only one statesman. Victor Emanuel was laid to rest in the Pantheon; Humbert reigned. The latter, an undoubted patriot, lacked judgment. Unfortunately, many had thought, with freedom gained, they would be in a perpetual paradise. The church had been beaten, but not conquered. At first with caution, and then with ever-increasing boldness, the Vatican strove to discredit the government and foment dissatisfaction and disorder among the people. The Union held, but that was all. There were no parties, only factions controlled by selfish policies. In the House of Deputies the largest and most compact single group was from the south, held together by the practical knowledge that in union there is strength—for plunder. It was an appalling falling away from the idealism and patriotism of the fathers. There came the staggering disaster to the Italian army at Adowah and the overthrow of Crispi, the one Premier of commanding ability since the days of Cavour. Optimism took a big slump. Humiliated, bitterly disappointed, crushed in spirit, Italians walked the streets with bowed heads, ashamed even to look into the faces of their statues.

Mazzini said: "North Africa will return to Italy. It has been ours once and it must be ours again." Writing in 1842 on *The Hopes of Italy*, Cesare Balbo prophesied that "Italy, as soon as she is independent, as soon as satisfaction shall have been given to the needs which must occupy her thoughts entirely to the exclusion meanwhile of all others, will have in turn to think of expansion, of expansion eastward and southward." Bismarck wrote to Mazzini and expressed to other Italians the same idea: "The empire of the Mediterranean unquestionably belongs to Italy, who possesses on that sea coasts twice as extensive as France. The empire of the Mediterranean must be the constant preoccupation of Italy." In 1878, Italy, about to seize Tunis, was deterred by the representations of France. In 1881 France seized Tunis for herself. The Cairoli cabinet was forced to resign, but France was not forced out of Tunis. Crispi attempted to undo the wrong, but Lord Salisbury's final counsel to him was, "The moment is not opportune. Wait!" It is worth remembering that from London in 1882 Crispi wrote home: "England needs a military ally in Egypt, and she would be glad if that ally were Italy. If Italy refuses, England will make some concessions to France, and then will happen what I wrote to you yesterday—France, consolidated in Tunis, will ask permission to take Tripoli. The Mediterranean will be closed to us." When Crispi was visiting Germany Bismarck said to him that if Austria should take Bosnia Italy should take Albania, or some other Turkish territory on the Adriatic. That is, Italy ought to guard against being entirely inclosed on her Adriatic side by a first-class foreign power, particularly if that power be her immemorial foe Austria. Guicciardini, Foreign Minister in 1901, spoke out to the effect that, "while Tripoli is a great Italian interest, Albania is an absolutely vital interest of ours. We can never allow Albania to fall into the hands of a first-class power, and we can still less allow it to fall into the hands of a second-class power which belongs to the political system of a first-class power." Disregarding the Treaty of Paris, Austria, in 1908, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina and moved a step nearer her ultimate goal, Salonika. The Powers were shaken, some of them were angry, Russia and

Italy were furious, but the stolen territory remained in the possession of the Austrian empire.

September of 1911 Italy declared war against Turkey. Following the outbreak of hostilities, the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Giolitti, said at a public function in Turin: "Foreign policy cannot, like home policy, depend entirely upon the will of the government and Parliament, but of absolute necessity must take into account events and situations which it is not in our power to modify or even, sometimes, to accelerate or retard. There are facts which take the shape of fatality from which a nation cannot escape without irreparably compromising its future. In such moments it is the duty of the government to assume every responsibility, since the least hesitation or delay may mean the beginning of political decadence, fraught with consequences that the nation may be left to deplore for long years, even for centuries." It is generally understood that in this deliverance such phrases as "events and situations which it is not in our power to modify," "facts which take the shape of fatality," have reference to the extraordinary maneuvers of Germany in the Mediterranean. The gun-boat Panther had gone to Agadir, but the motive for this action was too apparent, and under pressure from England and France Germany withdrew her ship. Tobruk is just along the coast from Agadir. Very likely Giolitti had in mind the failure of the Cairoli ministry to save Tunis to Italy in 1881. Italians had first perceived the possibilities in Tunisia, they had put their money there, their brains and their labor, they had made Tunis, they constituted Tunis, and then France elbowed them out of it. But here is the question: How did Italy happen to act with such decision and force when Tripoli seemed to be in imminent peril of slipping forever from her hands? We say that she acted because of a political necessity; that Tripoli is only a few miles over the sea from Sicily and Garibaldi had declared that its occupation would be equal to a regular army of a hundred thousand massed on the shores of Sicily; that it is one of the last links in the iron chain which is being forged about Italy, that its possession would furnish an Italian outlet for the surplus population which every year must emigrate from the

Peninsula to save the nation from suffocating. This, however, does not answer the question. Tunis is only a hundred miles from Italy, nearer than Tripoli; yet Italy did not go to war with France when the latter seized it. The gobbling up of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria increased the already serious menace to Italy on the east, but Italy did not declare war against Austria for this high-handed action which tore up the Treaty of Berlin. Something has happened in Italy, something that affects the character of the entire nation, and this something that has happened explains the decision and force of Italy to-day in marked contrast to her submissive policy and cringing diplomacy of yesterday.

The overwhelming defeat of the Italian army in Abyssinia was considered by Italians the greatest catastrophe that had befallen United Italy in its history of a third of a century. Outside of the Peninsula the unfavorable impressions which it created as to the stamina and skill of the modern Italian have only recently been removed by the splendid behavior of their soldiery in the Turco-Italian war. But we now know that the disaster of Adowah was a blessing in disguise. When the news first reached Rome, the anguish produced was "terrible in its tragic poignancy." There was a general feeling of despair. Many felt that the death knell of the new nation had sounded, at any rate their New Italy had demonstrated fully her incapacity to colonize. Henceforth her future, if she had a future, lay solely within the confines of the Peninsula. She went to work at home. She understood that it was a life and death struggle. Pride and courage were with her only in small measure; she was simply desperate. The peril of the situation drove Italians together again; men of discord became unpopular; the spirit of union revived. The people sang of the heroes of the *Resorgimento* and vowed they would yet prove themselves worthy of them. And they did! In fields and factories and schools and government their efforts were crowned with success. Success begat confidence. They redoubled their efforts, the spirit of the *Resorgimento* returned, until, following the outbreak of the present war, Cavaliere Palliccia could write:

No one expected the prompt and energetic beginning of military action; no one would have imagined that Italy could prepare and land

unexpectedly in one week an expeditionary force in Marsa Tobruk. No one, perhaps, knew that Italy was no longer obliged to let her financial and economic needs rule her foreign policy. No one, perhaps, knew that Italy had 824,000,000 francs ready, sufficient to finance the war for over a year; that the Italian budget, which in 1896 had a deficit of 413,000,000 francs, shows this year a surplus of more than 40,000,000 francs, in spite of the heavy extraordinary expenses caused by the Sicilian earthquake and the Vesuvian eruption; that the deposits in the postal savings bank, which amounted in 1894 to nearly 425,000,000 francs, have risen to 2,000,000,000 francs; that the economic life of the nation is no more at the mercy of foreign capitalists.

The Marquis di San Giuliano insists that Italy gave to the world the principle of Nationality. He bases this claim on the fact that at the University of Turin Professor Mancini stated for the first time that the principle of nationality is the rational basis of International Law; namely, the right of a people, bound together by ties of blood, language, and territory, to dispose of their own destiny. Said he: "It is impossible to pass over the immense influence which this doctrine, originated in Italy and inspired by her own conditions and needs, has exercised on the history of Europe during the second half of the nineteenth century, and is now exercising in different forms beyond the boundaries of Europe." When France appropriated Tunis, Italy felt the bitter injustice of it, but, as I have said, she submitted. To be sure, the nation demanded the resignation of the Cairoli ministry, a few Italians had the temerity to hiss a passing regiment of French soldiers in Marseilles, and Crispi besought England to do something, but Italy did not fight. The nation was angry and humiliated, but submissive. When Austria seized Bosnia and Herzegovina there was an outcry, spontaneous and fierce, demanding "War!" For forty-eight hours war seemed inevitable. The clamor for war at this time arose mainly from a new group. They were young men, "mere upstarts," so the journals reported, but their ideals happened to be in harmony with the aspirations of the crowd in the streets. Their numbers increased rapidly, men of influence and poise joined, societies were formed, papers were edited, conventions were held, and the government soon felt the drive and force of the new movement. I say new movement; it would be more exact to say newly organized movement, for the

movement itself began with the defeat of Adowah. These young "upstarts" started out to rediscover the heroic soul of Italy, the soul of the *Resorgimento* that made possible free and united Italy. Tolstoi, in his *Recollections of Sebastopol*, takes you for a tour of inspection. "You walk with calmness, your soul elevated and strengthened, for you bring away the consoling conviction that never, and in no place, can the strength of the Russian people be broken; and you have gained this conviction not from the solidity of the parapets, from the ingeniously combined intrenchments, from the number of mines, from the cannon heaped one on the other, and all of which you have not in the least understood, but from the eyes, the words, the bearing, from what may be called the spirit of the defenders of Sebastopol." The young Italian Nationalists, reading the *Recollections* of 1848, 1859, and 1866, discovered that they were the descendants of men as heroic as the pages of history chronicle. They blushed to think that a nation born of such blood had become slaves instead of masters. They were convinced that the soul of the fathers was not dead, but temporarily lost. They would find it! Once found, they were firm in the conviction that "never, and in no place," could the strength of the Italian people be broken. Boldly they preached war. Maurizia Maraviglia said: "We wish that the idea of war should enter into the spirit of the people. To educate the country to the sentiment of war does not mean that we should provoke it at all costs; it merely means that we must create a state of mind and fact such as will enable the government to conduct its foreign policy without misgivings." Professor Sighele declared that Italy must be imperialist in order to prevent the closing up of all those openings whence the nation receives its oxygen. He insisted that the Italians "do not possess a collective national conscience, and the formation of this conscience must be the first aim of Nationalism." Corradini wrote *The Distant War*, in which he flayed the Italian government for servilely accepting the defeat of Adowah. He urges his countrymen to be the masters of their own destiny. He attacks Socialism as anti-patriotic. He goes to Tripoli, stumbles into some Roman ruins, sees for himself the oppression of his brethren, and dispatches to Rome his opinion of

the government that stands such a state of affairs rather than fight. "When our generation shall be in power," he writes, "shall we know how to make good the errors of the past? For the present we are obliged to go about the world with blushes on our faces, ashamed for that which has been committed and afraid for that which may be done. We have become a laughing-stock. People have dared to cover with infamy the beautiful body of Italy because we have been left in the hands of antique ministers without souls; in the hands of a lot of dirty bureaucrats, covered with dust and ink, whose sole anxiety is to lay their hands upon booty."

It is indicative of the strength of the Nationalist movement that it has swallowed up Socialism. It seems but yesterday that Socialism was threatening the destruction of Conservativists, Clericals, Monarchists, Radicals, Republicans, and even the Throne itself. To-day there are men who still call themselves Socialists, but there is no formidable Socialist party. The Nationalists have taken it into camp. The Socialist Labriola, like the most rampant of Nationalists, chastises the German Socialists for their criticism of Italy's action in declaring war against Turkey. Enrico Ferri, in the presence of the king, says frankly that the Italian monarchy was a child of the Revolution, and that, "with the stigma of divine right removed, the principle of a really democratic monarchy is not incompatible with Socialism." Bissolati, brainiest of Italian Socialists, goes to see the king, supports the government with all his strength, and at the present moment is urging upon the Giolitti ministry the importance of securing a permanent foothold across the Adriatic in Albania. The nation is bigger than any single class in the nation. Hence the capitulation of Socialism to Nationalism in Italy.

Success in war has shown that the virility of the new nation can stand the test of battlefields. Adowah closed the nineteenth century in gloom; Ain-Zara and Homs and Bengasi open the twentieth century with glory. Italy is again throbbing with one great spirit from the Alps to the sea, the "national conscience" is born.

B. M. Tipple

ART. VII.—A NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE BOOK
OF JOB

THAT the Masoretic text of Job is a literary composite no one doubts. Although the minute classification of Siegfried may perhaps require omniscience for its justification, yet the ancient dislocation of many passages in both the Hebrew and the Greek texts remains certain. In this discussion we do not seek to go behind the Masoretic text, but take it for granted that the latest revisers of this poem did not carelessly pin together "stray fly-leaves" from disconnected traditions of antiquity, but supposed themselves in their final recension to be offering to the Jewish public a religious book containing an argument which, on the whole, they accepted as being religiously profitable and fairly consistent. Of course it is not to be denied that what might seem consistent to the Semitic mind would perhaps appear to the European very illogical, yet it hardly seems, on the other hand, wholly consistent for us to suppose that the best representatives of the race from which we took our religion lacked intellect to such an extent that they were not able to recognize plain contradictions such as nearly all modern writers have supposed to exist in this book. Neither is such a conclusion altogether modest. That the ancients were not fools is one of the most certain conclusions of the archaeological discoveries of the last half century. The early translators of the Book of the Dead found little but nonsense, but all Egyptologists are now quite sure that, if a translation or interpretation yields only nonsense, this proves that the real meaning has not been grasped. Nöldeke has told us that when one first begins to examine the Koran everything seems confused and chaotic, and only after prolonged study are symmetry and depth of thought disclosed. This is at least equally true of the Talmud. May it not be possible that, after all, some unity of thought may be discerned in this "most magnificent and sublime book of Sacred Scripture" (Luther); this "most wonderful poem ever produced by any Semitic people" (Nathaniel Schmidt); this "greatest poem, whether of ancient or modern literature" (Tennyson)? The writer be-

lieves that the light thrown by recent research upon the era in which, according to all modern scholarship, this book appeared (B. C. 550-250) may enable us now, as never before, to appreciate the questions which at that time were agitating thinking minds the world over, and by marking the parallelisms of phrase and metaphor between Job and his secular contemporaries to catch a new interpretation of the book because of this new standpoint. It seems, indeed, incredible that a new conception of the theme and argument of the Book of Job can be true, but is it more credible that a false theme and argument, wholly outside the writer's or compiler's original purpose, could be artificially manufactured and made to fit as exactly as the one now proposed?

In estimating the value of any theory which seeks to explain the fundamental meaning of a biblical book it may be well to briefly recall certain established principles universally used when studying any other Oriental work, but, unfortunately, often ignored or forgotten by biblical expositors:

First. The form of no Oriental argument can with fairness be criticized because it does not wear the straitjacket of Aristotle. In logic, as in rhetoric, Orientals have always refused to become Greeks. The dialectic of the East is more subtle and illusive, less outspoken and clear than that of the West, but perhaps no less effective. Its pedagogic success is vouched for by the number of modern commentaries which seem necessary to elucidate the Prophets, and especially the Wisdom Books of Daniel and the Apocalypse. This Wisdom literature still puzzles the reader. It was intended to puzzle. Because their humor was not French, Renan thought the Semitic people lacked humor. Too many have recently taken it for granted that they lacked the sense of logical connection because their logic was not European. The *Sebaräim* and the *Amaröim* who explained the allegories and dark sayings of the rabbis showed as much power of subtle analysis as even some modern university professors. Among all ancient people much of the religious writing was enigmatic by design. In all the Books of Wisdom among the Egyptians there is intentional obscurity and mystery, as is declared in at least six passages of the Book of the Dead (see also the Koran, iii, 15). This is also one reason

why the Papyrus Priese is so difficult to translate. Fantastic phrases and strange metaphors and words of double meaning were chosen to hide as well as to reveal complex ideas and eternal truths. No true Oriental even to-day has respect for the teacher whose meaning he can catch without labor. The Jewish rabbis estimated the value of a biblical book or Talmudic remark by the number of thought "sieves" through which it must be strained in order to reach its deepest meaning (Pirke Aboth, v, 21). All primitive writings suggest much that is never put into words. This is partly explained by the fact that all early teaching was largely vocal, and connections of thought could be made by traditional accent or emphasis, but it is chiefly due to the Oriental type of mind. A word-for-word translation of any Oriental work is necessarily a mistranslation. Elision or ellipsis of (to us) necessary statements was anciently universal. Wisdom must be confined to the wise. It was considered a compliment to the audience to leave the theme or some important premise so obscured that it could be discovered only by meditation. In Al-Bayan's famous commentary on the Holy Koran, just translated, intentional omissions are catalogued among the most important "figures of speech" necessary to good Moslem rhetoric. He says, significantly, "Only infidels need syllogisms"! So Jesus spake in parables that stupid or uninterested hearers should not understand. Constant repetition of words and phrases is also necessary to good Oriental writing. When Job makes each debater repeat the very words of his opponent, only changing a metaphor significantly or illuminating the old argument by some splendid sentence or new view point, he is following the ordinary Oriental habit. It needed only an added word or phrase or some hidden allusion to lift the old statement into an entirely new meaning.

Second. Works of literature, in theme, style, and content, reflect the thought and habit of the age from which they come, and the meaning of any obscure passage, or seemingly disconnected section, must be interpreted in harmony with the general meaning of the document as a whole and the racial psychology of its author or authors. In a collection of medical or legal documents it would be wrong to think of one passage as being astrological or zoölogical,

even though stars or animals seemed unduly prominent. In an historic or religious document an obscure section will probably prove in the final analysis to be harmonious with the theme, although at first it seems to deal only with unrelated statements about the "great bear," or "royal bull," or "savage crocodile," or some beast with two heads and ten horns. In any undeciphered Semitic writing the *a priori* assumption must be that the theme is religious. Few Semites have ever been vitally interested in any nonreligious theme. Of all the Semites, the Hebrews perhaps cared least for science, history, literature, or philosophy *per se*. Even the Proverbs, which deal with keen social or business observations, were based on a faith that the order of things was divinely arranged. *Kochma* (natural shrewdness) could only express a true wisdom when grounded upon "the fear of the Lord" (see Pirke Aboth, i, 18; iii, 13, 14, 26). Hebrew themes outside of the Bible have been confined exclusively to religion and its supposed accessories. The Jewish Encyclopedia grudges even a page to any subject which cannot be twisted into some religious connection. To imagine that Ecclesiastes is a little atheistic essay written by some ancient Hebrew (Voltaire, Renan, Hartmann), or that the Song of Songs is merely a group of lascivious love ditties (Paul Haupt), or that Job is a skeptical and pessimistic production involving the denial of the divine righteousness (Eugene Müller, etc.), is, even from a psychological standpoint, impossible. But, on the other hand, to think of the book of Job as a deep theological treatise, teaching mystic Christianity (early Fathers), or the Church doctrine of Predestination (Albert Barnes), or that the "forces of Nature work in utter heedlessness of moral qualities," whatever happens being wholly uninfluenced by the good or bad actions of men (compiled Jellinek, *Der Jüdische Stamm*), or to think the Book to be a nature study intentionally and correctly representing the mental vacillations of a human mind when confronted with unsolvable philosophic or religious problems (Gennung, Gordon), all this is absolutely inconceivable as coming from any Hebrew writer living in or before the third pre-Christian century. Nathaniel Schmidt, one of the best of scholars, in a work of much value (*Messages of the Prophets*, 1912), has even dared

to suggest that "What is the seat of authority in religion?" was the question which troubled Job, acknowledging that the author saw the argument for immortality, but rejected it. Through his sympathy "with the universal point of view" he "refuses to shift the argument to a ground where assertion cannot be met with evidence"; "his passion to see the truth clearly, whatever it may be, forces him back upon the inexorable facts"—and thus he very nearly "anticipates the modern attitude"! This is a startling psychological anachronism. It sounds as if the author of Job might have been an Evolutionist or modern Pragmatist in disguise! It is as impossible as that King Solomon could have written a Christian Psalm, or that the Daniel visions could have been written by a prophet of the Assyrian period, or that Job could have been composed by one of the patriarchs. It ignores historic perspective almost as completely as the expositor who fifty years ago wrote a big book to prove that *behemoth*, with limbs of iron and belching fire, was a prophetic picture of our modern steam-engine. The problem of Job must have been religious, and it must have been one in which the reading public in Palestine could be interested at that era. Further than this we have the authority of the Masoretic rabbis behind our belief that, properly understood, no large section of the text was either superfluous or antagonistic to the general discussion. To imagine, without proof, that those masters in Israel were too stupid to notice contradictions and anti-religious doctrine, or that they recognized this but were so controlled by popular sentiment in favor of such passages that they did not dare to eliminate them, is to allow the historic imagination to become neurotic. To accept the usual position, that Job was written merely to deny that sin was the sole reason for suffering, necessarily excludes large sections of the book from consideration and necessitates an attitude of negation in its author utterly alien to the Hebrew type of mind. To claim that the book has a different theme for each section (Driver, etc.) is to offer no explanation for its various parts having been thrown together by the Masoretic doctors and for its "finished and well-rounded form" (Davidson, xxiii), and in fact denies to the work the unity without which it ought not to be placed, where all literary geniuses have placed

it, among the great literary classics. To claim that the book treats a religious question, but offers no solution of it (DeWette, and many), is to throw away the only explanation which can account for the book ever having been written by a Hebrew or preserved by Hebrews—who did not belong to that modern and unworthy class of thinkers who can be satisfied with “the Ways that go to Nowhere, and the Steps that lead to Nothing.” To suppose that it merely teaches that God’s ways are inscrutable (Küenen, Hupfeld, etc.) is to suppose that the writer has taken limitless pains to prove what few Jews, if any, ever denied. To claim that a very real and deep solution is offered to the problem of suffering, this being found not in any reasoned explanation, but in a religious experience (Duhm, Barton, etc.)—having met God, the sufferer trusts where he cannot see—this view is religiously attractive, but would be more satisfactory if the speech of Jehovah suggested such a solution either in manner or content. According to the usual interpretation this speech was not greatly calculated to stimulate faith either in God’s mercy or in his justice. In fact, this explanation becomes plausible only as it assumes a future life where inequalities will be righted. Ewald, long ago, distinctly saw that the argument of Job has no validity whatever except as it finds a “basis of certainty in the immortality of the soul,” though Ewald thought Job failed to perceive this. All modern writers insist that Job’s solution (whatever it may be) must be limited by the earthly horizon and must not reach into Sheol. Most modern writers agree with Ewald that Job was wrong in this limitation, but believe that he made it. With this contention we take direct issue, and hope to show that, accepting a life in Sheol as one of the general conclusions of the book, most of the obscure sentences, and certainly all the chief sections, of the book relate themselves to each other in a new appearance of harmony.

Third. The theme of any ancient writing will almost certainly reflect the ideas that were “in the air” when it was written. Documents can be dated by their style of thought as certainly as pottery by its style of decoration. Each epoch which gives to the world some controlling creed, whether scientific or religious, sets its chronological mark upon literature. The thing which modern

research has made sure is this: that from the end of the Persian into the Ptolemaic era the one dominating subject of thought in the civilized world was the very theme which we believe to have been that of Job. It has also in the last dozen years been established beyond question that Palestine at this time was in the very whirl of the nations, being tremendously influenced by the art, customs, philosophy, and religion of its near neighbors. No one denies that as early as the Persian period the Jews had a well-developed angelology and demonology resembling that of Persia. Did they ignore the eschatology which was the central teaching of Zoroastrianism? In Zoroastrianism the future world had loomed large from the first, but in this era the old ethical dualism was replaced by a theological dualism (More: *Harvard Review*, 1912). The doctrines of the General Judgment, where the soul was weighed in ethical balances, and of a Resurrection through God's truth and justice became so prominent in the Mithraic texts, which are full of the symbols of life springing from death, that it is often difficult to decide whether a document is Persian or Christian. It was at the Job era that these doctrines made a "psychic appeal" so powerful that they "totally overwhelmed all that was Semitic outside of Israel" (Mills: *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, xxiii, 98-105). Even during the Exile Hebrew literature took on marked Babylonian characteristics (see Müller: *Die Propheten*, pp. 50-58, and the writer's *Ezekiel passim*). Is it conceivable that this later and more powerful influence did not affect the Hebrew works of this period? In Greece also it was at this very time, when this country was having most influence over Palestine, that the old intellectual teaching concerning Hades was "being fused with the warmer resurrection cults of the Orient" (Cumont)—largely, I think, because of the explanation of life's mysteries offered by this conquering faith in the other world. Certainly the "strongest religious influence in the Hellenic world" at the era of Job was the Eleusinian mysteries and Orphic brotherhoods which most emphasized the above doctrines (Farnell: *Higher Aspects of Greek Religion*, pp. 119, 179).

But neither Persia nor Greece was Palestine's chief teacher of religion. Judaism at this era was more closely connected with

Egypt than with any other country. All Greek learning came to Palestine Egyptianized. It was Alexandria, not Athens or Susa, which from the end of the fourth century determined the culture and literature of Palestine. Indeed, at every era from Jeremiah to Jesus the Nile Valley was a Jewish refuge from oppression. The Elephantine papyri show how thoroughly domesticated the Jews were there B. C. 400 and earlier. With Alexander they began to rank among Egypt's most influential population. They soon were able to control the banking interests and gain a monopoly of the Nile traffic. They always had intimate communication with the home land, as the above-mentioned papyri show. The excavations in Palestine during the last dozen years have proved "traces of the domination of Egypt in the fields of politics, art, trade, and religion" at every period of the nation's life "wherever a pit was dug" (Macalister: Gezer, 1912, ii, 307). One may perhaps be permitted to doubt the interpretation of a distinguished Egyptologist who has just declared that even in the Pyramid texts there can be found such a "keen moral discernment" that even then immortality was thought of as "a thing achieved in a man's own soul" (Breasted: Development of Religion and Theology, 1910, pp. 161-179); but one cannot doubt that long before the era of Job the belief in personal immortality and the conviction that moral purity was a determining element in the soul's future destiny were among Egypt's most precious teachings. Nor can one doubt that it was at this era (B. C. 600-200) that Osiris, the "god of the resurrection," who rose from the dead and could bring his followers from death to life, reigned as the supreme religious power in Egypt, and that about the middle of this period there came a marked renaissance of faith as the cults of Asia and Egypt fused in the splendid Serapis worship, in which, as in all the other most influential cults throughout the earth at this period, life after death was the controlling *motif*. By the third century B. C. the symbols of this faith had reached as far as Attica and Barygia, and they are very prominent in the Palestinian remains. The Jews were predisposed in favor of accepting this doctrine of immortality as a part of their religious creed, for, as Cheyne and others long ago pointed out, germs of this teaching may be found

from the Exilic period, and even earlier (Ezek. 32; 37; 44; Hos. 6; 13; Isa. 22 to 25; 1; 14; 19; Psa. 16; 17; 49; 73; etc.). To the Jew Sheol never meant annihilation or a life of despair. Doubtless his eschatology was rooted in primitive Semitic conceptions (Jeremias) and he thought of Sheol as a dark and cheerless place lying at the roots of the world, yet his doctrine of Jehovah delivered him from the horrors which all other peoples connected with the soul's passage through this land of shades. Jehovah would not leave the good Hebrew's soul in *Sheol*, or would so protect him there that in the shadow death-land he "need fear no evil" and needed no magical charms or texts upon his dead body (Psa. 23; 90; 94; 152). Did Job have a lower faith than this? No one can doubt that at this era all surrounding peoples had accepted the alluring doctrine of a future world as an explanation of life's mysteries. No one can doubt that very shortly afterward the Jews themselves counted this one of their most cherished faiths. Was it not Renan who said that even Augustine's City of God hardly added anything to Daniel's conception of Jehovah's control over *Sheol*, and of a world governed and controlled by a heavenly Providence where even heathen nations were watched over by angelic guardians? What caused the change in Bible teaching between Malachi and Daniel? How shall we explain the fact that the Jewish Church split on this very question (as the Pirke Aboth distinctly declares), one leading party, shortly after the book of Job appeared, making this very doctrine a chief test of orthodoxy? Did this book of Job have anything to do with the change of emphasis? At any rate, if Job really stated and examined this hope of a future life (as Davidson, Schmidt, etc., acknowledge he did do) and then rejected it (as they think he did), it is hard to see why the Jewish doctors of the second or third century B. C., and the Jamnia doctors later, who were so attached to this doctrine, could admit his book into the sacred canon. It is also plain that if he examined and rejected this faith he was more lacking in spiritual discernment than even the ancient Egyptian *nabi* or Assyrian *sespū* and surprisingly inferior to the ordinary theologians of his day in his own and other lands. I think it was George Adam Smith who declared that Amos taught that

future blessedness was reached through death, Hosea through suffering, Isaiah through a new creation. At any rate, Daniel teaches that this is reached through a resurrection. While Baruch and Ben Sira do not far transcend the old hazy view of Sheol, the Book of Wisdom teaches a happy immortality and the *Pirqe Aboth* and 2 Maccabees emphasize the resurrection of both good and bad—as the Septuagint also does constantly in the most unexpected places. The fact is that at any date now mentioned as the era when this book appeared it was this very question of a future life which was most prominent. It ought to be noted, too, in proof of Job's subtlety of suggestion and depth of spiritual insight that he designedly makes the argument for immortality apply to the non-Jew as well as to the Jew. This may also be a hint that the book is a little younger than commonly supposed, for Köhler has wisely said, "During the war of Barchochba, and no less during the Roman oppression, the question whether the righteous among the heathen should share the resurrection was a burning question. . . . It was a question of political regeneration for Judæa. The national hope for a Messiah hinged on it" (see Testament of Job, 171). It is not probable that the Pharisees received their doctrine from Babylon. None of the prophets immediately following the Exile teaches it in this form. Is it not suggestive that at the time when his countrymen were accepting Job as inspired they were also passionately accepting this entrancing faith, which all their neighbors were also discussing?

Fourth. In interpreting any obscure Oriental document, the opinions of the writer's own countrymen, while not determinative, ought to be received with a respect proportionate to the antiquity and current authority of such opinions. While such comments are often unreliable, especially in the interpretation of an obscure saying, they are very valuable in giving the traditional view of the general meaning of the document. This rule of interpretation has often assisted scholars in understanding the Koran and the Talmud, though it must be used in corroborative rather than in direct evidence. From the earliest period many of the statements of Job were intimately connected in Jewish interpretation with the faith in a future world. Although the later Jewish rabbis were so

obsessed with the idea of the resurrection that they read it into many passages which have no slightest reference to it, yet the incidental references suggest that the ancient rabbis believed that Job taught a doctrine of future rewards and punishments. This is strikingly displayed in the twelfth century Commentary on Job, by *Berachya ben Natronai*, recently translated by W. Aldis Wright and S. A. Hirsch, and in the Testament of the Patriarchs and Job (first century A. D.). (See also Kaufmann: *Die Anwendung des Buches Hiob in der Rabbinischen Agadah*.) In addition to this class of testimony there has fortunately been preserved to us one comment from the highest conceivable authority, which seems plainly to give the theme of Job as the Jews themselves understood it two thousand years ago. At the close of the ancient Greek translation of the Old Testament two additional paragraphs occur, both probably pre-Christian (see Swete, Introduction: 257, 502; Sir H. Howarth, S.B.A., 1911, 54), the first of which reads:

γέγραπται δε αὐτὸν πάλιν ἀνωσθησέσθαι μεθ' ὃν ὁ κύριος ἀνίστησιν

"It is written [above] that he [Job] will rise again with those whom the Lord raises up." (For other "resurrection" passages in Septuagint see Job 7. 15; 8. 16, 19; 14. 14, etc.)

Fifth, and finally. In every Oriental document the symbols and illustrations used must be interpreted to harmonize with its theme and with the current usage of its age. Not to mention many minor particulars, we come at once to the two creatures, the presence of which at the climax of the poem (chapters 40, 41) have so disconcerted expositors. Modern archaeology has proved that in the time of Job the crocodile and hippopotamus were in contemporary religious literature constantly associated with the thought of a future world. These animals are mentioned hundreds of times in the religious texts of Egypt, and in no single instance, I think, are they mentioned because of their zoölogical importance, but always because of their demonic character. At least six chapters of the Book of the Dead are given up to magic texts which shall protect the deceased from the dreaded crocodile, as he fights his way through the underworld. In many other chapters the crocodile and the hippopotamus, his closest ally, are re-

ferred to when incantations are used against the foes of Osiris, and this is equally true in other ancient sacred books of the Egyptians. The male hippopotamus, which in the most ancient time was a "protector of humanity" (Jejuier), was in the days of Job a demon. Horus succeeded in winning a resurrection life for Osiris because of the magic knowledge of the "Book of the Killing of the Hippopotamus." In the pictures he is represented as "the devourer" at the Judgment and sometimes as Set himself. Horus is often represented striking these monsters with a spear, or putting them in chains, or standing in triumph upon them. These creatures are constantly linked together in the texts and vignettes and, with the serpent, continued to be the ordinary representatives of the powers of evil and death far into Christian times—not only in Egypt, but in Algeria, Italy, Phœnicia, Persia, Greece, and Palestine. The classical instance of this is the Metternich stele, where the god Horus, with Bes above his head, stamps on two crocodiles and grasps in his hands other emblems of the powers of darkness. In the mysteries of Isis the goddess wears at her girdle two crocodile heads, and in the Eleusinian mysteries and in those of Mithra the devouring monster of the Judgment has crocodile-hippopotami features. At the recently discovered Tomb of Marissa in Palestine (*cir.* second century B. C.) the crocodile appears with the ibis on his back—the ibis being most intimately connected with the myth of the Osirian resurrection, since that god escaped from Set on its back. The crocodile and hippopotamus were representatives of Set, the god of the desert and the storm, of evil and chaos and death; they were among the most dreaded enemies of order and the resurrection life. If in this final crisis of the Job argument these creatures are to be catalogued zoologically, then not only does this ancient poem, so praised by Ruskin and Coleridge and Shakespeare, close with the most trivial and superfluous antielimax known in literature, but, by using these well-known religious symbols with a meaning unknown to that age, the author must have designedly confused his readers. The comments on Rahab and Leviathan in postbiblical books prove that these were not taken literally, but mythically or symbolically. (Enoch 66. 7-9; 2 Esdras 6. 49-52; LXX 9. 13; 26. 13, "apostate

dragon"; 40. 14, 15, 20, etc.). Job himself in other passages undoubtedly shows his familiarity with this common usage and himself follows it (3. 8; 9. 13; 26. 12). If *behemoth* and *leviathan* are mere animals in chapters 40 and 41, this is an exception to biblical usage and to the common habit of Job himself. It is also contradicted by the express description given of these creatures. Even Adam Clark, in a far-past generation, wrote of Job's description of the crocodile, "No beast, terrestrial or aquatic, deserves the high character here given," and Nathaniel Schmidt has just said: "The hippopotamus has not a tail stiff as a cedar, does not eat its food in the mountains, and can hardly be thought of as the first of God's creatures. The crocodile does not send forth from his mouth a stream of fire, and no smoke ascends from his nostrils. The great abyss (*tehom*) is not his dwelling-place; he does not cause the ocean to seethe as a caldron and the denizens of heaven cannot be imagined to be afraid of him" (Messages of Prophets, 205). Compare also, on the dull, sluggish, and harmless nature of the hippopotamus, Ewald *in loco*; Moffat, Missionary Journeys, Chapter xi. Modern natives in the Sudan drive them out of their gardens as they do obstreperous camels (compare Budge Eg. Sudan, i, 41). Cheyne and Gunkel were perhaps the first to definitely defend the mythical reference of these monsters to Tiamat (compare also Duhm's fine insight, Das Buch Hiob, p. xii); but the difficulty of reconciling the biblical description with any known Babylonian texts, and the utter failure to see any sense in such reference, if intended, make this theory impossible (see also Buddi, Das Buch Hiob, 2437). It was not Babylon, but Egypt, which in the Job era was determining the literary style of Palestine. Even the Greek script in this era was in some instances Egyptianized. It was not Marduk and Tiamat, but Osiris and Set, whose influence was met with in every stratum during the excavations in northern and southern Palestine. The influence of the Egyptian representations of the crocodile as a symbol of evil extended all over the civilized world and can be seen in Egypt and Palestine to this day. In ancient Alexandria Christ was represented in triumph standing on a crocodile (Nerontsos, Ancienne Alexandria, page 48), and in many old Coptic Cathedrals in Cairo very ancient pictures of

the baptism are similarly painted, while above hundreds of Moslem doors the crocodile is hung as a demon charm.

We now attempt a brief outline of the general argument, the thread of which, as in the Socratic Dialogue, may be found by following the thought of the chief speaker, all interruptions being for rhetorical coloring. It was not only good rhetoric, but a wise dialectic to choose as the background of the whole discussion the rather obsolete doctrine of the old theology that all sin and righteousness receive their full and appropriate reward in this life. There can be no middle ground in thought. Either this impossible theology must be true or a future life must be true if the divine justice is to be logically maintained. Many of the details of interpretation must of necessity be suppositional, but in general I hope it can bear critical inspection.

PROLOGUE (1, 2):

The angels and "the Satan" know of Another World in which the acts of men are noticed and their moral values estimated.

MAIN ARGUMENT (without any appeal to a Divine Revelation):

First Cycle of Speeches (3-14)—The awful facts of earthly life drive Job to the conclusion that unless a future life is possible God is unjust.

Both Job and his friends at the beginning of the controversy accept the earth life as the limit of human hope. Because of this, the friends are driven to affirm a lie in regard to the facts of life, and Job is driven sometimes to the affirmation of God's criminality. The ghastly facts of life are enumerated; God, who creates even the fateful constellations (9. 9, compare LXX 20. 25) and the dragon of the abyss (9. 13), who absolutely controls the "soul" of the beast and the "spirit" of the man (12. 10), and who has a wisdom equal to his power, extending even to Sheol (9. 1-15, 29-33; 11. 8; 12. 22), is responsible for this injustice, where the earth is "given into the hand of the wicked" (9. 24; 12. 26). Job describes the weary hopelessness of Sheol as it was commonly thought of by non-Jews like himself, where man "vanishes away" and even God cannot find him (7. 9, 10, 21; 10. 21, 22); points out that such treatment by the Deity of one whom he has created

and preserved is unreasonable and unworthy (10. 1-20; 12. 6-25), and shows that man, who is "like a flower," is treated worse than the tree (14. 2, 7-10; compare 5. 26; 8. 11-17; 17. 17; 18. 16; 19. 10, and note how often this analogy is emphasized by twelfth century Commentary)—unless, indeed, "thou shouldst hide me in Sheol . . . until thou shouldst appoint me a set time and remember me! If a man die shall he live again? Then (indeed) all the days of my warfare would I wait (hopefully) till my release should come" (14. 13, 14. For bracketed words see twelfth century Commentary). If this hope fails, it is "thou who destroyest man's hope" (14. 19).

Second Cycle (15-21)—The consideration of his own personal history and condition leads Job to the conclusion that, God being just, he may expect final vindication of his innocence from him, and that after death he will find God to be his friend, who will publicly vouch for his character and redeem his reputation.

God is responsible for Job's sufferings; in heaven he is the witness who knows his innocence, though he has designedly hidden the truth from Job's enemies (16. 11, 19; 17. 4). Nothing is left for Job but Sheol (16. 22). He has no earthly hope, and when Sheol becomes "his house" his hope perishes except as it can go down with him into Sheol (17. 13-16). Here Job cries for help in vain, for "there is no justice" (19. 7); his hope is plucked up "like a tree" (19. 10). There is no hope in this world, but, as Job's hope reaches into another world, he cries triumphantly: "I, even I, know that my *goel* liveth and shall stand up hereafter upon the dust: for after my body is destroyed, then without my flesh shall I see God; whom I, even I, shall see on my side, and my eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger [enemy]" (19. 25-27). His persecutors need to be afraid of the sword "prepared for the wicked" (15. 22), for "there is a judgment" (19. 29). In this world the wicked prosper and go down quickly, without pain, into Sheol, scoffing at God (21. 7-15). Sometimes their children suffer, but that is not sufficient for justice (21. 19, 20). "Who shall repay him what he hath done "if Sheol doth not bring vengeance"? (LXX 21. 31, 33).

Third Cycle (22-31)—A wider view of the facts shows that a future life is needed to vindicate God's moral character, not simply because of Job's misfortunes. The world is full of injustice, and a just God must not only vindicate the reputation of one of his servants on the earth, but rectify in Sheol all the injustices of the earth life. He will do this, and bad men, however shrewd, will find hereafter that it would have been wise to "fear God."

God hides himself from Job and terrifies him, but he comforts himself in his integrity: "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold" (23. 1-10). Job cannot understand why "times" of retribution (24. 1, Driver) are not laid up against those who "rebel against light" (24. 13); God in this life "regardeth not," but nevertheless such sin is "folly" (24. 12); such sinners will yet "seek" and "find" for themselves "the terrors of the shadow of death" (24. 17, Syr.). In words which are probably intentionally obscure a few significant phrases stand out vividly: "Drought and heat consume the snow waters; so doth Sheol those that have sinned"; the unrighteous "shall be broken as a tree [which is torn up roots and all] (twelfth century Commentary) . . . they are exalted; yet a little while and they are gone" (24. 19, 20, 24). God's knowledge and power extend over the underworld as well as over the intractable elements of the earth and sky: "Sheol is naked before him and Abaddon ["the part of Sheol where the wicked is destroyed," Barton] hath no covering. . . . By his understanding he smiteth the Sea Dragon . . . and hath pierced the fleeing Serpent" (26. 6, 12, 13; compare 3. 8; Isa. 27. 1 and twelfth century Commentary). This power does not affright Job, who again declares his righteousness, but asks: "What is the hope of the godless when God cutteth him off, *when he taketh away his soul?* Will God (then) hear his cry, when (this) trouble cometh upon him?" (27. 8, 9.) The wicked may heap up silver as the dust, "but the just shall ultimately get it" (27. 16, 17). Worse even than the sorrows that shall fall upon his children shall be his punishment in Sheol, for "he buildeth . . . and lieth down rich; but shall do so no more" (LXX, O. Lat., Syr.); "he openeth his eyes and he is not. Terror overtaketh him like waters. . . . God

shall hurl at him and not spare." He cannot now escape from God (27. 19, 20, 22). Man's wise research, so much better than that of beast or bird (23. 7, 8), enables him, underneath the earth, to find his best treasures, but not the wisdom which can explain the problem of suffering. Such knowledge is "not found in the land of the living," though he can hear a rumor from the yet deeper underworld that the solution of the mystery is known there. God, however, who established the place of the wicked (twelfth century Commentary) has made it perfectly plain that only he will find himself ultimately wise who, in this world, "fears God and departs from evil" (Chapter xxviii).

Job now recounts in detail the happiness of his past life and acts of benevolence and mercy; yet through "God's great force" his honor and welfare have passed away, and he now goes to death (29. 1 to 30. 23). "Howbeit, doth not one stretch the hand and cry for help in his fall?" (Verse 24.) Job was pitiful, and righteous, and therefore claims of the Almighty a "portion" different from that given to "workers of iniquity" (30. 25-31; 31. 1-4). If he had done wickedness he might justly expect the fire to consume him "even unto Sheol" (31. 12); but being innocent, he declares that if he could meet his "adversary" the Almighty he would bind the false charges of guilt upon his brow and challenge him to defend himself for the way he had mistreated him (31. 13-37).

This closes Job's defense and his indictment against God.

ELIHU'S SPEECH (32-37):

A defense of Divine Providence limited strictly to earthly horizons. Elihu admits that the friends have been defeated in the argument (32. 15); but Job is justly criticized because, in making his induction from the facts of life, he failed to take account sufficiently of the following five important facts:

(1) *Divine Love is often the explanation of suffering* (chapter 33). Affliction is disciplinary: "to withdraw man from his (bad) purpose . . . ; to keep him from pride; . . . to keep back his soul from the pit" (verses 17, 18, 24, 30). Trouble may cause a man to feel the need of an angel interpreter to show him what is right

(verse 23). Then God is "gracious" to him and finds a "ransom" for the penitent and "redeems" his soul from going down into the pit (verse 28).

(2) *Exemption from suffering is no man's "right"; every good thing in life is wholly of God's mercy* (34. 1-15). When Job claims to be righteous and at the same time claims that God has taken away his "right," and that there is no profit in the service of God (except as it is found in future reward) he becomes a "scoffer," and joins himself with "the workers of iniquity." God is not only just (verse 11), but if it were not for his constant thoughtful mercy "all flesh would perish together" (verse 15).

(3) *A spirit of irreverence and pride deserves punishment as truly as open transgression.* God is no respecter of persons; he punishes openly, irrespective of earthly condition, and no thickest darkness can hide the sinner (16-30). Hath anyone ever cried, "If I have done iniquity I will do so no more," without being recompensed in some good way?—though not perhaps in Job's way (verses 31-33, Driver). By speaking against God without knowledge and answering "like wicked men" Job "addeth rebellion to his sin" (of pride) (34-37).

(4) *"Profit" in God's service consists in "delight in God" (34. 9), not in any "reward" in this life or any other (chapter 35).* To claim "my righteousness is more than God's," and ask, "What profit shall I have?" is irreverent and irrational. What profit would God get for mistreating one of his creatures? God gets no "profit" for the service he renders man, nor from the service man renders him (verses 5-10). The righteous can give him nothing and the sinner cannot harm him. Though men may forget this, it is only from God that we receive "songs in the night," and even our very nature which lifts us above the beast (10-11) is his gift. Job himself escapes worse punishment only because God is too lofty to hear and answer in anger an empty and arrogant challenge such as he has made (12-15).

(5) *Ignorance concerning Divine Providence is necessary because of human limitations* (chapters 36 and 37). God is "mighty in the strength of his understanding." Man cannot expect to comprehend God's reasons for his mysterious acts, but he can know

that "he giveth (here) to the afflicted their right" and to kings their appropriate rewards or penalties, and "withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous" (36. 4-14). "He delivereth the afflicted by their affliction and openeth their ear by adversity," and if Job had accepted his sufferings in the right spirit he would long ago have escaped from his distresses (15-23). God's plans are too great to be comprehended; even the storm in which he hides makes men tremble; yet even the lightning and the storm are in "loving kindness" (36. 24 to 37. 13). Job may well be silent before the "wondrous works of him who is perfect in knowledge" (14-20). "Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out"; but we can know that he is just and "will not afflict" and "regardeth not any-one wise of heart" (21-24).

JEHOVAH'S DEFENSE OF HIMSELF (38-41):

First Speech—A Divine Revelation to prove Jehovah's wisdom, justice, and kindness, and especially his power over all forces of the earth, sea, or sky. These attributes of the Almighty prove that he can be trusted to govern the universe rightly (chapters 38 and 39).

(1) The character of God is now for the first time in the poem expressed in the ineffable Name, the meaning of which every Jew knew so well: "Merciful and gracious, . . . abundant in loving kindness and truth . . . who will by no means clear the guilty."

(2) His character is to be seen from his works: he is the Creator of a world so good that the "sons of God shouted for joy" (38. 1-8); he is controller of the dangerous primeval sea, and giver of the light, that worst enemy of wickedness (verses 8-15); he is governor of the sea and the abyss below and of the darkness and light of the upper world (16-21), knowing how to use the weapons of snow and hail, to control the sirocco, the water flood, the lightning (etc.), so that these can become ministers of good (verses 22-30); he is absolute ruler of the good and evil constellations and frightful meteors (verse 36, *Driver*); yet so thoughtful and pitiful as to remember the young lions and the little ravens crying for food (verses 31-41). All the powers of life and generation are from him (38. 40 to 39. 1-4); he has prepared a "home" for the wild, untamed things of the wilderness, and they obey his

decree (verses 5-12); when even the kindly "stork" (twelfth century Commentary) forgets her eggs, Jehovah remembers to care for them (13-18); he can control easily the creature that "mocketh at fear" and scorneth "armed men" (19-25); it is by his wisdom that the hawk, on the approach of winter, stretcheth her wings toward the south and the eagle finds her home and her food (verses 26-30).

Second Speech—A Divine Revelation showing that God can rule Sheol as easily as he does the stars and the earth. He, and he only, can control *behemoth* and *leviathan*, those chief representatives and symbols of Sheol and of evil (chapters 40 and 41).

INTRODUCTION:

Job recognizes now that, not himself knowing how to make or govern a universe, he cannot expect to know how God does it, and is ashamed because he has tried to teach him how to do this, and therefore he lays his hand upon his mouth (40. 3-5).

JEHOVAH'S SPEECH:

(1) It is foolish for Job to attempt to justify his argument by condemning Jehovah. Job knows less about the future world (that he has insisted upon being necessary to God's justice) than he does about the earth and its mysteries. Only God has an arm strong enough and an anger majestic enough to understand how to "tread down the wicked and bury them in the dust, and bind their faces in Sheol" (6-14; note Driver on 13).

(2) Behold even *behemoth* "prepared for the time to come" (twelfth century Commentary), "made to be sported with by the angels" (LXX), even he is God's creature; only he that made him can conquer him (15-24). No one can stand before *leviathan*. "Who then is able to stand before me?" (41. 1-10.) "Round about his teeth is terror . . . his sneezings flash light . . . out of his mouth go burning torches and sparks of fire leap forth . . . and a flame from his mouth . . . he maketh the deep to boil like a pot . . . he is king over all the sons of pride" (41. 12-34).

(3) Job acknowledges: "I have uttered things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." God had twice before asked Job to "speak" (38. 3; 40. 7), and Job now, taking advantage of this, beseeches God to let him speak one word, after which he "requests" (not "demands") Jehovah to continue and "declare" (unto him

the true wisdom). The word which Job wanted the privilege of uttering was one of penitence and trust: "I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I loathe myself and repent in dust and ashes" (42. 1-6). He had met God and it gave more sure knowledge than all his reasonings. EPILOGUE (42. 7-17):

Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar are condemned by Jehovah for their lying defense of him, and Job's argument, notwithstanding the previous severe criticism of his spirit, is commended as being "right." Job shows a new spirit by praying for his enemies, whereupon God gives him "twice as much as he had before."

The Epilogue was added to teach two great truths: (1) that Elihu and Jehovah were right when they urged (supplementing Job's detailed argument) that even in this life God deals more justly with men than Job had supposed; (2) to declare in a dramatic form the truth for which Job had been contending—that the dead live on under God's care in Sheol (verses 10 and 13). Children were a parent's most prized "possession" among the ancients. Job's family was originally almost indecently small according to current opinion.¹ When he was promised "double" it would have been the children of whom he would think first. The "Testament of Job" twice speaks definitely of the fact that Job's children who had been killed were still alive in a blessed Other World (5. 10; 9. 8; compare 7. 36). The Targum actually reads "fourteen," instead of "seven," in verse 13 (see Barton, *Bible for Home and School*, 1911, *in loco*).

¹ Ramesses II was the father of fifty-nine sons and an equal number of daughters whose names have come down to us.

Camden M. Ebers

ART. VIII.—THE MORNING STAR OF THE DARK CONTINENT

THE winds were whistling through the heather on the nineteenth of March a hundred years ago when Agnes Hunter, the wife of Neil Livingstone, brought forth her second son and named him David. He was born in a little village, Blantyre, of about a thousand people, near the banks of the Clyde, a half score of miles from the city of Glasgow. His birthplace was a humble cottage as neat and clean as Scotia's seabound isle produced.

The white blood of a virtuous ancestry flowed through the child's heart as his grandsire patted his rosy cheek and said, "The blood of honesty trickles through his unsullied veins." The old man's fancy grew toward the child and he became a favorite unto him. In the long winter nights he would take David on his knee and relate the story of the generations of Livingstones who, though poor, were potent in bestowing strength of character and bravery of manhood in the time of disaster and death. The boy's spirit was stirred when he heard of the deeds of members of his family in the battle of Culloden. His heart took fire as he heard of the bravery of Keppock, the daring of Glengarry, the gallantry of Gordon, the wisdom of Lochiel, and the devotion of the Macdonalds. The story of "Butcher Cumberland" was related to him in such a way, with the fidelity of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," that he even as a boy craved to be just and to seek the right for all mankind. This grandsire impressed David with the idea that for six generations his ancestors were never guilty of dishonesty or charged with vice, and when inspiring the boy to diligence at school, he told him that he never heard of a Livingstone who was a donkey. One of the Livingstone family on his death-bed had called all his children around him and said: "Now in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could of our family, and I could never discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it

runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest."

David Livingstone's father was one of God's priestlike men, who gathered his children "round the ingle" and read the Bible with reverence. Rarely can we find such tender devotion as existed between this sire and his son. When David was but a boy his father would take him down to the beautiful Clyde and tell him stories of men who had crossed the seas to bring the light of the knowledge of the Cross to souls in darkness. He sought to direct the reading of his son, so he placed a few books in his hand and advised him to ponder them well. He was an ardent member of the Missionary Society, and from him the desire was born within the boy's breast to go to China and there tell the story of the Christ. The father's heart was touched to its depths when he found it impossible to continue his son in school, so at ten years of age the boy went to work in a cotton mill. He left his home at six in the morning and continued at work till six at night. He was a boy with a thoughtful face, large searching eyes, with a strong mouth and chin, a prominent nose, and determination written on his face to do his very best in tying the broken threads. Diligence gripped his life in all that he did. He set to work to learn the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, and mastered it. For this he was given a New Testament, which he carefully read in his spare moments at breakfast and dinner-time. He took a book with him to the mill, and every spare moment there he used in improving his mind. The first half crown that he earned he brought with joy to his thrifty mother and threw it in her lap. She gave him enough to purchase a Latin Grammar. He studied it until he became proficient as a Latin student. He grew fond of books. His taste naturally turned toward works of adventure and those dealing with a description of the human body and how best to relieve the sufferings of mankind. He was passionately fond of the stories of the Bible. Two works of Dr. Dick, entitled *The Philosophy of Religion* and *The Philosophy of a Future State*, so fastened his attention that he made a definite decision to surrender his life to the service of Almighty God. With this decision the glow of Christianity inspired him to make a thorough preparation

in order to become a medical missionary. His industry in the search for knowledge prepared him to enter Glasgow University. He carefully learned, "If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of the night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others."

It was a happy morn, the snowflakes were jubilant, as this father and son started from that humble fireside in Blantyre and walked the ten miles to Glasgow to find a cheap room so that David might be able to fit himself to heal the bodies and enlighten the souls of those in heathen darkness. Four years at the university completed his course. It is again November. The chill is in the air. The son returns to his father's house with his diploma, which gave him the authority to practice medicine, and also his parchments, which gave him the power to preach the gospel and administer the Holy Sacraments.

David Livingstone had intended to go to China, but on hearing Dr. Robert Moffat tell of the darkness of the African continent, with its thousands upon thousands who had never heard of the Christ, young Livingstone decided to make the Dark Continent the scene of his life's work. At five o'clock in the morning before he left for Africa his father handed him the old well-worn Bible and the son read,

I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Then David prayed the prayer of one whose soul was serene; as if to him had been said, "The Lord, he it is that goeth before thee; he will be with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong, and of a good courage." In the darkness of a winter's morning the father walked again to Glasgow with his son to see him take boat for Liverpool, where he was to set sail for Africa. The parting was pathetic. The father gripped the son's hand, and the thrill of a soul went through David's soul as he looked for the last time into his father's face.

In the year 1841 David Livingstone reached South Africa, where he found the smoke of a thousand villages where the gospel

had never been preached. He was by no means a fluent speaker, but possessed the spirit expressed by Goldsmith:

Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

He was a medical missionary whose deeds lighted his way into darkest regions where the mission station had not been established. One year after he reached Africa he wrote thus to his father of the results: "The work of God goes on here, notwithstanding all our infirmities. Souls are gathered in continually, and sometimes from among those you would never have expected to see turning to the Lord. Twenty-four were added to the church last month, and there are several inquirers."

Livingstone went into the valley of Mabotsa, where he did a work of untold value. There was a noted chief in this village, by the name of Sechele, whose child was ill, and Livingstone's medical skill restored her to health. Sechele became a convert to Christianity and began to read the Bible with all his heart, soul, and strength. He really loved the Book of God. Livingstone speaks of often being "pressed to hear him read some chapters of the Bible. Isaiah was a great favorite with him, and he was wont to exclaim, 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak.'" Sechele became a missionary to his own people and a warm friend of missions. Robert Moffat, the missionary who turned young Livingstone's attention toward the Dark Continent, became his intimate friend. In his home at Kuruman was a daughter, Mary, whose life was wrapped up in her father's missionary labors. When this sturdy Scotchman David Livingstone entered the Moffat home, she was impressed with him as an unusual, unassuming, Christian medical missionary. Livingstone had partially made up his mind to remain single, but Mary Moffat impressed him as no other woman outside of his mother had done. He fixed upon a station in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, then returned to Mary Moffat and opened his heart of love, and all was well. He wrote her this letter while he was preparing a home for her: "And now, my dearest, farewell. May God bless you!

Let your affection be toward him much more than toward me; and, kept by his mighty power and grace, I hope I shall never give you cause to regret that you have given me a part. Whatever friendship we feel toward each other, let us always look to Jesus as our common friend and guide, and may he shield you with his everlasting arms from every evil." With a company of his men, Livingstone built a home for his sweetheart, who was soon to be his bride. It was a difficult task, but love inspired his work. One day he wrote her: "It is pretty hard work, and almost enough to drive love out of my head, but it is not situated there; it is in my heart, and won't come out unless you behave so as to quench it."

The day dawned and Dr. Moffat united his eldest daughter to David Livingstone, who took her four hundred miles, to the Mabotsa Valley, where they both devoted themselves to improving the minds, homes, and hearts of the people. He enrolled two hundred women in an industrial school, where his wife taught dressmaking and housekeeping, while he taught the use of foods, the care of the eyes and ears, and the general health, with remedies for diseases of childhood. He filled a space in front of his home with flower-beds; soon all the tents were filled with brilliant blossoms. He assembled the children on Sunday morning for instruction. During the day he taught five hundred young men the message of Christ. His days were filled with husbandry, wagon-making, stock-raising, while his evenings were occupied with the instruction of twenty-five men whom he was training to carry on his work. Several years passed and three children were born to David and Mary. Desiring to go further into the Dark Continent with the light of Christ, he took his family to Cape Town, where they set sail for England, while he went two thousand miles farther into the heart of Africa. After fifteen years of untiring work Livingstone returned to the land of his birth and was honored as one of the world's most noted men. While he was homeward bound his father was taken sick, and just before he died his daughter asked him: "You wish so much to see David?" "Ay, very much, very much; but the will of the Lord be done." Then after a pause, "But I think I'll know whatever

is worth knowing about him. When you see him, tell him I think so." On reaching the home of his childhood the sight of his father's empty chair moved David to tears. At the family worship he said, with deep feeling, "We bless thee, O Lord, for our parents; we give thee thanks for the dead, who has died in the Lord."

When David Livingstone had reached the summit of greatness, and the world was showering honors at his feet, he caused these words to be placed upon the monument to his parents:

"To show the resting place of
NEIL LIVINGSTONE
and AGNES HUNTER, his wife,
and to express the thankfulness to God
of their children,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, and AGNES,
for poor and pious parents."

After taking time to write his first book, which had an unusual sale, he returned with his wife to Africa, she remaining at a mission station while he went further west. On his return they expected to spend many happy years together, but in three months this missionary's brave wife was buried beneath a beautiful baobab tree at the Shupanga, on the Zambesi. He wrote: "I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. . . . O, my Mary, my Mary! How have we longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! Surely the removal by a kind Father means that he has rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens." Under this deep sorrow he penned to his daughter, who was living in England, one of the tenderest epistles that a father heart could write. It is worthy of a place in the library of every teacher:

Dear Nannie, she often thought of you, and when once from the violence of the disease she was delirious, she called out, "See, Agnes is falling from a precipice." May our heavenly Saviour, who must be your father and guide, preserve you from falling into the gulf of sin over the precipice of temptation. . . . Dear Agnes, I feel alone in the world now, and what will the poor dear baby do without her mamma? She often spoke of her and sometimes burst into a flood of tears, just as I now do

in taking up and arranging the things left by my beloved partner of eighteen years. . . . I bow to the divine hand that chastens me. God grant that I may learn the lesson he means to teach. All she told you to do she now enforces, as if beckoning from heaven. Nannie, dear, meet her there. Don't lose the crown of joy she now wears, and the Lord be gracious to you in all things.

David Livingstone's work in Africa as the *Morning Star* of the Dark Continent is said to divide itself into four periods: his ordinary missionary work, in which he healed the sick, instructed the ignorant, and offered Christ as the light of the world to them; next, his first great journey under the London Missionary Society; then that of the exploration of the Zambesi, as the leader of the government expedition; and, finally, his last journey, under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society. He practically opened up this wonderland to civilization. His twenty-nine thousand miles of discovery and exploration added one million square miles to the known world. His studies of Africa's geology, botany, and zoölogy won for him the highest honors that scientific societies could bestow. He wrote a letter home to England, saying, "I will open a path through this continent or perish." He struck the keynote of his own and other heroic work when he said: "As far as I myself am concerned, the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise." For over thirty years Livingstone's life was spent in untiring endeavor to place the Spirit of Christ in the native races, to explore the undiscovered regions, and finally to abolish that heart-rending slave trade of the Dark Continent. He continued this work until his own life's blood was well-nigh exhausted. It was in the year 1871, while finding himself without money, beads, calico, or goods to hire men for completing his work, that his faithful Susi came crying, "Master, a white man comes." A moment later Livingstone, leaning on his staff for very weakness, grasped the hand of Henry Morton Stanley, who had been sent by the *New York Herald* to find Livingstone, if living, and if dead to bring home his bones. Not a word had been heard from Livingstone for two years, and when Stanley found him the world

thrilled with the news. Stanley greeted him with the words, "I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you." Livingstone replied: "I feel very thankful that I am here to welcome you. You are almost an angel from heaven to me; you have brought new life to me! You have brought new life to me!"

Stanley was the only white man that Livingstone had talked with in six years. He remained during the winter and earnestly urged the Doctor to return to England with him, but Livingstone was anxious to use the last days of his life in seeking to overthrow the African slave trade. Stanley says: "For four months and four days I lived with him in the same hut, or in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with warm mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself, 'Why does he stop here? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out the words, 'Leave all and follow me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

Stanley returned to England, while Livingstone went about his work as the hero of the Dark Continent. In 1873, on the twenty-ninth of April, weary and worn with a long journey, he reached the village of Ilala, where he was laid on a rude bed in a hut for the night. He rested quietly the next day. About four o'clock in the morning on the first of May, Susi, his faithful servant, found Livingstone on his knees, as if in prayer, dead in the glow of the candle light.

They took out his loyal heart and buried it under a huge tree, on which they inscribed his name. His body they dried for fourteen days in the sun, keeping watch over it both night and day. Then they wrapped it in cloth, the legs being bent at the knees, and the whole inclosed in a large piece of bark, in the shape of a cylinder. Over this a piece of sail-cloth was sewed, and the

package was lashed to a pole, so as to be carried by two men. For nine months they continued their march, then placed their master's body on board of one of her Majesty's steamships, which reached England April 18, 1874, and his body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

Florence Nightingale said of him: "God has taken away the greatest man of this generation." Sir Bartle Frere, president of the Royal Geographical Society, wrote of Livingstone: "As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. . . . I never met a man who more nearly fulfilled my idea of a perfect Christian gentleman, actuated in what he thought and said and did by the highest and most chivalrous spirit, modeled on the precepts of his great Master and Exemplar." Henry Drummond, after his travels through East Central Africa, testified: "Wherever David Livingstone's footsteps are crossed in Africa the fragrance of his memory seems to remain. . . . If some travelers have engraved their names on the rocks and tree trunks, he has engraved his in the very hearts of the heathen population of Central Africa. Wherever Livingstone has passed, the name of missionary is a passport and recommendation." Stanley said: "Not only did Livingstone weave by his journey the figure of his Redeemer's Cross on the map of Africa, but, scattering ever his Master's words, and patterning his life after the Master, stamped the story of the Cross on the hearts of every African tribe he visited."

S. Theresa Jackson

ART. IX.—JOHN WESLEY AND CHARTER HOUSE

THE seventeenth of June, 1703, will always be recognized by the people called Methodists, because on that day the man, under God, the Founder of Methodism, was born. However far the different branches of that body may have separated, they are one in their recognition of the birth of John Wesley in the Epworth Rectory, more than two hundred years ago. Historians have traced with great care the successive periods in the wonderful life of our great founder: his well-nigh miraculous rescue from fire, when six years old; his careful training under the direction of his noble mother; his entrance and studies in Charter House School; his career in Oxford University as a student of Christ Church, and later as a Fellow of Lincoln College; his work as a curate to his father; his mission to Georgia; and his later activities. They have associated with his religious life his meetings with the young men of the Holy Club in Oxford, Charles Wesley, Morgan, and Kirkham, in an especial manner. Especially they have emphasized the meeting in Aldersgate Street, when his heart was strangely warmed and he received the assurance that he was a child of God. All these influences are necessary in order to account for his life. There is one part, however, of his history to which sufficient attention has not been given. We might almost call it a lost chapter, for we find only a slight reference to the part of his life which we are considering. We do not mean that Wesley's biographers have not mentioned or discussed Charter House, but that no special account has been taken of it as among the great formative forces of his character. Oxford University has been largely recognized as a most important factor in John Wesley's early training, and properly, but Charter House is scarcely recognized as having anything to do with inspiring his life. We may well call attention to this institution of learning, to which John Wesley, who had been nominated for the place by the Duke of Buckingham, was sent when he was eleven years old.

The name Charter House was so called because the Order

of Carthusian Monks occupied its original position. This order of monks was instituted at Chartreuse, and in time the word was corrupted to Charter House. After various vicissitudes it became the property of Thomas Sutton, Esq., and through him became the seat of the noble institution of which we are speaking. It became a place for the "sustentation and relief of the poor and aged, etc., and for the instruction, teaching, maintenance, and education of poor children and scholars." It was at that time the "greatest gift in England, either in Protestant or Catholic times, ever bestowed by any individual." Fuller says of Mr. Sutton, the founder, that "he used often to repair to a private garden, where he poured forth his prayer to God and was frequently overheard to use this expression, 'Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use of it.'" There used to be an old Carthusian melody with the chorus,

Then blessed be the memory of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning, and he gave us beef and mutton.

The governors of this foundation were sixteen in number. The king was at the head, with the archbishops of York and Canterbury and others of the nobility. Oliver Cromwell was elected governor in 1658, and was succeeded by his son Richard. Forty-two scholars were maintained as boarders, and also there were elections to exhibitions at the University of Oxford from eighty to a hundred pounds a year. The location was exceedingly healthful, and the grounds large enough to afford opportunity for abundant exercise. Bentley's Magazine says, "Charter House was no ordinary charitable foundation, but ranks justly with the other collegiate and public foundations of England." Upon the register of this school, we are told, have been the names of some of the most famous men of England. Among them I may note Isaac Barrow, the eminent divine and scholar; Sir William Blackstone, the author of the commentaries on law, whose works are still household words among lawyers; Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Mr. Thackeray, great masters in literature; Bishop Thirwell and George Grote, historians of Greece. Among all the list of eminent men who have been students at Charter House it is

safe to say that none were greater than John Wesley, who spent six years there as a student at the most formative period of his life.

Charter House, though its location has been changed, still lives, however, and has a magnificent range of school buildings at Godalming in Surrey, on the breezy and picturesque hillside where students still go to pursue their studies in the same school to which John Wesley went almost two hundred years ago. We have written thus at length of Charter House because we do not think sufficient credit has been given to John Wesley's residence at Charter House School as a part of his training for his great career. As already said, the historians have for the most part passed over this period of Wesley's life as scarcely worthy of notice, and those who have noticed it have either spoken of it with disparagement, or, if not, have failed to recognize its importance. Tyerman, in his exhaustive history, says that young Wesley went to Charter House, after the instructions of his mother, a *saint*, and left it a *sinner*. On the other hand, Dr. Rigg, in his little book *The Living Wesley*, objects to this inference and thinks Charter House had no such unfavorable influence as Tyerman indicates. It may be presumption to suggest that neither of these great historians has given sufficient credit to Charter House for its influence on Mr. Wesley's life. That it had a favorable influence on his health he himself acknowledges. His father had strictly charged him that he should run around the Charter House playing green three times every morning. He further tells us that the elder scholars were exceedingly oppressive to the smaller boys and took from them the meat which had been given them, so that for three years his sustenance was chiefly dry bread. These were certainly hard lines for a boy at the age when his appetite is generally keen, and shows a rude state of society in which there could be a school where such things were tolerated; but we must remember that the general state of society at that time throughout England was exceedingly rude, in the high classes as well as the low, and that these conditions in the school were but the expressions of the age from which John Wesley was providentially raised up to deliver them. With that

philosophical insight which characterized him in later years, John Wesley attributed his running around Charter House green three times every morning and his dry bread as the foundation of his constant health and his long life. His own hard experience did not deter him from enforcing the most rigorous regulations in the school which he afterward founded at Kingston. We do not think at this time the most rigid disciplinarian would impose upon his students the hardships which John Wesley endured, and which by his own action afterward he seemingly approved. My contention is that John Wesley had his Charter House before he had his Oxford, and perhaps Charter House had more to do in molding his life than the historians have recognized.

What, then, did Charter House do for John Wesley? It took him at the most important period of his life. What a priceless period in human life is that from eleven to seventeen! Certainly there is no time afterward at which such profound impressions are made and such lasting influences wrought. The Charter House School gave him discipline, and, from the statement of the historians, it gave him introspection. Tyerman says that Wesley became at Charter House, according to his own statement, "more negligent than before even of outward duties and almost continually guilty of outward sins, which . . . I knew to be such, though they were not scandalous in the eyes of the world. However, I still read the Scriptures and said my prayers morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by was, first, not being so bad as other people; second, having still a kindness for religion; and, third, reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers." And then he adds a statement to which we have already referred: "John Wesley entered the Charter House a saint and left it a sinner." If we might be allowed to put an interpretation on the facts of John Wesley's early history, it would be this, he came to Charter House satisfied with himself: he left it dissatisfied with himself and feeling the need of a salvation to which he had not attained, and for which he was struggling. In other words, he was nearer a saint when he left Charter House than when he came. The internal struggles of his soul at Charter House were the prelude to the victorious experi-

ence at Aldersgate Street at the humble meeting at which the spiritual John Wesley was born. Further, Charter House supplied his scholastic preparation for Oxford and laid the foundation of that fine scholarship which the church everywhere recognizes. Wedgewood's *Life of Wesley* (page 27) says, "The Oxford of Wesley's day was not in high repute for scholarship." Wesley was proficient in the classics. The foundation of that scholarship must have been laid at Charter House.

The Charter House, London, of that day ranks with Rugby and Eton Colleges of England in our day. We know what Rugby and Eton mean to England. Many of the eminent men of England have had their training for the universities at these famous schools. No records of England's great men is complete without a description of this period in their history. In every life of Gladstone there is a vivid portraiture of his career at Eton College before he went to Oxford. Many of England's famous men have been the honored heads of these famous institutions. One of the great names in modern English history, to whom reference has duly been made, is the well-known Arnold of Rugby. His influence on the after life of the youth who studied at Rugby is one of the great traditions of English school life. Rugby and Arnold are associated in the minds of scholars for their great influence on the thought and life of England. Matthew Arnold, the modern literary critic, the apostle of "Sweetness and Light," and the great apostle of modern Hellenic culture, was the son of Arnold of Rugby. His is a great name in literature and justly honored for the wealth of his culture, but I predict that the influence of his father, Arnold of Rugby, will outlast the influence of "the apostle of Sweetness and Light."

Our academic institutions are our Methodist "Charter Houses," our "Rugbys," and our "Etons." Here are the beginnings of character formed. Here are the most potent influences that mold the after life. Here are the foundations of scholarship laid. Few men or women ever become scholars afterward who do not lay the foundations during this part of their scholastic life. A few years ago Dr. Lightfoot, the Lord Bishop of Durham, England, one of the foremost scholars of his age and one of the greatest

bishops, whose commentaries will instruct students in the Scriptures for generations, gave an account of the inspiration of his life. He did not assign his success to the Cambridge University in which he took such high rank, but to Dr. Prince Lee, the high master of Birmingham Grammar School and afterward Bishop of Manchester. In the height of his fame as a scholar and bishop, he said: "I have sometimes thought that if I were allowed to live one hour only of my past life over again, I would choose a Butler lesson under Lee. His rare eloquence was never more remarkable than during these lessons." The point that I am insisting on is the great duty of the hour to maintain at their full strength our Charter Houses, our Rugbys, our Etons. They are the places where character is formed. Character cannot be formed without discipline, and discipline must have its basis in law. The mother of John Wesley enforced discipline with her children, but it was the discipline of the mother and the discipline of the master. The discipline of a good institution of learning is a discipline of law controlled by love. President Hyde, in an address a few years ago to the graduating class of Phillips Exeter Academy, according to the newspaper report, likened a good academy to the Old Testament, which requires certain things to be done and permits no one to remain in the school or to graduate from it who has not done all these things. He said: "The Winchester School, the oldest public school in England, has for one of its mottoes 'Learn or Leave.' Perhaps you ask, then, What lack we yet? What is there in college which we have not gained in school? I answer, an entirely different attitude toward work and study. The good school must drive by more or less compulsion; the good college must draw by attraction. If you succeed in college or life, it will not be because you have mastered this or that subject, but because it has mastered you." It is through the discipline of prescribed regulations and strict devotion to duty accompanied by Christian love that those characters are to be formed which by God's constant grace will endure the strain of after life. We believe that in no part of educational life is this training given so fully as in our Charter Houses of to-day.

We have already intimated that one rarely becomes a scholar,

in its highest sense, unless he has the spirit and characteristics of scholarship before he enters on professional study. One can get information at any period of life, but scholarship, the delicate appreciation of the choicest things, must come by the slow process of constant drill such as is given in institutions of learning, of which we are now speaking. One of the most difficult things instructors have to do is to keep young students from making mistakes in this direction. They are in such a hurry; they do not understand that all solid foundations are laid by slow processes. They would reverse the order of nature and plant the branches of the tree instead of the roots. They would erect their building by constructing the roof before they lay the foundations. They desire to master the higher studies before they become familiar with the elementary ones. They insist on writing poetry before they have learned to spell accurately. Time is the element which these institutions demand—and *must demand* if they would do their highest work. It was a wise saying of Emerson that no one can learn that which he is not prepared to learn. Our academic institutions prepare the students for those higher studies and those practical branches which belong to a later period. Hence, if I could have my way I would lay emphasis on this point—that our Charter Houses and our Rugbys should see to it that in their professors' chairs shall be maintained the highest standard of scholarship. To this end I would plead for endowments for these institutions. We would provide scholarships which would afford encouragement to bright boys and girls from the homes of the poor. We would place these institutions on firm financial foundations and thus promote in the country that high scholarship which should be the characteristic of our age. We need our Charter Houses in order to promote the Christian life among the young men and women of our land. It is objected on the part of some that these institutions are unnecessary because of the many institutions of high character established by the State. Let us not for one moment be understood as undervaluing those noble institutions and the generosity of the State in regard to them, but in the nature of the case the positive elements of Christianity, the deeper things which separate it from the other religions of the

world, cannot be taught there. The Christianity taught in State institutions is in a measure colorless. The writer once visited such an institution and was informed by the principal that they would be glad to have him speak to the school on religion, but he must avoid anything that had a sectarian aspect. He did not mean by that we must avoid anything denominational, which certainly would have been improper, but to avoid those deeper things on which the world differs so clearly from the church. He would have me speak only those things in Christianity to which those of all creeds and no creed would assent. It was this very element of positive Christianity for the preaching of which John Wesley became an exile from the church of his fathers, and it is this element we believe must be maintained by our institutions of Christian learning. The church little knows how much it is indebted to such schools of learning for the Christian and intellectual inspiration which they have given to our noblest men and women.

Henry A. Buttz

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

EDITORIAL NOTE

DR. CROTHERS, in one of his essays, tells how one troublesome, though stimulating, hearer made life harder for one comfortable and easy-going preacher: "The other day a minister, a worthy man, took me into his confidence and told me his troubles. He had been gifted with a strong voice and a confident manner, and had acquired a reputation for fluency and eloquence. He had by constant practice overcome the timidity which comes to a public speaker when he stops to think whether what he is about to say is worth while. He did not need to stop to think—he was such an easy speaker. He never was at a loss for a word, and would use the word as a life-preserver as he struck out boldly for his next head. He knew that he would always be buoyed up in this way, so that the preparation of his sermons never interfered with his parish calls. One day, in the midst of a most eloquent passage, he observed a man in the back pew with a look of intellectual curiosity in his countenance. He was evidently impressed with the volume of sound, and was trying to find out what it was all about. The minister said that instantly the same thought came into his own mind, and for the life of him he could not tell what it was about. Unfortunately that man in the back seat became a regular attendant and always looked interested in a way somewhat disturbing. The minister said that one hearer who insists on thinking while he is in church has caused him more disquietude than all the others put together. Sometimes a fine illustration is spoiled by seeing the look of wondering inquiry as to what it illustrates. That man in the back pew has changed sermon-making from a luxurious and complacent pleasure into downright hard work. One such listener can make life harder for the man in the pulpit, but to the preacher's everlasting benefit, and also to his congregation's greatly increased profit. Raising the standard will ultimately raise the preacher's rank. Our best friends are those who exact of us our best and make us do it."

THE METHODIST REVIEW¹

THE METHODIST REVIEW, now in its ninety-fifth year, holds on the tenor of its way, with clear convictions, well-defined ideals, and positive purposes, which it strives to realize and regrets not having accomplished more fully. What they are need not be stated in this report, since they are manifest to whose cares to know them in the editorial utterances and management of the REVIEW. In a time of varying views and opposing opinions among men who are equals in earnestness and sincerity, a time of disagreement and dispute, the REVIEW endeavors to deserve a reputation for intelligence, open-mindedness, loyalty, consistency, and steadiness; seeing on the one side the necessity for that free spirit of investigation which all through the Christian ages has, for one example of its intelligent exercise, encouraged and profited by the labors of competent biblical scholars in successive and progressive renderings of the text of Holy Scripture from available manuscripts, at various periods from the Septuagint and Jerome's Vulgate in early centuries down to the American Revision in our own; and seeing on the other side the necessity of safeguarding all the treasures of our holy religion, so that nothing be lost, and so that the supernatural luster which is the hallowed glory of our Christian Faith be preserved undimmed in all our sanctuaries and in the souls of all our people.

The members of the Book Committee are such constant and critical readers of the REVIEW, so fully acquainted with its faults and with any excellences it may succeed in having, that any attempt to mislead them as to its real quality and deserts must be futile and fatuous. We may, however, say, without an appearance of effrontery, that, if testimonies as to the value of the REVIEW which are volunteered from outside and inside of Methodism are half justified, it deserves, and should not be content with less than, a circulation of Ten Thousand, toward which we are already so far on the way that it seems not impossible of realization in the near future.

From among the year's testimonies we submit the one which, all things considered, may rank as the best-informed, most capable, authoritative, and conclusive.

On March 13, last, Boston Methodists, with all Methodism in full sympathy, celebrated with great deference, admiration, and affection the eightieth birthday of Dr. William F. Warren, long President of

¹ Part of the Editor's report to the Book Committee, April 16, 1913.

Boston University, a teacher unsurpassed, probably the ripest, most extensively erudite, and most widely known scholar alive now in all Methodism; and as Bishop Fowler said, "a truly great character," as saintly as scholarly. Of him *Zion's Herald* recently said: "Among the great names that New England has given to the Church there is none that surpasses in work done and in brilliant achievements the record of William Fairfield Warren," a statement which Methodism at large will not dispute.

Through fifty years this eminent scholar has been a continuous and critical reader of the *METHODIST REVIEW*. His memory covers all its stages and phases in the past half-century. No more capable critic and no more competent judge can be found to pronounce on this particular case. His unsolicited and entirely spontaneous opinion of the *REVIEW* as it is in these years runs as follows: "I am often amazed at the immeasurable mass of information and the incalculable forces of inspiration which have proceeded from our *REVIEW* during the years of its most recent period. Yesterday came its current issue, another of the bimonthly feasts on which I have learned to count. . . . John McClintock and Daniel D. Whedon, if they were here, would be among the first to say that the successive issues sent out by the *REVIEW* in these years far surpass those of their day."

After reading the March-April, 1913, number, Dr. Warren writes, "I never weary of your fine issues."

If this be true, the reason of it is that the intellectual and scholarly resources of Methodism increase with every year; which promises well for the efficiency of the Methodism of to-morrow and for the growth of the *REVIEW* in time to come.

PRESIDENT WELCH ON THE CLINIC IN THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION¹

It was my fortune not long ago, while visiting a German city—none other than Berlin—to have opportunity of hearing in their own classrooms at the university several eminent scholars and teachers. One was a professor of internal medicine, another of surgery; they were holding clinics. With easy mastery of their subjects, they taught from the living object and called up students to have some slight part in question and in examination, and then to apply their knowledge at once to the solution of the problem in hand. Still another of these

¹ By President Herbert Welch, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio.

teachers was professor of the New Testament; he was discussing, with the aid of admirable pictures thrown upon a screen, the construction of the Jewish synagogues of Galilee. A fourth was a historian; he was giving his great course on the History of Dogma, and his special subject that day was the theological implication of certain pictures of the seventh and eighth centuries. Both the theological teachers were masters in their own realms, and both spoke with sincerity and earnestness. Their lectures were excellent examples of that comprehensiveness, that thoroughness, and that accuracy which have made German scholarship famous.

It goes without the saying that these were hardly typical instances. Medical education, of course, is not all clinical, and the ordinary theological training does not consist chiefly of dissertations on synagogues and ancient paintings. The incident is not cited to prove anything, but merely to suggest some things. It is, in a word, a point of departure—not even a text, but only (as Dr. Upham used to say) a pretext. Yet the contrast between the medical and the theological classrooms was wonderfully striking; and it inevitably started a train of thought as to the relative methods and merits of theological and medical education.

One could not but feel that the medical professor, in dealing with something concrete, individual, present—the immediate application of his science—had a marked advantage over the theological professor, concerned with something in the rather vague, at least not urgent, past—namely, the history and theory of a religion. And one began to ask himself if the method of medicine was one foreign to the nature of theology; or whether, on the other hand, the study of theology might not be vitalized by a use of the methods found helpful in other branches of learning, which indeed have revolutionized work in many of those departments. The biological and physical sciences begin at a very early stage work in the laboratory. Engineering, according to the latest advance, sends its students for half their time to labor in the shops—one week in the college, the next in the factory. Normal schools have their “observation” and “practice” periods side by side with their classes in the history and the philosophy of education. Law has generally taken up the “case” method. Medicine has not only the clinic, but even better, the bedside teaching which characterizes our best American medical colleges, and which caused one of the greatest German medical teachers (Müller, of Munich) on a recent visit to Johns Hopkins to declare that because of this direct and

repeated contact with the individual case, our students were better trained than the German.

Where is the counterpart in theology of this wide modern use of the clinical principle? There is a suspicion, indulged and not infrequently expressed, that theology has not kept pace with its sister sciences in its methods. All will admit that no perfection of method guarantees that each student shall become a great preacher or leader; not all students from the best medical or other technical schools reach eminence. But perfection of method, other things being equal, must make for efficiency in theological as in other professional schools. Is the comparison not perfectly legitimate? The object is in each case precisely the same: not to make scholars, in the narrow and technical sense, whether in law, medicine, education, or theology, but to make successful practitioners. Happy the school where the exceptional man who can become a scholar and enlarge the circle of human knowledge can also be provided for! But the aim must be consistently to make practitioners; *and the best practitioners cannot be trained by theoretical teaching alone.* The end is to be sought, in theology as in other departments, in three ways: by instruction in theory, by observation of experts at work, and by personal practice under competent supervision.

Now, the practitioner in theology—or, perhaps better, in religion—is first of all, in most cases, to be a preacher; and preaching is big business. Of course, it is never to be to the preacher an end in itself, but only a means, as a drug is to the physician or a lancet to the surgeon. It is an instrument and nothing more. Its excellence is invariably to be tested by what it can do, does do. Great preachers, like great surgeons, will always be rare, but there may be multitudes of successful preachers. The intellectual preparation for success should involve not only a study of the history and theory of homiletics, but in addition personal observation of preachers (good and bad, great and small) and free discussion of their faults and virtues as preachers; and also practice of preaching under the supervision and suggestion of experience and wisdom. One or two exhibition sermons in a theological school do not at all meet this need; that is not, cannot be, real preaching. Would that we could call back the days of the “senior” and “junior” preachers, or find some modern substitute for that excellent plan!

But the Christian minister is to be much more than a preacher. On the whole, there is too much sermonizing; too little searching and

serving. The pastor is leader of a church in the regeneration of the world, and in particular of his own community; and formal preaching is only one of the instruments by which this is to be accomplished. The proof question concerning a church is not that of its members, its collections, its good fellowship, its popularity; but this: what is the church actually doing to make Jesus Christ King of that community and of the wider world in all their activities? *How* to do it—that is what the minister supremely needs to know and to achieve. For the completest fitting he doubtless ought to be somewhat familiar with the history of religion in general and of Christianity in particular—in broad outlines. (These are all he will remember, at best.) But what would be thought of a student of medicine, law, education, one fifth of whose whole course was given to studying the history of his profession? History, language, biblical and systematic theology—certainly let the theological student have them all! But not to such an extent that he has scant time left to study men, and masters, and methods—not out of a textbook, but at first hand. Why should he not go to the spiritual hospitals as the medical student goes to the physical—persistently, intimately, practically? He is to be a guide of youth (and no higher function can be his), he is to practice “preventive religion” by instruction and warning and the stimulation of all lofty and holy passion; but he is also to deal extensively with pathological cases. Many varieties of sin and sorrow are to come to him for treatment. Is it anything short of cruelty to demand of a callow, inexperienced youth—no matter how sweet in spirit, how fine in scholarship—that he go unaccompanied to a community to deal with its highest and deepest and most delicate problems? The physician with nothing but a theoretical knowledge of diagnosis and therapeutics would be deemed wildly, if not guiltily presumptuous if he depended upon God by some merciful miracle to direct him to the recognition and proper treatment of his first patient’s trouble. With present methods of theological training, it is small wonder that many ministers have no program—no definite and large vision of the thing they are set to do in their parishes—and fancy that when they have preached the regulation number of sermons, held the stated prayer and board and committee meetings, made the usual number of calls, increased the collections, and kept the church from a division, their work has been crowned with prosperity, and all is well!

I am not attacking theological schools; contrary to some very good authorities in our day (such as Canon Henson, if he is correctly

reported), I believe in them heartily—even more heartily in them as they may be than as they are. They ought to be, in brief, schools of actual observation and of actual practice to a far greater degree than up to this time they are. Not that they have wholly ignored this need. They send their students to preaching appointments; they encourage them to work in city missions, or to reside in social settlements, or to participate in reform activities; possibly some do much more. But are not such efforts at present sporadic, irregular, affecting only a fraction of the students? What I plead for is a recognized, organized, supervised, and continuous place in the regular curriculum itself for such observation and practice work. Why should not each student, for example, make a personal study of several churches in his region—large or little, rich or poor, more or less efficient; family, institutional, or mission; city, suburban, rural—study them in their composition, their organization, their leadership, their spirit, their methods, their fields, their failures, and their successes; and by such analysis discover in an impressive and lasting way how to do it and how not to do it? Why should not the places be visited and dwelt in where humanity crowds and welters in its miseries and its vices, and where good men, made wise by God and prayer and love and experience, deal with those who need them, though they may not want them? Why should these young ministers not be taught under watchful and skillful oversight how to avoid the blunders and how to gain the victories for the will of God in Christ Jesus?

Theory—let us have the best! Observation—let it be required, constant, thorough, tested, discussed! Practice—let it in some way be a part of the theological course, and always under the direction of those who themselves *can*! The physician of the soul must find his clinics, his hospitals, his bedside courses, his immediate application of the religion which he professes and studies, if he is to prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed, one who in this new day can meet the expectation of Christ and of men.

DR. GEISSINGER ON CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER¹

PARAGRAPH 564 of the Book of Discipline says: "In the social crisis now confronting Christianity, the urgent need and duty of the church is to develop an evangelism which shall recognize the possi-

¹ By Dr. J. A. Geissinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

bility and imperative necessity of accomplishing the regeneration of communities as well as of persons; whose goal shall be the perfection of both society and the individual." In this pronouncement the church is committed to the program of the *Christianization* of the world rather than to the mere *evangelization* of the world, which seems to be the sole objective of certain sections of the church. It is the former point of view which is *set forth* in Professor Walter Rauschenbusch's latest book, *Christianizing the Social Order*.

I need scarcely refer to his earlier book—*Christianity and the Social Crisis*—for it has become a classic, having been admitted to the course of study required of our traveling preachers. In that book, after a careful study of the teaching of the prophets and of Jesus, Professor Rauschenbusch concluded that the essential purpose of Christianity is to transform human society into the kingdom of God by regenerating and reconstituting all human relations, and that, while for various reasons organized Christianity has been delayed in carrying out this purpose, or has been deflected from it, this mighty social task confronts Christianity at present and, as never before, challenges it. The new volume seeks to analyze our present social and economic situation with more particularity, that the church may more clearly discern its duty and map out its program. The author says, "If a man reads the Bible and the Survey he ought to find salvation" (page 407). I am sure that if a man will, in addition to this, read *Christianizing the Social Order*, he will have a clearer conception of what God requires of him to-day and a deeper desire to be true to his larger light. For the book is more than a study of conditions. It is a silver trumpet sounding an advance to the hosts of Israel, saying with no uncertain sound, "Go forward."

It is not likely that all of us will agree with the author in all of his positions, for he treats of such live questions as socialism, trades-unionism, the single tax, conservation, and corporations (not to mention the dispensational interpretations of creation); but we shall all of us always be grateful to him for his snapshots of existing conditions, as he has, as he puts it, "scouted around our economic system, mined under it and aéroplaned over it." We shall also be glad, always, for his fine insights and for his robust appeals to the heroic in us. At the same time I believe we can generally agree with his fundamental position that "capitalism has generated a spirit of its own which is antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity; a spirit of hardness and cruelty that neutralizes the Christian spirit of love; a spirit that sets

material goods above spiritual possessions." By capitalism is meant "the present economic order, in which one set of men own the material factors of production, raw material, machinery, and factories" (page 180), while another set, the wage-workers, own their working ability, including skill or technical knowledge; a system in which men seek first not the kingdom of God, not righteousness, not fullness of opportunity for all, but profit. And the love of profit, if not the root of all evil, has at least created "a feverish heat of desire in which the higher qualities of life are melted and burned." Some one will at once seek to mitigate this statement by calling to mind the finer elements of our civilization. Rauschenbusch, of course, has not overlooked these, but his position is that our economic system is the one un-Christianized element in our total social life or civilization. Our civilization is neither Christian nor un-Christian, but semi-Christian. Its regeneration is in process. The hardest part of the process has been passed through. The institutions of the family, the church, the school, and the state have been brought into harmony with the ethical convictions which we identify with Christ. In the case of the family the despotism of the man has passed into approximate equality between husband and wife, the children have become free companions of the parents, and have passed under the law of unselfish service. "Based on equal rights, bound together by love and respect for individuality, governed under the law of mutual helpfulness, the family to-day furnishes the natural habitation for a Christian life and fellowship" (page 133). Various forces have brought about this result, but chief among them is Christianity.

Of the state he says: "In spite of all failures, we can assert that our political communities are constitutionally on a Christian footing. Instead of legalizing class inequality, they at least try to be an organized expression of the equal rights of all. Instead of being a firmly wrought system for holding down the weak and depriving them of the natural means of self-help, and even of a voice to utter their wrongs, our government tries to be a guarantee of freedom and a protection to the helpless. Instead of being constitutionally an organization of a clique for their private advantage, it is planned as an organization of all for the common good, and falls into the hands of marauding interests only through the ignorance and laziness of the citizens. Democracy is not equivalent to Christianity, but in politics democracy is the expression and method of the Christian spirit." Democracy has made its greatest achievements among the

Anglo-Saxons, but is the conquering tendency in political life the world over. And it registers the Christian sense of the worth of the person, the care for the weak, the passionate love for freedom, equality, and fraternity. All this is most hopeful, for it is the earnest that all other portions of our social life shall come, eventually, completely under the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

As Rauschenbusch says, the next thing to be brought under the law of Christ is the economic order. In chapter after chapter dealing with the law of profit, the fierce competitions of our modern business world, the relation of master to man, of business to the public, of gain to life, of commerce to comeliness, to the home and the common good, the author fairly, but unmincingly and most brilliantly, points out the un-Christian features of our industrial life. He sees clearly that capitalism "is the most efficient system for the creation of material wealth which the world has ever seen." "It has put humanity under the law of work." It has furthered laws and habits of association on a large scale. It has made for leadership such as the captains and kings of history have had—"the rough directness of aim," "the imperious command of social forces by a single will," "the self-confidence and driving power of men who are accustomed to make decisions and to be obeyed." "It begets venturesomeness" and concentration of intellect and will, with a perpetual forward reaching of the mind. Chiefly it has developed the application of machine power to production and furthered the organization of associated groups of workers on a large scale. On the other hand, it has banked on the honesty and trustworthiness created by forces outside itself; it has been restrained by the democratic power of the state again and again, and thus has been saved from collapse. Moreover, the vast increase in the moral and intellectual force of the American during the nineteenth century was largely due to the spread of democracy and education, and these led to the rise of science, which, in turn, has added amazingly to our material wealth.

In other words, capitalism has proved itself efficient in enforcing the law of work and in securing material profits; but it has not been sufficient to the needs of man's life in other particulars. It has been so indifferent to the human side of life, to the moral demands of life, as to be not only brutalizing, in the ordinary sense of that word, but also immoral, overriding every consideration save that of material gain. And, as has been said above, but for other forces operating in civilization it would have defeated its own hotly sought end. The

great problem before the Christian world to-day is to Christianize this industrial order, and to displace the prevailing economic spirit with the Spirit of Christ. This cannot be done in a day, but it *can* be done. And *this* Professor Rauschenbusch calls upon the church to do, indicating ways and means. In fact, he points out that such a movement is already under way, making for the democratizing of property and industry as the Renaissance made for the democratizing of education and the intellect, the Reformation for the democratizing of the church and the Revolution for the democratizing of the state.

The review I have given of the main constructive positions of the book has not permitted even an attempt to convey to the reader something of its fine literary style, dry humor, and genuine human quality. Nor has it enabled me to touch upon his story of the rise of social feeling within the church, a story in which he touches illuminatingly upon many current church movements, and in which he ascribes to Methodism a most honorable part in the Christian leadership of the nation. But the limits of space remind me that I must not indulge myself in this respect, however much I may long to do so.

No Christian business man can afford to pass up this book, and no preacher will think of doing anything of the kind. The author's fame is a guarantee against that.

THE ARENA

THE NEGRO AND THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN

ONE of the most welcome periodicals that come to my desk is the METHODIST REVIEW. In the number (September-October) before me is an article entitled "Fifty Years at School," a résumé of the intellectual progress of the American Negro during the past half century. So much of it is applicable to the Indian Christian that I desire to make these suggestions:

"In measuring the attainments and prospects of the Negro [and the Indian Christian] we must consider the depths from which he has come rather than the heights which he has reached." Exactly. If we think of and dwell on the great unattained even the optimist would lose heart, but when we look at the pit whence our brother was digged, and then look upon the solid Rock on which he stands, we thank God and take courage.

The Negro was regarded as "less than human. . . . He was, and should

aspire to be, nothing more than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Therefore all facilities for intellectual training were denied him. It was asserted that he could not learn. The South acted upon Carlyle's 'merciless proposition,' 'The Negro is useful to God's creation only as a servant.' However, as the United States Commissioner of Education says, "This claim that the Negro could not learn seems to have been founded upon a desire rather than a belief; for in order to justify the assertion, laws were made forbidding the Negro to attempt to learn. It was a crime for the Negro to perform the impossible!" The fact that Brahmans and other high-caste men regard our low-caste Christian in just this light accounts for their strenuous opposition and furious rage whenever we establish schools for the children of our converts. For any but the élite to learn to read is a crime. From the very fact that he sprang from the feet of Brahm, the low-caste man is condemned to a life-long servitude, and only as he remains bound with the chains of ignorance will the continuance of his serfdom be possible.

Again, "It is not claimed, nor should it be expected, that a race only fifty years from slavery should show an average of scholarship equal to that of a race which has enjoyed fifteen centuries of Christian civilization, with its opportunities for culture." Apropos of the above let me say that only this week an intelligent Englishman, speaking of the progress of the English and other Christian nations, condemned other races for their comparative lack of progress. Having this article in mind, I referred to the phenomenal advance of the American Negro. "O," he replied, "that's because the Negroes are living in a Christian country, surrounded by civilization, but look at the backwardness of Africa after all these centuries." He, like so many of my English acquaintances, forgets his English history and seemed rather surprised when I asked, "And what progress did your forefathers make before they came in contact with Christianity?" The scales fell from his eyes and he saw.

The Indian Christian is advancing in scholarship and spirituality, but let us be fair and not judge him by wrong standards nor demand too much from him. Remember that he has barely come out of the slavery of heathenism, ignorance, and superstition. "Fifty years ago an unappreciable number of Negroes had any learning whatsoever; to-day seventy per cent of the race have the rudiments of an education." This cannot be said of the Indian Christian, but year by year the percentage of the literate is growing, and the future is aglow with hope.

The closing word as applied to our Indian Christian community touches upon our greatest need and suggests a method which we are pursuing with ever-increasing success. I give it without further comment: "The Negro race needs leaders of its own blood, and these, in order that they may lead wisely, must be thoroughly trained. The true method of dealing with this people is to provide good elementary education with industrial features for the many; secondary education, especially good normal courses, for those who can go farther, and the higher education, as a possibility and incitement, for the few specially qualified for it."

Ballia, U. P., India.

H. J. SCHUTZ.

CONCERNING THE "TWO-MIND THEORY"

In the last November-December number of the REVIEW there appeared an article on "The Two-Mind Theory," purporting to be a protest against certain psychological views now quite generally held. It seems to the present writer hardly fair to let the view represented in the article referred to stand as an unchallenged statement of what is actually held by psychologists to-day. In the first place, the investigation of this particular field of psychology is comparatively recent, while the conversation which furnished the basis of the article referred to occurred admittedly ten years ago, and at a time when views in this particular field could hardly have reached anything like a settled state. Furthermore, the particular devotee of subconsciousness whom he is quoting advocated such extravagant views of the subconscious as would be vouched for by no first-rate psychologist, views so wild as to lead one to question the mental stability of one who would hold them seriously.

The whole protest seems to be against the idea that man has two minds; and what this present comment would aim at is to point out that it is not at all the currently accepted view of psychology, as represented in its leading investigators, that man has a double mind. In proof of this contention, let me quote from Joseph Jastro, who has written a recent and one of the best presentations of the matter: "It is quite misleading to think of the subconscious as a veritable, independently organized 'psyche,' or as a subservient understudy, however apposite and wholly legitimate such comparisons may be as metaphorical aids. The subconscious (if we may clothe these aspects of our mental life in substantive form) are two souls with but a single thought, for the sufficient reason that they are but one soul; and the unity of their heart-beat is inherent in the organism that gives them life. It is because the silent partner of our mental administration is only the sole head thereof under another guise, in another mood, with other, possibly more playful, occupation, that his dominant habits, interests, endowments, and experiences pervade their common business" (page 138). In a similar connection Professor Coe says: "The best accredited view of the subconscious is that it consists of mental activities that occur in such a condition of inattention or dissociated attention as to prevent our consciously connecting them with the remainder of our vital life. *No known facts warrant the assertion that subconscious acts are performed by some other entity than by the ordinary every-day self, or that man has a dual mind.* . . . The conscious and subconscious are continuous with each other. Both are our own experience, our own act, and they run into each other or change places, so that the apparent gulf between them is simply a lack of synthetic attention with a consequent failure to remember." No more conspicuous testimony could be given, and it should be sufficient to show that it is not the view of psychology to-day that man has a dual mind.

If we wish to illustrate the relation of the subconscious to the conscious, we might do it by a diagram in which the central, concentrated attention may be indicated by a heavily marked dot, and the subconsciousness

by a penumbra shading from the dark center out to imperceptibility at the circumference. At the focus of attention, indicated by the black dot, is the direct field of active consciousness. Granting the field of survey be a landscape, the black dot or center of attention may be a house, and we may, at the same time, be dimly conscious of barns, fields, and groves lying near it. A moment later the center of attention may shift to the barn, and the house will fall into the penumbra of vision. Thus the center of the mind's attention will be given directly to only one thing at a time, but there will be about it a cluster of all sorts of ideas lying in the penumbra of consciousness, their proximity to the center of attention for the time being dependent upon their relatedness to the thing primarily under consideration. All the while scattering ideas in the penumbra of consciousness are becoming related to each other on the basis of affinity, and by and by, as the searchlight of attention shifts to another part of the field of consciousness, we are startled to discover ideas already made which we never dreamed of possessing. The important thing to notice and emphasize is that it is the same consciousness working both at the center of attention and in the penumbra, and according to the same general laws, but acting most intensely at the center, and less intensely from center to circumference.

As to the phenomena which the author of the previous article cites, those of hypnotism, auto-suggestion, and the influence of mind over physical states, these are too well known to be laughed out of court, while the phenomena of spiritism and telepathy are of such a character as to invite the serious consideration of the most serious minds. When men like Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge are seriously investigating a subject, we do not feel like laughing at them until they have candidly acknowledged that they were chasing a chimera. We have to face the phenomena, and if we do not explain them in one way, we are under obligation to offer some better explanation, which the author under discussion has failed to do. The theory of the subconscious as more recently developed has harmonized the mental experiences of man as no other theory has done up to date, and until some better hypothesis is offered, we shall cling to that which has led us into our present measure of light. This is not to say that our knowledge is by any means full or complete, or that we are accepting present theory as final explanation, but it does mean to say that as a present working basis it is the only satisfactory view in sight, and that all the promises of future development are along this same line.

Plano, Ill.

C. LEMONT HAY.

PROFESSOR MCGIFFERT THANKS PROFESSOR FAULKNER

My friend Professor John Alfred Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, has called my attention to a note in the *METHODIST REVIEW* of November-December, 1912, pages 954ff., in which he criticizes, without naming

me, certain statements concerning Wesley in my little book on Protestant Thought before Kant, particularly the following sentence: "He [Wesley] refused to accept the Copernican astronomy on the ground that it contradicted Scripture." Professor Faulkner gives two quotations from Wesley's Compendium of Natural Philosophy which prove that he did not reject the Copernican astronomy, and thus shows my statement to have been erroneous and my words about his "recognition of an external authority to which all the conclusions about the physical universe should be made to conform" to have been exaggerated.

I am glad to be corrected in the matter and beg that this acknowledgment of my unintentional misrepresentation of the great English Evangelical may be published in the METHODIST REVIEW.

Union Theological Seminary, New York city.

A. C. MCGIFFERT.

"THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY"

THIS is the title of an ingenious article by Rev. W. N. Toble, D.D., of Lincoln, Ill., published in the METHODIST REVIEW for March-April of the current year, in which, notwithstanding the title, the resurrection of the body is practically denied and there is substituted another body that the spirit is supposed to organize for itself in the future world and that will correspond somewhat to the physical, earthly body. The writer says:

"It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Spirit of the Living God, laying hold of the constitutional forces of our material organism, as he must, in order to dwell in us at all, quickens the deeper and invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality; and that in reality, the spiritual body is a part of the new creation which constitutes regeneration; for if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation. . . . In view of these speculations and these Scriptures, it becomes easy to believe that the spirit of man, quickened by the Spirit of God, never is completely unclothed, but that it carries through death at least the nucleus of immortal material embodiment; and that in the invisible world the regenerate human spirit has the power of reorganizing its habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in the earthly life."

If it be true that in regeneration the "Spirit of the Living God" lays hold of "our material organism" and "quickens the deeper invisible substance of our mortal bodies into immortality," and that "in reality the spiritual body is a part of the new creation which constitutes regeneration," it follows that that part of the body that has become immortal in regeneration *cannot die*. This does not seem to be in harmony with Paul's great argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, in which the body, not a part of the body, is represented as dead. After having used the illustration of the seed which must "die" before it can be quickened into a new life, and which represents the dead—not partly dead—mortal

body, Paul says: "It is sown in corruption . . . dishonor . . . weakness"; "it is raised in incorruption . . . glory . . . power." In all this there is no hint that any part of the "natural body" escapes death or fails to share in the resurrection glory. What transformation will take place to adapt the natural body to the resurrection state is not set forth, but whatever the process, the whole body is to be adjusted to the immortal state. Furthermore, this transformation of the whole mortal body, fitting it for the immortal state, is fully affirmed in the resurrection of our Lord. Two things are unquestionably declared: (1) that Jesus died physically on the cross; and (2) that he arose again from the dead. There is no suggestion that any part of his natural body escaped death or that "the deeper and invisible substance" of his body had previous to death become immortal. Paul evidently believed and taught that death asserts its power over the whole body, and that the resurrection not only restores the whole body to life, but transforms and glorifies it, and so he wrote: "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."

The author of the article under review appears to ascribe a possible miraculous power to the sanctified human soul, by raising the question, "What may be the power of the regenerate and sanctified human soul when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting, celestial, and spiritual body?" Here it is suggested at least, if not affirmed, that the "sanctified human soul" will in the future world take to itself the power to "reorganize its own fitting celestial body." This suggested power of the "sanctified human soul" takes away from Christ his resurrection prerogative and passes it over to the human soul itself, which would eliminate Paul's triumphant conclusion of his great resurrection argument: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

If Dr. Tobie's theory is correct, the latter part of the above quotation should read: "But thanks be to God, which giveth the regenerated and sanctified human soul, when liberated from the limitations of a mortal body, to reorganize its own fitting celestial and spiritual body."

Moreover, this theory raises the question as to the future of those who die, not having been the subjects of regenerating grace, and consequently have not been quickened in "the deeper and invisible substance" of their "mortal bodies into immortality." Surely their spirits will not have the power of reorganizing their "habitation in eternal forms on the basis of a physical immortality begun in earthly life." For such there can be only annihilation. But Paul says "that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust."

A. B. LEONARD.

New York city.

"THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY"

DR. W. N. TORIE, in his very thoughtful article in the last REVIEW on "The Resurrection of the Body," comes very near teaching the doctrine of Emanuel Swedenborg on the same subject. I was greatly interested and edified by the article noted, and felt anew a most earnest desire to be fully endowed by the all-pervading power of the Holy Spirit, not only for his influence on the human spirit and mind, but also the body. For if the Holy Spirit not only renews the mind and spirit, but also the body of all those who receive him, how wonderful and desirable is it that we receive such a recreating force into our natures, and set forth this idea as another great incentive to all men, that they should seek and find this spirit and body-renewing energy.

Some of the Scriptures quoted appear to substantiate this teaching. For example, one used by the writer: Rom. 8. 11, and 2 Cor. 5. 1-3. But does Paul by these Scriptures give up the idea of a *material* resurrection? or the resurrection of the physical body or a body identical with the physical body? and that at the end of the world "the judgment of the great day"? Paul in his great argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians seems to set forth in great power the literal resurrection of the identical body, by using the resurrection of Christ as the hope and illustration of such a resurrection. Now does it not appear inconceivable that a spirit already invested with a spiritual and glorified body should return to the earth at the last day to be clothed with another similar body, and one that is in some mysterious way connected with the former earthly body? In the intermediate state there may be full enjoyment in the presence of our dear Lord, without the more wonderful glory that shall be ours after the resurrection of the dead. In our finite state we cannot think of a distinct personality without some idea of a tangible form, and we want to put something earthly into that subliminal state of existence, therefore the yearning for what Dr. D. D. Whedon calls the "overswathement of the soul," a kind of body. Saint John, in 1 John 3. 2, professes his ignorance in regard to the nature and conditions of the future state, saying, "It does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Our resurrection will be after the pattern of his, and our bodies spiritual and glorified bodies. The fact that his body had not met with decomposition, and ours will have passed into other conditions, is of no significance, as he is able to change "our vile bodies and fashion them like unto his own glorified body, according to that mighty power whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

"The extenuation of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead into a natural or conferred immortality, or as the result of the subliminal influence of the Holy Spirit on our spirits, in order to avoid perplexities arising from the limitation of our knowledge, surrenders the force of Paul's teaching as to the sanctity of the human body." See 1 Cor. 6. 14. It also breaks up the Pauline idea of human individuality that the complete man is composed of body, mind, and spirit, all to be pre-

served blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (1 Thess. 5. 23). The body as well as the soul has been redeemed by the great atonement through Christ Jesus. "The redemption of the body is the last stage in the great process of adoption by which we are made the sons of God" (Rom. 8. 23).

We cannot understand it, but our faith and hope rest upon the promise and provision of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Knightstown, Ind.

RICHARD C. JONES.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE APOCRYPHA

THERE can be no doubt that the collection of Jewish books known as the Apocrypha has been too much neglected during the past fifty years, and nowhere more so than in the churches of the United States. This arises largely from the fact that these books have not been in circulation to any great extent since the middle of the nineteenth century.

The earliest versions of the English Bible, beginning with that of Coverdale, almost without exception, had the apocryphal books placed usually between the Old Testament and the New. This continued till the appearance of the Authorized Version, in 1611, but from 1629 editions of this version without the Apocrypha were frequently published. Many of the lessons read in the services of the Church of England are taken from the apocryphal books.

Little by little the collection became less and less favored, especially in the nonconformist churches of English-speaking countries, so that a copy of the Bible including the Apocrypha was a rarity. This accounts very largely for the dense ignorance of many Christians regarding these old Jewish writings.

It is a matter of interest to know that a society for the study of the Apocrypha has been organized recently in England. Being international in character, its membership is composed of very many distinguished biblical scholars in Europe and America. In the list of officers and council we find a long array of university professors and church dignitaries. Such a society cannot but give added zest to the study of this branch of Jewish literature, which forms, as it were, the connecting link between Judaism and Christianity. It would be too much to say that a symmetrical conception of Jewish faith in its relation to Christianity cannot be gained without some knowledge of the Apocrypha, but no one will deny the advantage which may be derived from the study of these uncanonical books.

The word Apocrypha is from the Greek word *ἀπόκρυφος*, hidden, or concealed. The exact reason for such a designation is not clear. It may be that the books were at one time literally hidden and kept concealed

from the people at large and open only to the select few. Such a proceeding was common to many religions. Indeed, we know from Josephus and Philo that the Essenes and the Therapeutæ and other Jewish sects had their hidden books containing esoteric doctrines known only to initiates. Judaism in the main was very free from occult priestly rites and doctrines; at the same time it did not fully "escape from the charm which mystery exerts over the human mind." This accounts for the large number of apocalyptic Hebrew writings. Whatever may have been the original signification of the term, it gradually acquired the meaning to many people of spurious, or forged; unfit for reading in the public congregation.

The collection, as we shall see farther on, is not exactly the same in the many versions, but the title is applied by Americans to the following uncanonical books. The list is that given in the Revised Version (1905):

1 Esdras, 2 Esdras, Tobit, Judith, The Rest of Esther, The Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, with the Epistle of Jeremiah, The Song of the Three Holy Children, The History of Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, The Prayer of Manasseh, 1 Maccabees, 2 Maccabees.

Several of the above were written in Hebrew, or rather Aramaic. This may be true of portions of Baruch, Judith, and 1 Maccabees. Quite a fragment of Ecclesiasticus in the original Aramaic has been lately found and published by Cowley and Neubauer. The larger portion, however, was in the Greek language, perhaps by the Hellenistic Jews of Alexandria. There are portions, like 2 Esdras, where no Greek original has been discovered.

The age of the Apocrypha is not easily settled. It will be safe to conclude that it was written between the time of Ezra and the beginning of our era, and yet there are passages in some of the books which could not have been written till after the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 72. These, however, may be simple interpolations. It is characteristic of these books that they are, with one or two exceptions, anonymous. This fact adds to the difficulty of the question of age.

The Apocryphal books differ greatly in style, content, and value. Some—like Tobit and Bel and the Dragon—are pure inventions, with little or no historical basis. The Son of Sirach wrote with keen intellectuality, representing not only the thought of his own time, but also of the past ages. This book, as well as Baruch, as Churton observes, "might have been produced in times of comparative peace and prosperity, before the faith of the nation was tried by the persecution of the heathen." Not so the first book of Maccabees and the Wisdom of Solomon; they display less rationalism and more dependence upon the power of Jehovah to save. While persecuted and dismayed, the eye of faith pierces the clouds and is made to catch a glimpse of immortality and the resurrection of the body. "The author of Wisdom describes the state of the soul after death in language derived from the Psalms and Isaiah, and his faith in the resurrection may be inferred from his expression in chapter 16. 13, 14. . . . The doctrine of the prophet Daniel concerning the awakening of those who sleep in the dust is more clearly realized in the books of Maccabees, where the mother and her devoted sons are put to death with the con-

fession of the resurrection on their lips." Future rewards and punishments are clearly taught. So, too, the efficacy of prayer and masses for the dead.

None of these books ever appeared with the canonical books of the Hebrew Scriptures. There is, thus, no doubt that so far as the Jewish church was concerned, they were regarded as uninspired. Indeed, some of the books confess their inferiority and disclaim inspiration. (See 1 Macc. 4. 46. 2. Macc. 15. 38.) There can be no reasonable doubt that our Saviour was acquainted with these apocryphal books, but there is no evidence in the Gospels that he ever referred to them. The same is true of the apostles, notwithstanding the fact that they were acquainted with the Septuagint version, which included the apocryphal books. The fact that they were not cited by Christ and the apostles is no conclusive evidence against their canonicity, for the same argument would exclude Ecclesiastes, Ezra, Nehemiah, as well as Esther and the Song of Songs.

When, however, the Septuagint translation was given the world, these books, without note or comment, or without any apparent distinction as to their value, were interspersed among the canonical books of the Old Testament. Now, the Greek translation was made in Egypt and intended for the Jews scattered abroad. Very naturally, the Jews residing in foreign lands did not adhere so rigidly to the traditions of the fathers as did their brethren in Palestine. It has been suggested that there were two canons, one by the Jews of Palestine and another by the Jews of Alexandria. If that were true, the insertion of the Apocrypha in the Septuagint would not be hard to explain. But there is no proof of such a supposition. There is not a passage in the New Testament, in Josephus, Philo, or any other Jewish authority, which favors the canonicity or inspiration of any one of the apocryphal books. Nor is there any proof that the Jews in or outside of Palestine paid the same reverence to this collection as they did to the books of the Old Testament.

As already stated, the Apocrypha found their way into the Greek version of the Old Testament, and through the Greek into the Vulgate, and again through these two versions to the other versions of different countries.

Before proceeding farther it would be well to call attention to the lack of uniformity in the number and arrangement of the apocryphal books in the translations into different languages. The following from Churton will make this matter clear: "Of the more modern versions into the various European languages, the earlier ones are based upon the Vulgate; some of the later ones follow the Greek. Some include those books only which were authorized by the Council of Trent; others add the fourth book of Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh from the old editions of the Vulgate; or the third book of Maccabees from the Septuagint. In some the books are separated from the canonical books; in others, they occupy their old position, as in the Douay Bible. The old edition of the Vulgate was the basis of the English versions of the Reformation period."

There was no unanimity in the early church as to the exact value and nature of the Apocrypha. The fact, however, that they were included

by the Septuagint and Vulgate among the canonical writings gave them a great prestige. Most of the Fathers held them in great estimation, and some went so far as to make them equal to the canonical books. The books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Baruch were more frequently cited than even the books of the New Testament. The writings of Barnabas, Justin Martyn, Athenagoras, Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, and others, show a high degree of respect for the Apocrypha. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the Fathers apparently made no distinction between them and the canonical writings, the earliest canons of Scriptures left us by the early church do not include them with the canonical Scriptures. This is true of the Canon of Melito of Sardis, and also of the list given by Eusebius. And yet some Fathers, like Origen, designate some apocryphal books as "Holy Word," as "inspired and authoritative Scriptures." While held in high esteem by the majority, they were, nevertheless, condemned by not a few as irreligious; while not read in all churches, like the canonical Scriptures, they were usually recommended for private study. Jerome, a long-time resident of the Holy Land and influenced by the study of the Scriptures in Hebrew, was on the whole unfavorable to the Apocrypha. He had no hesitation in placing them among the uncanonical.

And so down through the middle ages to the Council of Trent there was practically no unanimity concerning the value of the Apocrypha.

At the Council of Trent, in 1546, after a long discussion and no little opposition, the Apocrypha, excepting 1 and 2 Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh, were pronounced canonical, and of equal value with the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments. The list as adopted by this council differed from both the Old Vulgate and the Septuagint; from the former by omitting the third and fourth books of Esdras and the Prayer of Manasseh, from the latter by the omission of 3 Esdras, Prayer of Manasseh, 3 and 4 Maccabees, as well as minor additions to Job and the Psalms. The arrangement was practically that of Jerome rather than the Septuagint. The Roman Catholic Church still adheres to the position taken by the Council of Trent.

The position of the Greek or Eastern Church is less clear, for it is an open question whether this church has ever taken a positive stand on the Apocrypha. Indeed, from the fourth century on many of the leading lights in the Eastern church have made a clear-cut distinction between the apocryphal and canonical books. Nevertheless, the Septuagint, and not the Hebrew original, is its recognized version. As the Septuagint contains the Apocrypha as apparently of the same value as the other books, it would seem natural that the former books should be regarded as inspired writings, and yet while the official Bible of the Greek Church contains some of the apocryphal books, the recognized catechism (from 1839 on), which has official sanction, gives to all books outside of the twenty-second (canonical Old Testament) a subordinate place.

The Protestant churches, though not uniform in their treatment of the Apocrypha, are practically united in placing a much lower value upon them than upon the canonical Scriptures.

Luther's position is not easily defined. To judge from his writings he changed his opinion more than once. Like Melancthon and Erasmus, he placed, as was proper, much higher value upon some of the books than upon others. It is almost certain that he never regarded any of them as canonical, though he declared some of them more worthy of a place in the canon than the book of Esther. His first translation of the Bible (1534) contained the Apocrypha. The following explanatory note was inserted: "Apocrypha, that is, books which, although not estimated equal to the Holy Scriptures, are yet useful and good to read." In his arrangement and translation he was influenced more by the Vulgate than the Septuagint. It should be added that his criticisms of first and second Esdras are very unfriendly.

The other Reformed churches, as a rule, are less partial to the Apocrypha. This is especially true of all nonconformists in English-speaking lands. Though the Apocrypha used in former years to be printed either as an appendix at the close of the New Testament, or more usually between the Old Testament and the New, there was always some kind of explanation. For example, in the Zürich Bible (1529-1530) we read: "These are the books which by the ancients were not written or numbered among the biblical books, nor are they found among the Hebrew Scriptures." In the French Bible (1535) the following note, presumably from Calvin's pen, is appended: "The volume of the apocryphal books, contained in the Vulgate translation, which we have not found in Hebrew or Chaldee."

The Synod of Dort (1618-1619), having discussed the Apocrypha at some length, declared that they were human, uninspired books, in many places at variance with the canonical Scriptures. It was also decided that if the apocryphal books should be bound in one volume with the Old and the New Testaments they should be carefully distinguished, both as to type and style of page, and, farther, that they should be placed as a separate appendix at the close of the New Testament and not between the Old and the New, as in most versions.

Though the Church of England has at all times regarded the Apocrypha as worthy of study, and has appointed several portions of the books for lessons to be read in the public services, it defines its position regarding them by saying that they were used for "example of life and instruction of manners, but yet it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine." There were loud protests against reading the Apocrypha in the public congregation even as early as the days of Queen Elizabeth, and also against binding them in the same volume as the canonical books. This opposition grew in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the Puritans attacked the Apocrypha with increased vigor. It was, however, not until 1827 that the British and Foreign Bible Society was forced to leave out the Apocrypha from its editions of the Bible. From that time to the present copies of the Bible with the apocryphal books have become rarer and rarer. So that to-day the average Bible reader in nonepiscopal churches is in blissful ignorance of the Apocrypha.

Apart from the question of inspiration and canonicity, there can be

no doubt that the study of the Apocrypha offers material nowhere else found for an intelligent understanding of both the Old and New Testaments. These books stand in the gap between the old and the new dispensations and furnish us much information concerning the Hebrews during the most eventful period of their history.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE COMPLETION OF THE HAUCK ENCYCLOPEDIA

In the autumn of the year 1880, Professor Plitt, the successor of Herzog in the editorship of the great *Realencyklopädie*, as he lay on his sick-bed, asked and received of Albert Hauck the promise to take up the work that he must lay down. Accordingly, Hauck brought the second edition of that work to its close, and in 1896 began to issue the third edition. In 1909 the great undertaking seemed finished in twenty-two volumes, but now two supplementary volumes, issued simultaneously, really mark the conclusion. Albert Hauck, since 1889 professor of church history in Leipzig, by universal consent ranks as one of the most noteworthy church historians of his time. His editorship of the encyclopedia has cost him an enormous labor, but the result is worth it all. One may now express the hope that it may be granted him also to bring his great *Church History of Germany*, of which five volumes have already been issued, to the conclusion which the author has had in his eye—to the close of the Reformation. This history is incomparably the greatest work in its field.

These two supplementary volumes of the encyclopedia bring us a surprising variety of interesting matters. Besides the multitude of briefer notices giving the necessary additions and corrections to the articles in the previous volumes, we find many wholly new articles. Some of the most interesting of these are biographical sketches of theologians and churchmen who have died since the issuance of the corresponding volumes of the main work. From among these special mention may be made of those on Beyschlag, Bodelschwingh, Cremer, von der Goltz, Gottschick, Gunning, Haupt, Carl Hilty, Holtzmann, Kautzsch, Kirn, H. A. Köstlin, J. Köstlin, Luthardt, Pfleiderer, Reischle, Stade, Stöcker, Sverdrup (the Norwegian-American theologian), Tolstol, and Warneck. These and similar articles have real importance, because they undertake to estimate the scientific and practical work of these notable leaders. But we would direct attention more particularly to a number of articles on important topics not included in the original scheme, and to others that bring new matter in such fullness and of such importance as to give them the dignity of main articles. To the latter class belong the extensive additions to the articles on the Apocrypha of

the Old and New Testaments, written respectively by G. Hölscher and H. Waltz, to supplement the articles by Schürer (deceased), and R. H. Hofmann (emeritus in Leipzig). So great has been the advancement of knowledge in this field since the publication of the first volume of the encyclopedia that Hölscher must devote twelve pages to supplemental matter, while Waltz gives twenty-four pages, as against only seventeen by Hofmann, thus producing an essentially independent article. As was to be expected, the article on Excavations and Explorations in Palestine and Egypt is rich in new matter. Kattenbusch adds fifteen pages to his excellent article (based on Schoell's article in the second edition) on the Anglican Church. Hans Windisch's excellent supplemental article on Jesus Christ deals with the researches and discussions since about 1900, especially with the Christ-myth theory. But these examples may suffice to give an idea of the character of the weightier supplemental articles. The greatest interest will be found in several articles on new topics. A. H. Newman has written a good article on English Theology in the Nineteenth Century. The new development in Germany of the sense of the significance of the organic life of the local congregation is well treated by Paul Grünberg in an article entitled, *Gemeindearbeit und Gemeindegewandlung*. H. Jarck gives in thirty-three pages a very thorough treatment of the *Gemeinschaftsbewegung* (Fellowship Movement). Professor Runze, of Berlin, writes on Monism in its latest phase. Titius, of Göttingen, brings a fine article of thirty-seven pages on Natural Science and Theology. An article of unusual weight is that of Tröltzsch on the Nineteenth Century. It is not a sketch of the history of theology in that century, but an attempt to arrive at an understanding of the fundamental characteristics of the modern civilized world. Along with this timely discussion we may mention two others which are equally characteristic of present-day thinking: the one on History of Religion, by Lehmann, professor of that subject in the theological faculty in Berlin; and the other on the Psychology of Religion, by Wobbermin, of Breslau, who has taken a pronounced interest in the new movements in this field. The discussions of all these questions of the day are not only significant, but also interesting in a way that is very uncommon in a work of this sort.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE

On December 11, 1905, the famous law separating church and state in France was published. This affected not only the Catholic Church, but also the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, for these also were maintained as institutions of the state. The effect of this great change upon Protestantism as well as upon Catholicism is a matter of no little interest to an observer of the religious life of our day. As our readers well know, the movement of years looking toward the separation of church and state had its occasion in the relations of Roman Catholicism. A general distrust of the policy of the Catholic Church in relation to

public affairs shaped a law of separation that gave to that and all the churches independence, but not a large freedom. Indeed, some of its provisions have seemed to the Catholic hierarchy intolerable. For in guaranteeing "liberty of conscience" and (except for a few specific restrictions in the interest of public order) "the free exercise of worship," the state does not provide for the continuance of the old constitution of the Catholic Church as an institution controlled by the hierarchy. To that church the most intolerable regulation of all in the new law is one providing that church buildings should henceforth stand under the legal control of lay "associations for the exercise of worship." That the hierarchy would not submit to this unheard of introduction of a lay element into the church's organization should have been foreseen. The Pope and the Catholic clergy of France have hitherto successfully resisted this feature of the law. For Catholics in France there is to-day no public canon law.

Now the new law has an important bearing also upon the Protestants. No occasion, of course, was found by Protestants, whether of the established or of the free churches, of resisting the law; yet to learn all the lessons of church government in their new situation was not easy. The local "associations for worship" must be formed, and these must learn by practice how to perform their functions; the several congregations must be united to one another in a way not known before, thus giving to consistories and synods a new significance; and the new law presented to the churches new financial problems. Another problem was the relation between conservatives and liberals. Before the separation of church and state there was no occasion for a positive separation of the parties. They had, indeed, already somewhat loosely separated themselves into voluntary groups, holding their voluntary pastoral conferences, synods, or assemblies. For a long time there were two synods or assemblies of the Reformed Church. Then a central party was formed, which strove at a reconciliation. Sabatier's influence was powerfully conciliatory, but it was not sufficient. In 1905 an earnest effort was made to unite the parties in one national synod. By a small majority this failed. Before the close of the year the law of separation of church and state severed the bond that had hitherto held these parties together in a sort of union. Now the question arose, Shall there be a perpetuation of former divisions, or shall there be a union of parties? The liberals took the first step toward union. The conservatives rejected their overtures. In 1906 the middle party made an earnest effort toward unity, but without success.

In 1906 the Protestants of France of the Reformed and Lutheran confessions numbered about seven hundred thousand. The effect of the separation has meant a material diminution of their number. Indifference, an antipathy to making a personal declaration of allegiance to an ecclesiastical society, a shrinking from the demands of self-sacrifice that must now be made—these, and perhaps other causes, have tended to diminish the numerical showing of Protestantism. This result was clearly foreseen. The optimistic hope, however, that when they had become independent of the state, a new zeal would so fire the churches that the

losses would soon be made good, has not yet been realized. On the whole it must be acknowledged that French Protestantism is neither very aggressive nor very hopeful. Hitherto it seemed to be thought rather bad form to carry on an evangelical propaganda among Catholics. Since both branches of Christianity rested on a like legal establishment, the Protestants naturally felt that they were bound to refrain from all aggression. Time must show—so far as such matters may be shown to human eyes—whether French Protestantism has enough vitality to make really distinct progress. Concerning the present situation as compared with the old, some Protestant leaders are optimistic; others are quite the contrary. We may hope that a better day is dawning for evangelical Christianity in France.

Besides the established Protestant churches there has been in France since 1849 also a Union of Protestant Free Churches (Reformed). In addition to these, there are and have been other Protestant denominations, especially Methodists and Baptists, who a few years ago had twenty-five and twenty-nine congregations respectively. The Union of Free Churches enjoyed in the first twenty-five years of its existence marked prosperity. Among its leaders it numbered some very able men, such as Frédéric Monod (its founder), V. de Pressensé (father), E. de Pressensé (son), Hollard, and Bersier. Some of these men later returned to the national church; their defection was a severe blow to the free church movement. On the whole, the leaders of the free churches exerted a very considerable influence tending toward the separation of church and state. Such separation the free churches made one of their declared principles. When finally this result was reached, they had almost nothing to do in order to conform to the requirements of the law. The change, however, removed the chief barrier to a reunion with the now disestablished Reformed Church. Although as yet no marked movement toward reunion has taken place, such a result seems the natural thing to expect.

French Protestantism maintains two theological faculties; the one at Montauban, the other at Paris. The former is of the Reformed confession and is in general conservative; the latter is half Reformed, half Lutheran, and is "modern," if not liberal. A few years ago—especially in the years immediately following the separation of church and state—the number of students of theology sank alarmingly, but since 1909 there has been a very encouraging increase.

If one considers the small number of Protestants in France, it is remarkable how many noteworthy theologians and preachers they have produced in the past half-century. Men like Vincent, Schérer, Colani, Albert Réville, the elder and the younger Coquerel, the elder and the younger Pressensé, Adolphe and Frédéric Monod, A. Sabatier, Ménégos, Stapfer, Bersier, Bois, Bonet-Maury, Paul Sabatier, Charles Wagner, show that there is unusual intellectual life among French Protestants and a good degree of religious depth. Yet for some reason the Protestant cause has not greatly flourished.

The earlier orthodoxy of Montauban was of the type of the religious awakening of the middle of the nineteenth century. But the religious

fervor of preachers like Malan and Adolphe Monod was not the controlling factor of the Montauban theology. For a considerable time this theology continued essentially reactionary. It emphasized the primacy of pure doctrine. Sound doctrine, it was declared, produces life. The truth of the doctrine is guaranteed by the plenary inspiration of the Bible. So it remained with Montauban for a generation or more. Even now, though considerably modernized, this faculty is essentially conservative. The Paris faculty is not "liberal" in the French sense of the word, nor can it be called conservative. Sabatier was the chief potency in the Paris faculty and founded what is known as the Paris school. His colleague, Ménégoz, whose thinking essentially coincides in its main features with that of Sabatier, has given expression to the main principle of the school under the name "fideism," or "symbolofideism." As against the liberals, Ménégoz declares: faith is necessary; love to God and man is not enough. As against orthodoxy, he declares: faith is not a matter of sound doctrine, but a personal trust in God. His motto is: Salvation by faith independently of beliefs.

Against Sabatier and Ménégoz several leaders of the right wing declared that this interpretation of *sola fide* is one-sided and must run into harmful subjectivism. A leader of the right wing was Bonifas. He frankly admitted that an intellectualistic orthodoxy cannot produce life. Instead of mere doctrine, it is the "great Christian facts," which, once recognized, must inevitably express themselves in life. Herein he doubtless points out the weakness of fideism; its almost unrestrained subjectivism. But he himself swings too far in the other direction. Mere facts, apart from the Spirit, can have—as also Sabatier has maintained—no religious authority or power. In his reaction against the subjectivism of the Paris school he has shown a wholesome tendency. Yet he has not wholly overcome the intellectualism of the older orthodoxy.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Pilot Flame. By KELLEY JENNERS. Crown 8vo, pp. 268. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

THE author describes himself as "a practicing pastor engaged in lighting pilot flames." The last General Conference called for new books on pastoral evangelism and an expert examination of the religious experience. This book is a glowing response to that call. Not for many a day have we read a book more quiveringly alive with thought and feeling than this one: a magnetic and contagious book which one finds hard to lay down until he finishes. It comes hot out of the heart and experience of a busy minister in the sixth year of his pastorate over a university church of twelve hundred members. Two universities had a hand in the making of this man, and he has ministered to two. You can

get some impression of the author from hearing him give credit to his wife for the making of this book. Listen to his Foreword: "The ladies of the community decreed a baby show to provide the funds for a children's playground. Where a beautiful child is esteemed a more desirable possession than an automobile, such an effort meets with success. The parsonage had an exhibit for this show, our dolly girl, Virginia, life's most entrancing plaything. Her mother would have liked to display her exhibit, but it happened on that day that 'Mrs. Rumsey Jenness' must take a train to keep the date of a temperance lecture. The mother arrayed her dolly with tender glee, and then, with last regretful looks, the temperance lecturer departed to meet the stern obligations of the public life. It fell to my lot to hold the exhibit, number eighty-seven, in the Two-Year-Olds. More delightful than a blossom fête were the flower beds of babies, filling large schoolrooms. The crowd flowed by, making comments, which I enjoyed, because eighty-seven was a good exhibit. The impartial judges brought from distant cities passed unknown in the procession. When the crowd became so dense that I was afraid the heat might wilt my exhibit, I retired with her to the cool fringe of folks on the lawn. In placid satisfaction I was chatting with friends about the accomplishment of the playground funds. From the steps, far down in front, a voice called, 'Where is eighty-seven? Who was eighty-seven? Eighty-seven is awarded first prize in the Two-Year-Old Section.' As I went through the crowd carrying my exhibit to receive the prize, I felt that it was wrong that 'Rumsey Jenness' was not there too, for the exhibit was certainly more her achievement than mine. I am now called upon to hold another exhibit which is our joint achievement, our book, *The Pilot Flame*. It has come out of our yokefellow life; we have clothed it with our toil; we have sat up with it nights; and we have enjoyed it when it was good. I wonder, is *The Pilot Flame* as good an exhibit as Virginia? Shall I enjoy holding it so much as I did eighty-seven?" The book is a matter-of-fact study of actual spiritual experience. It might be called "spiritual clinics." It begins with religion in children, in the "child who conforms" and the "child who varies." Following chapters treat of "Illumination," "The Perception of the Presence of God," "The Lettered And the Learned," "The Turbulent Bar," "Dark Till Jesus Comes," and "Made-over Garments." What sort of a minister the author is may be partly judged from his own statement: "The work of preparing this book has been carried on upon a desk that has so many pigeon holes containing the papers referring to the different interests of the local church that reference clippings get lost in the maze. The desk is flanked by two constantly ringing telephones, so that each paragraph of the book represents an interruption. A recent census returned three thousand three hundred people who look to this church for all of religion they have in their lives, and who call upon its minister for funerals, weddings, and all of moral help that they use. The minister's study door stands open to them all; he keeps business hours, and carries forward as large a volume of practice as a doctor in lighting pilot flames, in applying prayer to sickness and sympathy to sorrow. If the

book has suffered, the people have not." Read his book and then say whether you think it has suffered from his constant contact with, his intense interest in, and his intimate knowledge of his people. Not every man can work amid so many interruptions, but no pastor can keep his people *interested in his preaching* unless he makes them feel that he is *interested in them*. No man can know how to preach to his people unless he *knows them*, and the only way he can know them is through personal friendship and much intercourse with them. Without this he will be at best but a dilettant preacher. Without this, says Bishop Luther B. Wilson (who grew up in a doctor's office and had a medical education), the preacher is like a physician prescribing for patients whom he does not know and has not seen. Of Morgantown and its region this pastor-author, speaking of child-religion, says: "In West Virginia, Methodism is now an honorable inheritance, sometimes amounting to a family pride. The growing child finds this attitude in the family consciousness, and so early ratifies it with his approval that the later crisis experience frequently becomes impossible for him." In many such cases, he says, the Christian consciousness goes back into such early associations that the time of its beginning cannot be remembered. This was the case with our good Bishop Wiley, who said, "I cannot remember a time when I did not love God and his people." Illustrating the accuracy with which a very little child can enter into the Christian perception, Dr. Jenness gives us this: "The little son of the parsonage went to Sunday school for the first time when he was three years old. He returned with a picture of the Good Shepherd carrying the lamb in his bosom. Anxious to know how much such a little child might truly apprehend, I took him on my lap and asked him to tell what the picture was about. Without prompting or suggestion, he told the following story about the picture: 'Little baa sheep get lost. Little baa sheep all the same me. Little baa sheep, he cry, hard, 'cause he get lost. Jesus man come along and find him, and take him up in his arms and carry him home to his mamma.' Was not the whole plan of salvation correctly apprehended? The sensation of being lost and its woe; the work of the Jesus man who comes and finds, the joy of being found, of being carried and kept, and finally of being delivered safe in the place of abiding affection, does the oldest and wisest any more correctly apprehend the gospel of salvation? The babies who are put down with tender nurture into the bath of the Christian consciousness will say, 'I cannot remember the time when it was not understood by me.'" Remarkings that personal relationship with God is capable of being recognized and realized in different ways, our preacher says: "If a number of men should be asked when they have the most real sense of possession in their wife and family, one would say: 'When we are gathered around a cozy little dinner, all well and happy together'; another: 'When my business is difficult and I must strain every nerve to succeed, the spur is the sense of doing it for my family'; another: 'When I make some personal sacrifice that my wife and children may be benefited'; and another: 'When I saw my child

die, then I realized my possession and my loss.' There would be found a number who would say, 'I carry about with me always the sense of my wife and family; they are the background of my thought all the time, on my mind and heart, so that one time is not very different from another.' According to our temperament, or maybe more accurately according to the accidents of our experience, we realize our affection in our family; after the same fashion we have possession in our God." It is hard to decide what not to quote. Suppose we let this minister tell something about college professors he has known. Here follows without quotation marks part of his story: During twelve years of the pastoral care of two large churches whose affiliations are with two State universities, my own faith has gotten its sap from the men on the faculties who have been members and sympathetic workers in my churches. At least one from every department of study and investigation, I have known intimately; they have been the friends who sit down by my fireside and eat my apples. All restraints of publicity being removed, I have inquired of them confidentially if they had any perceptions of themselves as hypocrites. There was the Man in Zoology, he who had skill in getting little echinoid hearts hung on glass hooks, and in keeping them beating in a chemical solution. He handled with his hands the word of knowledge in the origins of life. Yet at the church door he was a hearty gladhander, and he enjoyed singing in the chorus when there were special meetings. One evening he rang my study bell in the midst of a storm. He thought he would catch me in, and we would have a good talk. When, welded by the storm without and the privacy within, we had come to good confidence, I said, "Tell me, you Man in Zoology, how do you get along with this matter of your religion? You seem to be thoroughly enjoying religion, and thoroughly working at science, and I can't detect any conflict going on in your interior." The Man in Zoology stretched himself comfortably before the fire, with the peace of an onlooker upon a conflict, and said, "It is the fellows higher up in the theoretic departments who create that conflict. We men in Zoology who are working on the foundations know how uncertain they are, and so we don't build any tall towers upon them for ourselves. Just to-day my chief came out of his private laboratory and told us that he had concluded that after ten years of work he was on the wrong scent for the fact in the origin of life he was tracking. We admired him for his courage when he managed to smile and to tell us that we would clear out all the apparatus of the experiments and begin over again. I don't see any necessity of attempting to live in an unfinished house. I passed one next door to you here, that was as far as the rafters, and the rain was beating in and the wind whistling through. That is science. Religion is a much-lived-in old house, and it is home to me. My father was a preacher, the hearty kind that had revivals. I was converted at one of his meetings, and it was a genuine and good experience. Nothing I have ever known has felt so good as the rejoicing around me that night. The care with which father got me ready to join the church made a true transition from childhood into

life. Church folks are my folks, and I like them. I like going to church on Sunday mornings, as I do the Sunday dinners my mother used to bring out of the oven. Fifteen years I have been living in boarding houses, and have been receiving my lukewarm portion of course dinners. Now, I will tell you what I came down for this evening. I am going to have for my very own, for ever and ever, the nicest girl in your congregation. I am hoping she will have whole chickens and big dishes of mashed potatoes for Sunday dinners; I have had course dinners enough. The church, the girl, and the Sunday dinners create in me that warm glow of happiness which means home. I never get such feelings out of the finest laboratories in the world with the sea water running through them. Yes, my dear pastor, I will have another apple. I like eating apples by your study fire, and having some one to talk to who understands about my girl. When I have obtained the girl and the study fire, in memory of you, I will support an apple box of my own. When I find fellows bilious with doubt, I will bring them in and feed them apples." My Man of Zoölogy peeled a long circling peeling with the deft precision of his dissecting hands, and we agreed that it should go on the coals, because we liked the fragrance of a sizzling peeling. As he munched he continued: "You remember Longfellow's Excelsior boy, who carried the banner with a strange device through snow and ice? He scorned the valleys where the hearth fires glowed, and where the evening lamps of home were lighted. And finally he perished in the night and the cold, out there alone by himself. A big dog had to go out and bring in the body. My respect goes to the big dog and not to the fool boy. If you are going to make any useful Excelsior excursions amid the snow and ice of the mountaintops of unascertained knowledge, you must have a home base in the valley. The old romantic scheme of discovering the north pole was after the pattern of the Excelsior boy. The Excelsior boys all perished in the snow, while the conquest of the pole is obtained by the faithful building of snow houses to sleep in, having the grub on hand, and the back track kept open. We who are pursuing the north poles of knowledge, have no need of making ourselves lonely; the best preparation for a dash amid snow and ice is to get full of warmth and cheer by the fires of home." After some months my Man in Zoölogy received his promotion to another great University; there was a homelike wedding, with a whole chicken dinner, and he departed with the nicest girl in the congregation. The other day we received the "stork" card, and my mind went back to the rainy night by my study fire. Friends of passage tell me that he has "folks" in the great church that stands by the university, and "folks" among the students. From the stream that flows out of his interior life "folks" feel the hearth fires of home and the evening lamp, and the sustaining strength of that old house of living that is buildded on a sure foundation; they are not frosted with Excelsior snow and ice, nor forced out into those desolate wastes that are not yet made ready for "folks" to dwell in. That hearty father who believed in revivals, who saw his boy converted at his own altar, who carefully prepared him

to join the church, and that wholesome mother who followed the church service with a good dinner, succeeded in lighting in their boy's soul the pilot flame of faith and hope, all bound about with the associations of affection. He is set now in the midst of forming life; from his interior life and conviction flow streams of living influence. Because the pilot flame is lighted, the streams of influence flow out warm. Affectionate association is able to keep the pilot flame burning, and to heat up even the cold water of Zoölogy. My Man in Physics was one of those on whom the lot fell to do the sustaining drudgery of the university. He put the freshman class through the laboratory courses. He did the kneading for the great batches of bread-baking. Solid and accurate, he was, able to explain to the uttermost, able to show the point in Physics where ascertained knowledge ends and guessing and imagination begins. In the Sunday school he taught a Bible class, and he always stayed for the morning service. When the sermon would be going at a good gait, and the time had come when I needed some sustaining warmth for a lift, I would look to the light on his strong face. His expression was that "yea, yea" of sympathetic appreciation which a speaker craves for the dispatching energy to lift a crowd of people. He had an invalid wife and a garden, and to both he gave that rich devotion which is expressed in minute care and the high joy of giving. When classes were out, I liked lingering in his laboratory and getting all the wealth of his force of instruction concentrated on me. He would show me the choice apparatus, and tell me what it demonstrated. With the words of accuracy upon the crossing places of the application, he showed me how the conclusion, which is called the law of the conservation of energy, is the one basis of the whole modern attitude which looks upon the universe as an interplay of natural forces. Somewhat troubled, he told me that the men in Physics rather shuddered at being made to shoulder the whole responsibility of applying this law to history and to sociology, for, he said, we are not sure that the conclusion covers the universe. I put to him the question I wanted answered by the man who knew. "Does your most accurate knowledge of electricity make it a concept like our concept of spirit, or more like our concept of matter?" And he replied: "Electricity gets less like matter the more we know of it. It transcends the earlier conceptions of force and easily leads your mind off into vast regions where time and distance and the stepping stones of matter are eliminated. It is undoubtedly the modern analogy by which we can understand spirit." My Man in Physics lent me the books on electricity that a layman could read and understand. With his careful accuracy he showed me the analogy; he showed me how to make the connections, so that now I can light my churches with the inspiration of this conception. He showed me how readily the age of electricity might be the forerunner of the age of the spirit. He set me the task of studying the Spirit as he studies electricity. He said it was more important to know it in appliance than in absolute essence. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth; you do not need to discuss whence it comes or whither it goes, but you need to erect stations where it can

strike. Wherever it strikes, you can study it, and you can learn to apply it as the great illuminating force in the lives of the people. "With the same tolerance," he said, "with which I ride on street cars and punch a button when I enter my room, regardless of my inability to explain the ultimate nature of electricity, I avail myself of any impressions of illumination of the Spirit which can reach me. I know you are longing to turn on the Spirit with as much accuracy as you do the electric light in your church. I sympathetically recognize your difficulties in dealing with the souls of men. Not only does the connection have to be established in each case, but the receiving stations are generally kept closed by the will." It was my Man in Physics who made me see that the point upon which I should focus accurate study was the place where the Spirit strikes. It was this purpose that set me to collecting the religious experiences of my people, to arranging them into types, so that it might be possible to see what was the normal type and what were the variations to be allowed for in the individual. It was my Man in Physics who made me see that the age of electricity means an age of convenient appliances that make manifest a power which already exists. He it was that set me a-tolling for the age of spirituality, which shall mean all the souls of men normally open for the Spirit to strike upon and a ready connecting up of the Spirit with the activities which are the arc light on a slum corner. A number of sermons came out of the fellowship of the Man in Physics, and the sermons are like this: Every time there surges up into your consciousness an impulse to lift on another's burden and carry it on your own back; every time there surges up the warm memory of a good father or a good mother, which holds you back from vice or meanness; every time you feel yourself energized by a great and beneficent purpose; then know that it is the voice of God, calling your station. Arise! Receive the message! So far the author about his Professor of Zoölogy and his Professor of Physics. Farther on he tells of his Professor of Engineering. This is what he says: "The Dean of the Wheels of the Whirling Age, Dean of the Engineering College, he is called in the university catalogue, has his office off the entrance hall of the great building full of strong wheels and fine wheels and flying bands, all vibrant with applications of power. The Master of Wheels is still a youngerly man, with the firm investigating ways of a man who tests things; he sets his jaws like the wheels that have cogs, and when his eyes fall on you, you perceive an application of power. His students respect the vast resources of his ability. One evening, when the students and instructors had gone and the power was humming low, he pushed back on his desk those schedules that have to do with cement and steel, with strengths and resistances, and wrote out for his pastor the following memories of childhood and of God." No, we will not give you the testimony of the Master Engineer. Get the book and read it for yourself. If you can read the eight or ten pages which the Dean wrote without heart-throbs, or moistened eyes, or thrills, or all of these together, you are of different stuff from us. Dr. Jenness rode on a train across Arizona in blazing, roasting heat, with Bishop Newman, listened for hours to his wonderful stories. This was

one: "Of all the marvelous conversions I have witnessed, the most child-like and the most Christlike was that of Chief Justice Chase, who joined my Metropolitan Church in Washington. We had together many talks; he sharpened my understanding of materialism and taught me evolution. I kept showing him Christ. That was all I could do. At last he was overcome by the beauty of love and the authority of Jesus. One Sunday morning, after the communion was finished, I asked if there was no one else to come that morning to the Lord's table. Chief Justice Chase arose and walked down the aisle. It was a stately and impressive coming, as if he carried in his hand the glowing crown of a trained and masterly intellect to lay at Jesus's feet. He bowed himself in the utmost humility, with splendid submission, hiding his face on the altar rail." The young man who rode with Bishop Newman that day thinks him the richest personality American Methodism has produced. What do you say to that?

The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. By H. R. MACKINTOSH, D.Phil., D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. xiv + 540. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$2.50, net.

THE faith of the church during all the centuries has given Jesus Christ the place of central and supreme importance. There have been differences in methods of work, in creedal accents, in ecclesiastical propaganda, but there has been impressive unanimity in regarding him as the sole and supreme object of faith. "Christ is more precious to us," says Forsyth, "by what distinguishes him from us than by what identifies him with us." He is the creator of faith and not its pattern. His authority is supreme because Christian men have had the certainty that in him they were face to face with God. Even the heresies that disturbed the church were attempts to construct adequate conceptions of the person of Christ, and in meeting them the church was compelled to establish its faith on reasoned convictions. But it is the standing task of the church to interpret Christ afresh to every age, and in these days of chaotic thinking nothing is more needed than the clear and courageous preaching of Christ in the fullness and sufficiency of his divine imperial claims. Three important books have appeared in recent years which chronologically and logically present impressive argument concerning Christ. *Jesus and the Gospel*, by Dr. James Denney, is marked by close reasoning, keen criticism, and spiritual fervor. It is an attempt to show that the Christianity of the New Testament is the life of faith in Jesus Christ, and that this attitude is fully justified by an appeal to Jesus himself. The section of the book dealing with the self-consciousness of Jesus (pages 143-328) is one of the finest specimens of text criticism and exegesis and will well repay careful study. A worthy sequel to this book is *The Person and Place of Jesus Christ*, by Dr. P. T. Forsyth. The moral note, the experimental strain, the vigorous thinking, and the mystic tone combine to make it a most searching utterance. In his lecture on the "Self-fulfillment of Christ" there is a sentence that expresses the gist of his thought: "The soul's Redeemer was the soul's Creator, divested of everything but the holy love in which he created, and raised by the deep and long renunciation to a power in which

lies the salvation for ever and ever of the whole created race and world." And now we have this thorough treatment of the whole subject by Dr. Mackintosh. One is impressed by the rich note of experience that recurs again and again throughout this invaluable treatise. "Only those who owe him salvation can realize his higher nature, and it is moral regeneration which gives the vision of his glory." The fact of Christ's deity is testified by the fact of redeemed souls. But the tendency toward spiritual individualism is guarded by a recognition of the consentient experience of the Christian community. The ethical note is no less carefully conserved by this writer. Christ is the maker of a new conscience, and wherever his authority is accepted he reigns supreme in this realm, imparting indescribable benefits to those who offer him submission and obedience. Another important consideration is expressed in the sentence: "There will always be metaphysic in Christology, but it ought to be a metaphysic of the conscience, in which not substance, but holy love is supreme." In this connection we recall Eucken's approval of Hegel's saying that a civilized nation which has no metaphysics is like a temple decked out with every kind of ornament, but possessing no holy of holies. But the metaphysical is the ethical, and *vice versa*. If this fact is remembered, we shall be delivered from rhetorical pyrotechnics. Dr. Mackintosh states that "it does not seem possible to hold or vindicate the absoluteness of Christ as an intelligent conviction except by passing definitely into the domain of reasoned theory." He needs no apology for his own constructive contribution in the third and largest part of his volume. The first section of his work deals with the Christology of the New Testament, and he expounds the six types of apostolic testimony with lucid insight and a full knowledge of the relevant literature. The profound impression made by Jesus on the apostles resulted in the King displacing the Kingdom as the subject of their preaching. For the same reason they realized that he could be explained only in terms of the fullness of the Godhead. The second part deals with the history of Christological doctrine from the subapostolic age to the nineteenth century. His characterization of Athanasius is worthy of the man who rescued Christianity from the quicksands: "Statesman, saint, thinker, he gave his life as a long sacrifice for truth, with hardly one lapse from consistent greatness." The discriminating treatment of the several writers makes this section of the book a helpful guide to Christological thought, and it will be consulted as a reference work for many years. The modern radical school is severely scored for ignoring history and relying on its own presuppositions. The testimony of all the centuries unites in declaring that Christ is not one of a class, or even first among his compeers, but in a solitary and unshared sense the Lord and Redeemer of the world. The author's powers are seen at their best in the third part of the book. The prime equipment of an investigator in this central region of Christianity is a decided experience of Christ as Redeemer. Christology has always been controlled and inspired exclusively by a soteriological interest, so that here, more than anywhere else, the heart makes the theologian. For instance, we accept the pre-existence of the Son, not on metaphysical or psychological grounds, but

in virtue of what we already know of him as sole Mediator and our indwelling life. His work as Reconciler and our experience of vital union with him lead us far more impressively than theories to conclude that he is a Saviour at once divine and human. His holiness is the greatest moral miracle of the ages; and yet it was not automatic, but was won anew by self-committal to the Father from whom he had an uninterrupted derivation of life. If we begin to believe like him we will inevitably come to believe in him. "Faith in Christ will always constrain thoughtful men to construe in reason his ultimate relation to God and man, so far as this is possible; and the limits of possibility can be ascertained in no other way than by actual experiment." Dr. Mackintosh is not lost in subtle dialectics because he always stays by history and life. He is not afraid to acknowledge the limitations of the intellect in comprehending the mysteries of the Godhead, but he immediately points out that the student of Christology has the mystery of grace. So, while he concedes, he finally concludes in indorsing the unanimous confession of the church concerning the eternal God our Saviour. This is a rare volume and goes to the depths. It will feed the mind and soul of any preacher who gives time and thought to it, and the result will be seen in an enhanced ministry.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Lyric Year. By ONE HUNDRED POETS. 12mo, pp. 313. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price, cloth, \$2, net.

SUPPOSE all the song birds should stop singing, and all flowers cease blooming, and trees quit blossoming, would this be a less desirable world to live in? Would mankind be any worse off? Bird-songs and flowers are not *necessities* in the usual meaning of that word. And if we had to make a choice between the skylark and the hen, we, being in bondage to physical needs, would be compelled to choose the homely domestic fowl spite of her unmelodious cackle, because of her output of eggs, which in America in any year exceeds in money value the product of all the gold mines of the land. We have heard a dairy farm called "a Wisconsin gold mine"; but what is a dairy farm compared to a chicken farm where some eggs sell as high as five dollars a piece and some hens as high as one hundred and fifty dollars a piece? But, thank heaven, we are not limited to hens. By sheer lavishness of the Divine Beneficence, we are permitted also to have song-sparrows, orioles, meadow larks, nightingales, canaries, mocking birds, robins, songsters innumerable, so that the summer world not only produces crops, but is all awarble with winged ecstasies, to the delight of all who have ears for concord of sweet sounds. Poetry is not a bread-and-butter *necessity*, but it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Man is a spirit, and seeketh such to nourish him as nourish him with spirit and with truth, as the true poets do. Does America care for poetry? Professor T. R. Lounsbury says: "Were I asked what books I would choose, supposing I were to be cast away on a desert island and could have only a few

volumes, I should choose poetry mainly, for the reason that poetry is the highest kind of literature. Were I limited to five English books I should choose the Bible, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. I would like to add Wordsworth, Byron, and Browning. All these I would choose, not that I would not long for others, but because with me they would have more staying power. I should always find something new in them, no matter how often I read and reread them. Of other authors, some of whom I admire deeply, I might get tired in time; but of these never, though I should doubtless often find myself desiring variation from this sort of intellectual diet." That is one man's answer. But he is in the class with James Russell Lowell, who, when he was appointed Ambassador to England, was described contemptuously by a practical statesman as "a . . . literary feller." Does America care for poetry? Does the average American care for literature at all? It has been alleged that the only book the typical American cares for is a Bank Book. When Renè Bazin, a Breton author, and a member of the French Academy, visited our country as a member of the Champlain Memorial Committee, a formal dinner was tendered to the French delegation. At the table, M. Bazin put the following questions to the Americans seated near him: "Is it not your opinion that the United States, after an auspicious beginning in the persons of such men as Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne, will one day have its own golden age of great literature?" A prominent citizen replied decisively, "No." "Why not?" "Because we are making no effort in that direction, and we have no wish to." "Are you ready to admit that your country will always be lacking the creative genius which produces literature and art? Are you content with a second-rate civilization, an exclusively material civilization?" asked the wondering Frenchman. "Quite so," said the prominent citizen, "and the more material, the better. With the money we shall make we will buy from you the products of your geniuses, just as we buy your champagne. I am entirely reconciled to think of America as tributary to other countries in matters of the spirit." The Frenchman went home and published the sordid reply of that man, to whom Emerson would say, "When you make such an answer, then dies the man in you. You are not a man, but only a cash register." The book before us, entitled *The Lyric Year*, is, in its measure, a refutation of the charge that America cares nothing for poetry and has no poets. The origin and contents of the volume are peculiar. It is the result of a prize contest. Mr. Ferdinand Earle offered three prizes, one of \$500 and two of \$250 each, for the best poems that might be offered in competition. Nearly two thousand writers offered ten thousand poems. All these were examined personally by Mr. Earle, who selected from the enormous mass one hundred poems, each by a different author. The three judges to award the prizes among the one hundred writers were W. S. Braithwaite, E. J. Wheeler, and Ferdinand Earle. The prizes were given in order to Orrick Johns for his poem "Second Avenue," to Thomas Augustine Daly for his verses "To a Thrush," and to George Sterling for "An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning." The two poems judged to rank next to these were "Renaissance," by Edna St. Vincent

Millay, and "A Ritual for a Funeral," by Ridgely Torrence. Orrick Johns, first-prize taker, is a Missourian, twenty-six years old, dramatic critic and book reviewer for the Saint Louis Mirror. His five-hundred-dollar-prize poem is criticized by the New York Sun for the following mixed figure of speech, "These are not gained by any toil of groping hands that plead and plod"; on which the Sun, with gay irony, comments thus: "One of the charms of the contemporary muse is her versatility. In the olden days, when she had any plodding to do, she had to plod on her feet. Now, it appears, if her feet get tired, she can wave them restfully and gaily in the air and plod forward on her hands." We notice also that Max J. Herzberg, in his verses on "The Midnight Ferry," sees "the ships plod hither and thither" across New York harbor, while "the pale stars swoon" at the spectacle as a maiden faints at sight of blood. Also, on page 121, Mr. Herzberg "gropes into a stumbling mouth"; while on page 158 Agnes Lee tells Browning that his "feet forged a future." It is easy to pick petty flaws, and be sarcastic over them, but sterling merit is not disproved by trifles. What are the themes with which three poets take prizes in The Lyric Year? In "Second Avenue," Orrick Johns contemplates the motley multitude of polyglot foreigners thronging the sidewalks and gutters of the lower New York East Side, "flung over seas from continental hells, in alien disarray." Then he meditates how cruelly the heartless greed of gold preys on this immigrant multitude. He pictures "the Gentile fiercer than the Jew" as holding them in filthy tenements "like men immured in living graves," and giving the maiden to the brute, helpless innocence victim to flaming lust. In this Mr. Johns is wrong, for those who know Second Avenue say it is the Jew, and not the Gentile, who commercializes vice, trafficking in human souls and bodies as unhesitatingly as in old clothes. He laments that the greed of gold makes men indifferent to "the gorgeous canvas of the morn, the sprinkled gayety of grass, the sunlight dripping from the corn, the stars that hold high-vestured mass, the shattered grandeur of the hills, the little leaping lovely ways of children, and what beauty spills in summer greens and autumn browns and winter grays." Viewing the city's sky-line jagged with innumerable sky-scrapers, he complains that the vaulty walls of all this mighty masonry make men dull and blind, and mar the ritual of the sun and the dramas of the dawn and the streaming tapestries of the dusk; says that these lofty and majestic piles are reared as temples and shrines for gods of iron and brass and gold. He remembers that these huge buildings were reared by foreign labor, rose to the kettle-drum music of its rattling hammers, by the lift of its straining muscles; and believes that the hands which piled and riveted these miracles of steel and stone shall some day mold some finer plaything. He thinks the motley crowd that swarms along Second Avenue may yet breed poets and leaders of men, and says, "It may be now there passes here in reverential dream a boy whose voice shall rise another year and rouse the sleeping lords of joy." He thinks that on some far-off day a thinker may arrive who will answer the call of higher human needs, restore the reign of the Muses, and plant temples in the market places. This first-prize poem does not grip nor penetrate us.

We could not award it a prize. More truly a poet, we think, is the Philadelphian, Thomas Augustine Daly, aged forty-two, manager of the Catholic Standard and Times, author of three volumes of verse mostly dialect, whose verses "To a Thrush" in *The Lyric Year* are awarded second prize. The gist of his poem is that in an upper chamber a husband and wife, looking on their new-born babe, have their joy saddened at seeing that its tiny limbs are deformed; so that this darling of their hope, this nursing of their nest, is as a little crumpled leaf, and their child must creep through life on maimed limbs. While thus they gazed upon their offspring, dumb with disappointment and pity, silent because neither knew what to say to the other, a thrush, hid in his green tabernacle in the maple tree just outside the window of that sacred chamber, struck up a song so sweet, so pure, so joyous, that it seemed to those listening parents like a strain of music sent from heaven to cheer them, a chant of peace causing them to think of God's benignance brooding over all. And they were cheered, although they scarce knew why. That was when May was merging into June. When five Mays have sped above that crippled baby's sunny head, that thrush's happy song seems to abide in her, so blithe and happy and sweet-natured is she, and those parents experience a chastened joy because that maimed body seems to house a spirit "whose pinions stir familiarly the far cerulean steeps where God his mansion keeps." And our dear poet, Daly, blesses that thrush and makes us bless that golden-tongued apostle who sang comfort clear and cheery from his maple bough outside the window, sang courage to the mother, sang strength into the man; and the sweetness of whose song was a presage of the preternatural sweetness of that little girl, so that the warbling thrush was both prophet and paraclete to two lovers in one human home. That baby's growing life through after years was like a thrush's song, albeit a thrush with a broken wing. That thrush was God's own bird; that baby was God's own child; and this is not the first time the pathos of Daly's poetry has touched us. There is no fustian of grandiloquence in Daly. In *The Lyric Year* George Sterling, born on Long Island, pupil of Father Tabb, aged forty-four, author of three volumes of verse, takes third prize with his "Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Robert Browning." Time was, he says, when Browning repelled him. He preferred easier and lighter poets. From the great poet's trumpets calling to the soul, Sterling turned away "as a boy might turn, from where great altars burn and music's grave archangels tread the night, to lighter strains." He would not hear with Browning "the indomitable laughter of the race" sounding superb and clear, nor watch, with Browning, "the light of heaven cast on common things." But that immature time of boyish aversion or indifference is past, and now Browning seems to him like a great sentry standing armed with a spear to drive back the dragons and demons of man's ancient fears that crawl up from secret gulfs; or like the captain of a choral band of those who, "undismayed by rain of ruined worlds athwart the night, harken evermore to God's own music and are stayed by something other than the reason's light." To him now Browning is like "an eagle, strong to pass where tempest-shapen

clouds go to and fro and winds and noons have birth"; or like a voyager of seas within the cosmic solitude. Reading Browning, he hears "the solemn music of waves of thought which, breaking, shake the strand till men far inland hear a mighty call from where young mornings vault the world's blue wall." He knows that Browning is at home "in that dim house which is the human heart" and sees the gain in loss, the triumph in the tear; that Browning understands "what plan drew as a bubble from old infamies and fen-pools of the past the shy and many-colored soul of man; that Browning sees the man-child at his disastrous play loosing shafts without a mark, his fountains flowing downward to the dark, and yet sees man's vatic shadow cast athwart the stars and hears man's strange challenge to infinity. Wherefore, in a bewildered and timorous and trembling time, when the hearts of some are failing them for fear; when some think they see the lofty human scheme toppling and fading like a sunset stormed by wind and evening, with the stars in doubt; when some cry "On to Brotherhood" (without divine Fatherhood to give it reason, sanction, and authority); when some turn to the Epicurean's refuge, crying "Nay! let us hide in roses all our thorns, though all the lamps go out!"—in such a time this poet cries to Browning, "Wherefore be thou near us in our hour of choice, lest Hell's red choirs triumph and rejoice over us!" Of Browning's helpful strength and power we "rest most certain when formless shadows close upon the sun." Now that his body rests in Westminster's hallowed fane among the mighty dead, there sounds above his head the music of the ceaseless trumpets of the war for Good; and men of after years will see his name held like a flower by Honor to her breast. So thinks George Sterling, and there's nothing wrong about it; but as a piece of writing is not the "Ode" somewhat overstrained and unconvincing? From this it is a relief to turn to the direct and off-hand naturalness of Witter Bynner's tribute which praises two things in Browning, his chaste and mighty *mastery of love* and his magnificent and incurable *confidence in man*; though he marvels at other wonders also. Hear him. Thus he begins:

To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
I bring no wreath of laurel to your crowning
Save this: that *no one who has loved—can doubt you*,
Robert Browning.

And he ends thus:

—Who would, has heard me rank you, Robert Browning . . .
I bring no wreath of laurel to your crowning
Save this: that *for your confidence—I thank you*,
Robert Browning.

When London Punch happened upon this it indulged in the following cheap, unfair, and tricky bit of smartness: "In the Lyric Year: a Great Symposium of Modern American Verse, a minstrel of the day proclaims the right of independent judgment in the following fearless lines:

To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
I bring no wreath of laurels for your crowning.

In humble imitation of this isolated effort we venture to submit a few further specimens of much-needed protest against the tyranny of Old-World conventions. The following quatrain, inspired by a perusal of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's illuminating pamphlet, may assist Bacon's greatest and most persistent champion in his holy task of dethroning the Stratford impostor:

I pay no homage to the Swan of Avon,
A bird as fabulous as Athen's owl;
I put my money on Poe's peerless Raven,
A far superior fowl.

The popular adulation of the late Laureate, again, finds a salutary corrective in the following couplet:

Mark well my words, I cannot give my benison
To any of the works of Alfred Tennyson.

Comparisons are to be deprecated as a rule, but they are occasionally forced on us by a regard for the truth. The claims of America's greatest poet can be treated in no other way:

As the petulant crowing of shrill cocks
Compares with the lilt of the thrush,
So, matched with the magic of Wilcox,
Old Sappho is shown to be slush."

On the whole, if we had to give up all but one of the hundred poets of this Lyric Year, we would keep Bliss Carman; and we like his thirty-six-verse *The Mysteriarchs* as well as any. In them there is nothing wild or phrenetic, and they carry us convincingly as they go in calm, strong, noble procession. The Mysteriarchs are the Mothers who made us, gave us the gift of life, bore us in patience and pride, and ruled us with sorceries of love, sorceries subtler than music, gentle as wind in the wheatfield, strong as the tide on the beach. They schooled us to service and honor, made us modest and clean and fair, taught us the code of right living, taught with the sanction of prayer. They lighted the lamp of high manhood in the heart of the lonely boy, strengthened our souls with courage and sent us forth to achieve. Little they reckoned privation, hunger, or hardship, or cold, if only our life might prosper and our joy grow not old. Haloed with love and wonder, in shaded ways they trod, keeping faith with God, willing his bidding to follow, having his business to do.

Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, molding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

They called us from youth and dreaming, and set ambition alight,
And made us fit for the contest—made us men, by their tender rite.

They are the guardians of being, spirited, sentient, and strong, and the rulers of kingdoms beyond the domains of state. Them we will love and honor, them we will serve and defend.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt of their words shall sway;
Though life and death should defeat us, their solace shall be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical grace,
They have walked with angels at twilight and looked upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their fruitful ease,
Though we break at the tolling benches or go down in the smoky seas.

Kipling would like Bliss Carman's poem. Much in *The Lyric Year* he could not abide.

An Outline of the History of Christian Thought Since Kant. By EDWARD CALDWELL MOORE, Parkman Professor of Theology in Harvard University. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

IN a brief prefatory note Professor Moore indicates that the present series of studies is to be considered as prolegomena to a work to follow which will cover more in detail the men and systems here treated, especially the Modernist movement and the social question. And he also proposes to go beyond the present program and give full place to the modern philosophies and histories of religion and to "that estimate of the essence of Christianity which is suggested by the contact of Christianity with the living religions of the Orient." This is certainly an attractive program and is truly indicative of the author's broad and sympathetic insight into the modern problems of religious development. Does anyone know of such a comprehensive treatment of the modern development and meaning of religion? But the present volume is far more than an appetite-whetter for good things to come. We have here a series of valuable summaries. Within the two hundred and forty-one pages forty-one systems and distinct philosophico-theological movements are delineated, stretching from Kant to William James. So well are these summaries severally made that the volume serves a useful purpose for ready reference. But summarizing is not the end of this book. It is a masterly survey of the most interesting hundred years of Christian thought and development since the great period of the Hellenizing church fathers. Just for instance, the whole of the critical work on the biblical texts falls well within our period, as do the rise of the Philosophy of Religion, the Science of Religion, the Psychology of Religion, and the reaction resulting from Christianity's face-to-face meeting with "the live Oriental religions." My! these are stirring times in the religious thought world. And it is a great experience just to have the services of a competent guide through this period. But we have just now got to the real contribution which *Christian Thought Since Kant* has to offer, namely, a certain interpretative, imaginative, and sympathetic insight which is the author's own. Here is what we mean, seen in what is said of Strauss's life of Jesus: "If Strauss, after the disintegration in criticism of certain elements in the biography of Jesus, had given us a positive picture of Jesus as the ideal religious character and ethical force, his work would indeed have been attacked. But it would have outlived the attack and conferred a very great benefit. It conferred a great benefit as it was, although not the benefit which Strauss supposed. The benefit which it really conferred was in its critical method, and not at all in its results."

There is sense and illumination in such a discriminating attitude as this, while there is only smoke and folly in the common extremes of angry repudiation and uncritical acceptance. A deeply religious spirit is here seeking to distinguish the essential from the accidental in the messages of the great scholars and thinkers of the past full century. Professor Moore is too much in earnest to pretend to find in these systems what is not in them, and he is likewise too honest to fail to make the most of such spiritual gleanings as he does find—even if this latter does not appear so clever and “strictly scientific.” But after all, why shouldn’t it show a man scientific to be anxious to know the truth about religion? Professor Moore has an extraordinary capacity for high admiration combined at the same time with a certain persistent refusal to overlook lapses and contradictions in a system, or better in a MAN’S thought, for he writes best about men: All this is well illustrated in something he says about Ritschl, of whom he has a very high opinion and to whom he confesses much obligation. Ritschl asserts that the nature of our sources is such that a biography of Jesus is an impossibility. Professor Moore cannot assent to this paucity of our knowledge of the personality of Jesus. “Qualities in the personality of Jesus obviously worked in transcendent measure to call out devotion. No understanding of history is adequate which has no place for the unfathomed in personality. Exactly because we ourselves share this devotion, we could earnestly wish that the situation as to the biography of Jesus were other than it is.” It would be difficult to read this little book without a big difference in one’s grasp of the significance of the modern religious thought world, so vast, so varied, and so alive. We are made to see how almost every one of the philosophers, the poets, and the literary men in general, the most part of the scientists, as well as the theologians, strike clearest warmest interest when occupied just with religion. It is a strange misconception to think of the nineteenth century as irreligious or little interested in theology. Certainly the twentieth century opens with no slackening of this interest. Three fifths of the pages of this book are given to the German theological movements, and enlightened Anglo-Saxon pride will not allow us to question the justice of this division. In the English two fifths America has five names—Channing, Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, Emerson, and William James. One is at a loss to know why Jonathan Edwards, the first and greatest of American theologico-metaphysical thinkers, was not found standing room with the worthy. If five was the greatest possible American number, then as much as our heart would disincline us to it we should be compelled to reject the good Bishop Brooks in favor of the thorny, but powerfully original, puritanical Edwards. Then, too, in the German theological development how can we overlook the impassioned, world-engulfing pessimism of Schopenhauer and Eduard von Hartmann? And we have heard nothing of Friedrich Nietzsche. But the pages were few and the thinkers are many. Yes, the great minds who have struggled with these ultimate problems of human interests are very many more than it has ever entered into the hearts of the little studios to conceive. A wide interest and a large sale may be predicted of this helpful guide to theological orientation in its broadest sense. It deserves all this.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Irish Recollections. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. 8vo, pp. 279. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, with portraits, \$3.

WE agree with the reviewer who says that the late Justin McCarthy was of an open and sincere nature, well equipped by nature and training for the part he played in life and in letters. For one who had seen so much of the world, he retained to a surprising degree a simple-hearted innocence of mind, if such a phrase is allowable. We suspect that this sincerity of nature may have been a family trait, having noticed it in Justin McCarthy's brother, whose last illness we tried to comfort and whose funeral we conducted, when stationed at Saint James's Church, New Brunswick, N. J., in the early seventies. Like G. W. Smalley, whose *Anglo-American Memories* we noticed recently, Justin McCarthy was a ready and copious writer, had much experience of English politics, and was at home in the world of journalism. Of these two chroniclers of their times, McCarthy was the gentler, simpler, and more modest. There is no unfairness in the following genial and smiling characterization of Smalley's peculiarities: Smalley began life obscurely, but with a profound sense of his own value and a certain ambition which, without being satisfied, has been immensely gratified from time to time. A long life and not a few mortifications have given him an experience which his training in law, literature, and journalism has enabled him to put into forceful English, with rather too ostentatious a garnish of colloquial French. He does not suffer from the defect of the Western schoolmaster, who, when asked, "What is the capital of Massachusetts?" replied, "Gentlemen, I know the answer to that as well as you do, but I haven't the flow of language to express it." Smalley has flow of language enough to express anything within his sphere; but he has a partiality for what he means to see and express. There is a Smalley mold into which his bullets and small shot are run; they take that form because they are to be used as ammunition; and he is almost always taking sides in any battle he sees going on. Bigness counts with him; in the celebrated duel of Goliath with David he would have been on the giant's side. Sir Toby Matthew, that Tory son of an English archbishop, in his exquisite character of Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, said: "Her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous." Smalley has the same standard; they whom he is pleased to choose for friends are such as are of the most eminent condition both for power and employment. Once on a time, when invited to dine with an American friend in London by a worthy host, the friend came, but not the journalist. "I hoped to meet my classmate here," said the American. "He was invited, and accepted," was the answer. "You have heard of a 'small and early party,' I suppose? Well, he has gone to-night to an Earl and Smalley party." This propensity must be borne in mind in reading his characters. There are thirty-two of them, at least, besides one hundred more incidentally mentioned; and among the thirty-two are Chamberlain, Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, the late Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Wolseley, Earl Spencer, Tom Reed, Whitelaw Reid,

Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie, Roosevelt, and Count Witte. With these he thought himself intimate, and his conversations with them do not leave him in the background by any means. If there are any private conversations we are justified in publishing, it must be our own; upon this point Mr. Smalley has few scruples. His reports are usually entertaining, and he has not the foible of our congressman, Alley, who frequently fabled the distinguished men as asking his advice and following it. "I said to Mr. Lincoln, when he wished to know what ought to be done, so and so." This caused Senator Evarts to say to him, as they were once together on an excursion to Mount Vernon, "Mr. Alley, that explains a tradition I have heard, but never understood: As Columbus was watching the island emerge from the mists of morning, and San Salvador rose to near view, he turned to an aged man beside him on the deck, and said, 'Alley, shall we land?'" McCarthy's volume of *Irish Recollections* "deals almost wholly with southern Ireland and the region of Cork, where

The bells of Shandon
Do sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

So Father Prout said, and he is here mentioned, but more is said of Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who checked a little the flow of usquebaugh in his native island. Everything Irish has an attraction—for Irishmen, and for many more; and slight things new and old are here pleasantly told, but without much point or raciness. Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Thackeray, and Lady Gregory or Mrs. S. C. Hall go over like ground with a surer foot and a livelier air." The simplicity of McCarthy's recollection is fairly sampled in the following account of the sort of humor indulged in by the young folks of his neighborhood in his youth. "One popular amusement was the ridiculing of the love affairs of others. Some sportive friends were always putting into public or private circulation facetious rhymes concerning this or that conceited young man who was supposed to have made himself ridiculous by falling in love with a woman much too good for him, or of some spoiled young woman who believed herself much too beautiful and too gifted to accept the addresses of any young man to be found in the whole circle of her acquaintance. The satire was no doubt very often entirely misapplied, but I suppose there never was a time when the satirical archer always sent his shafts the right way. I may bring in here some account of an amusing, but rather malicious little prank which was played off on me by some of my young companions. A family well known to our set in the city had a pretty daughter—this family, I should say, bore the not very harmonious or poetic name of Flannigan, not even commended or uplifted by the preliminary 'O,' which would have given a certain tribal dignity to the name. Eva Flannigan was, as I have said, a decidedly pretty girl, and had many admirers. I did not, however, at any time proclaim myself to be one of these, and I am afraid that I even indulged myself sometimes in malign suggestions that it would be difficult for a youth who had any poetic or musical turn to sing the praises of a maiden bearing

the family name of Flannigan. Anyhow, it became suddenly known among our set that the girl had found a well-to-do admirer who was not so easily disconcerted, and who had fallen in love with her, had offered his hand and heart, and had become engaged to her with the full parental approval. Soon after this announcement there appeared in a minor journal of the city which, somewhat like the *Freeholder*, gave itself up much to gossip and drolleries, a ballad professing to express the grief of one among Eva Flannigan's now disappointed admirers. I quote here from memory some of its verses:

Ah! woe is me—I'll never be
The same light-hearted man again.
My heart is broke, and all for thee,
Adorable Miss Flannigan!

O! if I wore a warrior's mail,
I'd seek the battle's van again!
But if with hope's light bridge I fall,
Despair's abyss to span again.

In wine I oft drowned grief before,
And now I'll try that plan again,
And strive to think that, as of yore,
Life's river smoothly ran again!

Now the point of the joke, so far as I was concerned, consisted in the fact that it was signed by the initials 'J. McC.'; and I think a deliberate touch of added humor was found in the fact that I had long been a devoted member of Father Mathew's Temperance organization, and was thus made to proclaim myself as habitually false to Father Mathew's great doctrine. There was nothing to be done on my part. I should only have made myself more ridiculous by writing to disclaim the authorship of the verses; I should have been asked by the editor of the publication, 'Who said you were the author of the poem? Do you really suppose that you are the one only person in this large city to whom the initials "J. McC." could possibly apply?' So my friends and all thought I had much better make no move whatever to show that I felt any concern in the whole affair, and I abstained from provoking further ridicule by offering to the verses the importance of a personal disclaimer." Here is another sample: "I was wandering, one fine evening of early summer, in the neighborhood of what was then called the Cove of Cork, and which has since become Queenstown. I was smoking a cigar, and much enjoying the sea view. Presently a sailor, who appeared by his 'rig' to have come from one of the war vessels in the harbor, approached me and asked me if I would oblige him with a light for his pipe. I have to mention here that even in those early days I was very short-sighted, and had been accustomed to use an eyeglass, which I held always fixed by muscular attachment in one eye. Of course, I readily produced my matchbox and complied with his reasonable request. The sailor thanked me cordially, and then added: 'Do you know, sir, I was afraid at first, when I noticed your eyeglass, that you might be a self-conceited young puppy who would

look down upon a poor sailor, but now I know that I was mistaken, and I think a young gentleman like you, sir, must be fond of poetry, and would be pleased to know that long ago I got a light for this very pipe from Lord Byron, near Athens. I asked him just as I asked you, and he did me the favor just as you did.' I was gratified to hear that any manner of resemblance could be traced between Lord Byron and me, and in any case was delighted to be brought into conversation with one who had spoken to Lord Byron, and spoken to him near Athens." Analyzing the Irish mind and heart, McCarthy refers to the intense belief in the continual presence of the supernatural, even among the most material and realistic incidents of existence. He says: "The Irish peasant was as firmly convinced of the daily and nightly presence of fairies and witches, goblins and specters, 'headless horses galloping at night,' magic wells and caverns, and phantom-haunted lakes, as he was of the presence of the living men and women, horses and cows, and the mountains and rivers which he saw in his everyday pursuits. One could not travel anywhere in Ireland during my early days without finding the evidence of this widely spread, and, indeed, it might be called universal, belief among the peasantry, and even among many classes more under the influence of modern education. Everywhere one went in those days he was sure to have his attention invited to some well popularly believed to be endowed with a marvelous power, perhaps for the relief of physical malady or for conferring some other blessing on the coming lives of those who believed in the magic of the spell-working water. Here one was shown the ruins of a castle which was believed to be under a curse, and from which its dwellers had at last been driven because of its ever-proved fatality. There he was shown a humble cabin which had been preserved from infectious disease by the blessing of some long-departed martyr, who had for a time found safe shelter within its walls. We all know that superstitions of the same kind were prevalent in Scotland and Wales, in parts of England, and in various foreign regions, but I am inclined to believe that nowhere throughout what may be called civilized regions were such superstitions so common and of such recent existence as throughout the Irish counties during that yet not distant time. The Irish peasant always seems to have had a strong suffusion of the imaginative in his nature, and thus was all unconsciously assisted or compelled to people the world around him with figures conjured up from the kingdom of the ghosts. It may be remembered that at a much more recent period there broke out in England, and not by any means among the humbler classes, that extraordinary superstition which believed that the realms of the supernatural could most readily be invaded by the magic of table-turning. It is true that table-turning and spirit-rapping both came into England from the United States, but the imported mania spread widely, even among some of the educated classes here, and led to long and bewildering controversies, in the course of which several of our ablest scientific men did their best, but for the time in vain, to expose the absurdity of the movement. An Irish writer, living in England, published a set of verses on the subject, in which he threw ridicule on this new

development of superstition among those who ought to have known better. The closing verse runs thus:

O! ye ghosts, if any one still lingers
In our dull and working world to-day,
If ye can but speak with feet and fingers,
Hold your tongues and toes for ever, pray!

If the medium's knock alone enables
Ye among the quick to keep your post,
Goblins living in the legs of tables,
Do for decency give up the ghost.

The Irish peasant had no need of any medium, whether medium or table-turner, to conjure up for him the unreal forms that made their way among the recognized realities of life. The Banshee wailed over the dead; her lament was familiar to the ears of everyone who had lost a loved and loving relative. The fairies were denizens of the woods and the river banks just as were the deer and the birds. Even among the educated classes there was much less of that materialistic resolve to admit into the world we see no visitants from the world unseen than there is among these same classes at the present day." The reader can hardly help being amused by this Irishman's naïve acknowledgment of the Irish love of a fight. He says that his countrymen in the south of Ireland did not approve of pugilistic combats for money. Prize fights were regarded as a sordid exhibition, a sort of degradation of a sacred rite. To fight for a cause or a principle, or a conviction or one's religion, or even for a prejudice, was respectable and justifiable. And in some hour of surplus energy and exultant animal spirits, or exhilaration from *spirits* of another sort, to fight for sheer *gaudium certaminis* was natural and permissible. There was no disgrace in that. Hear this genial and genuine Irishman: "The men of our neighborhood, old and young, well understood the fascinations of a free fight as a means of settling a local or personal quarrel, or as a means of testing rival strength and skill." Shortly after the publication of McCarthy's description of his neighbors in the south of Ireland, the newspapers gave us the following account of a lively shindy which enlivened and embellished a Belfast football game: "Belfast, Ireland, September 14.—Sixty-three men are in hospitals, twelve of them seriously hurt, including five suffering from bullet wounds, following a fight to-day between Protestants and Catholics at the Celtic Park football grounds. The game was scheduled between the Linfield Club, a Protestant organization, and the Celtic Club eleven, made up of Catholics. The sixty thousand spectators were about equally divided between the two religions. As the players appeared on the field the Celtic Club supporters unfurled a green flag. The Linfield rooters responded by hoisting a Union Jack. Instantly pandemonium broke out. Blows were exchanged, stones and brickbats hurled, clubs used, and shots fired. The ten policemen on the ground were knocked down. When reinforcements arrived they had a half-hour's fight to restore order. The entire field was strewn with victims of the riot. Besides those sent to the hospitals,

many are being treated in their own homes. The officials called off the game." Mr. McCarthy gives the impression that in the Emerald Isle this sort of thing would be put under the head of popular amusements. Our author affirms a high degree and general prevalence of virtue among his people, praising the modesty of Irish maids and the decency of Irish men. He says that even the jocularity of after-dinner stories, when the wine was in the head and the ladies and the clergy had left, seldom tolerated indecency. Even of the desperately poor McCarthy writes: "The cabins of the peasant occupiers in most of these districts illustrated a condition not merely of poverty, but of squalor and utter wretchedness, the like of which could hardly have been seen in any country supposed to be governed by civilized laws and according to Christian principles. The family living in a cabin often had no beds to sleep in, and sometimes had no actual division of compartments in which different members of the family might lie down upon beds of straw. They often had no secure protection against rain and storm and snow, and in these miserable tenements each family might consider itself somewhat fortunate if it could procure potatoes enough to secure its members against actual starvation. I have often wondered how under such conditions the mere elementary principles of decency could have been maintained in peasant families thus huddled together, but I certainly never heard any serious doubt raised as to the moral tone which maintained itself everywhere in Ireland's agricultural districts. The priesthood of Ireland was unceasing in its care of the peasant class, ever regarding them and treating them as brothers and sisters, and not as mere serfs or social outcasts." The author also claims the instinct of physical cleanliness for his people. He says: "I used to hear it said that the poorer classes all over Ireland, whether in cities and towns or in country villages, were singularly indifferent to any cleansing processes, and hardly ever thought of using a basinful of water for face or hands, not to say anything of arms and legs and body. Now, of course, it is certain and unavoidable that the poorest classes everywhere should be unable to provide themselves with baths in their cottages and garrets, or even with any lavish use of soap and towels. But I have always felt well convinced that the Irish poor make better efforts at the maintenance of personal cleanliness than do the poor of most other countries. I do not believe, for example, that the very poor in the slums of great English cities ever attempt or greatly desire any more liberal process of washing than is afforded once or twice a day by a small basin of cold water and a scrap of soap, and that even these luxuries are not always of regular use in all the garrets of the poor. An illustration of the inclination among the Irish poor for the use of the bath is brought to my mind by the recollection of an incident in my very early days. My mother took an active interest in the condition of her poorest neighbors in and around Cork City. I accompanied her often in her visits of this kind. I must have then, if I remember rightly, attained to nearly the mature age of eight years. One morning she took me to the house of a poor woman who lived in a garret near us. When we had mounted the stairs and reached the door of the humble bedroom,

my mother knocked and a woman's voice invited her to 'come in.' So my mother opened the door and entered. In the garret was a woman standing upright in a large tub of water and engaged in splashing herself all over. When we had got into the street again, my mother told me that this poor woman, who had been keeping herself alive by sheer hard work, was much devoted to habits of cleanliness, and that she never failed to use her tub of cold water every day for the purpose of having a thorough wash, and my mother also told me that she knew many other women of the poverty-stricken class who kept up the same wholesome practice, and who often lent their tubs to impoverished friends, in order that these, too, might be able to keep themselves in cleanly condition." Our extracts from these Irish Recollections close with this: "Cork was visited at one time by a number of Catholic priests from the United States, and the Irish priests of Cork were much surprised to find that their American visitors all smoked, while the American priests were equally surprised to find that their Irish brethren in religion permitted themselves to drink wine at a festive gathering. The American priests were all strict teetotalers, while their Irish brethren allowed themselves a moderate use of port or claret or champagne."